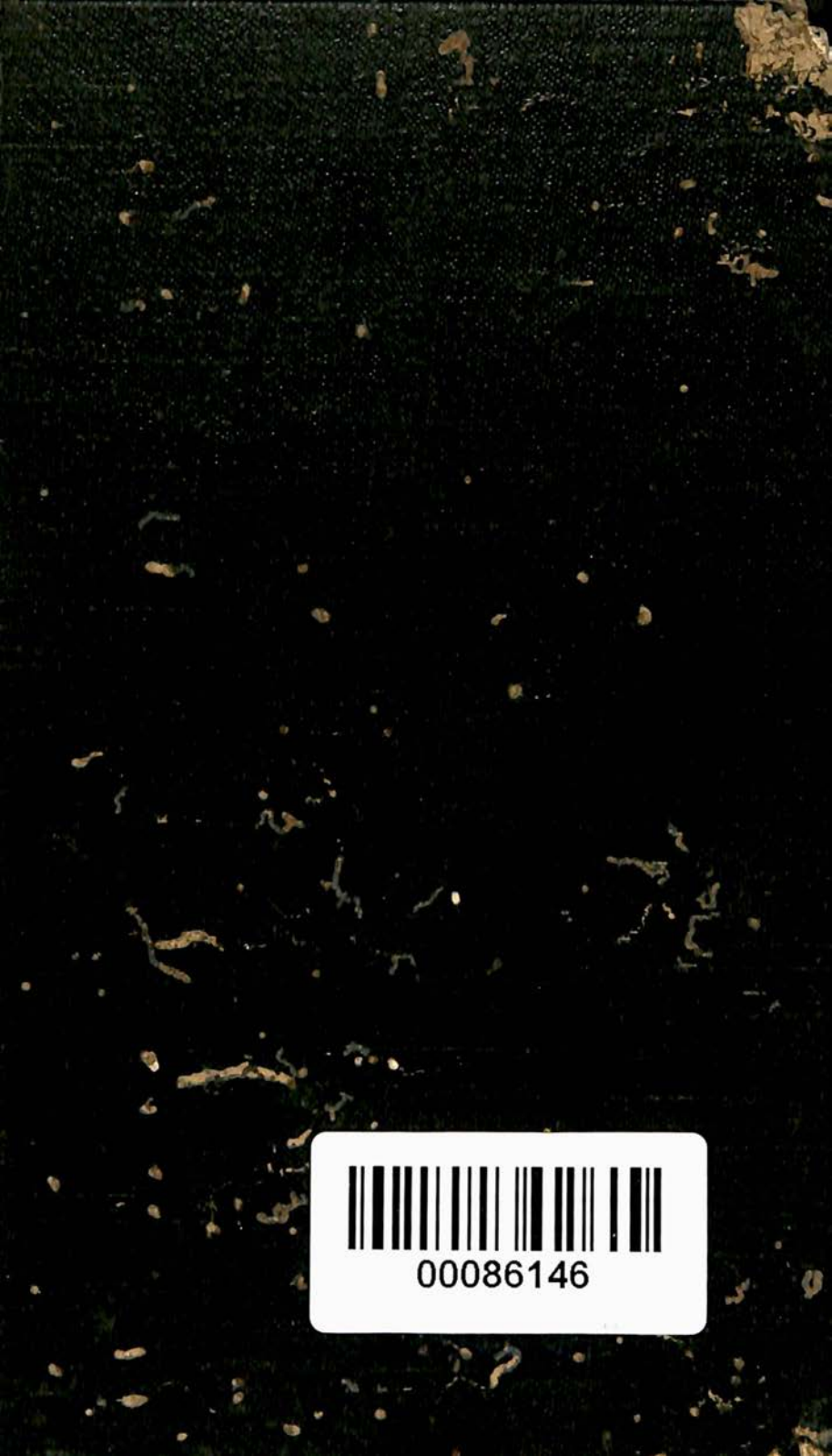
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BARACCA.

AT VALETTA

Edinburgh, Published by P. S. Fraser & Co.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MALTA, SICILY,

AND

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THE CONTINENT.

BY

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PREFACE.

To attempt an elaborate account of manners, customs, and antiquities, is not the purpose of this little volume; many able and copious works have appeared in which those matters have been fully discussed. All that the author presumes to do, is to record a few impressions of a tour made in pursuit of health and pleasure, thinking it not unlikely that many who have imagined children to be incompatible with locomotion, on seeing with what ease and comfort a rather numerous family has travelled through no inconsiderable part of the south of Europe, may be induced to undertake a similar expedition, the bare idea of which they have not hitherto had the courage to entertain

ERRATA.

Page 18, line 19, *for* storey, *read* story.
Page 56, line 12, *for* donkies, *read* donkeys.
Page 71, line 20, *for* donky, *read* donkey.
Page 159, line 2, *for* course, *read* coarse.
Page 160, note, *for* colobme, *read* colombe.
Page 162, line 3, *for* thresh, *read* thrash.
Page 188, line 24, *for* manners, *read* manner.
Page 205, line 26, *for* all tre *read* alle tre.
Page 213, line 17, *for* verameute, *read* veramente.
Page 152, line 29, *for* copyers, *read* copiers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MALTA, SICILY, &c.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—GIBRALTAR—COLLISION AT SEA—ARRIVAL AT MALTA—ORIENTAL STEAMER.

THE best introduction to the following pages will be to present the reader to a family party, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and four young children. The lady's health is delicate, to improve which a more genial climate is recommended during the winter months. But whither are they to resort? Various are the pet places which medical men offer to the notice of the patient who requires a warmer climate. One thing may perhaps be considered as an axiom, and that is, that little benefit can be expected in latitudes higher than forty or forty-two degrees. Several

circumstances influenced us in going farther southward, and in giving the preference to Malta; so, after settling all necessary preliminaries, we engaged berths in the P. and O. Company's steamer *Oriental*, to sail from Southampton on the first day of the new year.

Manifold are the chapters of advice which a family leaving their home for any period receive from the kindness of their friends, to follow which would baffle the ingenuity of an Œdipus. We were told by some to provide ourselves with a wardrobe sufficient to supply our wants till our return to England. Others, on the contrary, enjoined us not to take a rag more than was absolutely necessary for a short time, as we could purchase apparel anywhere, and we should find a quantity of luggage the greatest bore in the world. One party advised us to take two English servants at least, to administer to our comforts; while others were equally vehement in their protestations against this course, observing that an English domestic would be a most effectual barrier to a moment's enjoyment on the Continent, as they were always discontented and getting into all kinds of scrapes, relating, at the same time, an anecdote of a lady's maid, about to cross the desert, resisting all persuasions of her mistress to mount a camel, and being actually obliged to be slung in a box under the animal's stomach.

The perplexity naturally arising from these suggestions prompted us to effect a kind of compromise with our numerous advisers; so, with one female servant only, we set out on our travels. Having four children with us, her services could not be dispensed with.

The weather, which, during November and December, had been more than usually boisterous, had now subsided into a calm, and we were assured by the authorities on that subject that we should have "a splendid passage"—a term which always appears to me as more applicable to crossing a river. These prognostications I must, in justice to those who uttered them, add, were, as far as the weather was concerned, fully borne out; other circumstances, which did not enter their calculations, took away considerably from the "splendour" of our voyage.

The concluding night of 1841 was one of considerable bustle at the "King's Arms" at Southampton, that hotel being crowded with our fellow-passengers of the *Oriental*. The following morning we breakfasted on board, and at about half-past nine A.M. were in motion, and with steam and tide went rapidly down the river. And now, with the characteristic feeling of all true Englishmen thrown together for the first time, we commenced a sort of half-suspicious scrutiny of each other's faces; to venture further without an intro-

duction would, before we were well out at sea, have been a most wicked impropriety, for which no subsequent reserve could atone.

While engaged in this species of furtive observation, to my great delight I was recognised by an "Old Westminster." We live, undoubtedly, in the age of locomotion; and no place is too remote to render recognitions of this kind improbable. To discover a friend peering into the pyramid of Cheops, or discussing pigeon-pie and champagne on the top of the porcelain tower at Nankin, will soon cease to excite surprise.

As long as the river lasted all was well, but the Needles were soon in sight, and we shortly became sensible of some of the attendants upon a sea voyage. The first intimation I had of anything unpleasant was on my meeting one of the stewardesses muttering a kind of half-suppressed indignation against an unfortunate lady who had been so unreasonable as to require her services thus early in the proceedings. We were all, however, ready ere long to sympathize with her, and felt rather inclined to follow the course adopted by a certain landsman, who, finding the motion of a vessel rather embarrassing, called out to the captain to "pull up," as he preferred to get out and walk. However, the first three days over, returning convalescence enabled us to enjoy each other's society. Our ship contained her

usual complement, both as to quantity and quality—military men joining their regiments, ladies joining their husbands, merchants in search of rupees, and invalids in search of health. We found ourselves most fortunate in our fellow-passengers, with some few of whom we became almost intimate, and from whom we parted not without hopes of circumstances permitting us to renew their acquaintance—hopes which, in more than one instance, have been since realized.

On passing Cape Finisterre we became quite sensible of a warmer and more genial temperature. The stove-fire, hitherto a great comfort in the saloon, was now dispensed with, and we were able to enjoy the only really enjoyable part of a vessel—the deck.

We reached Gibraltar early on the 7th, and had ample time allowed us to visit the "lions" of that very peculiar place. A stranger, when contemplating an irregularly built town at the foot of a rugged and precipitous rock, has little idea of what that rock conceals from his view; and a very picturesque and true sketch may be made of the place, and sent as a present to the enemy, without giving him the smallest assistance, or incurring any danger to the garrison.

Few towns present so great a variety of costumes as Gibraltar, where an artist may find abundant studies for his portfolio. The Spaniard

and the Moor, with various Oriental dresses, form groups well worthy of his pencil. The town itself —I speak now of the lower part—is chiefly occupied by stores and shops, of which Jews seem to be the predominant proprietors, and certainly has not an inviting appearance. Narrow streets, pregnant with filth and noisome effluvia (for some unaccountable reason the usual drawback of towns in warm climates) hold out little temptation to induce the visitor to prolong his stay. The upper town is comparatively free from these nuisances. It is here that the troops are quartered, and is, I believe, a healthy situation.

I was surprised to find, even in these latitudes, the great change of temperature consequent upon a change of wind. The atmosphere, which had been for the last few days soft and balmy, was now so entirely altered by the wind from the north-west, that ice had been discovered in the morning on the summit of the rock.

Having thoroughly explored this extraordinary place, we repaired on board our vessel at about four o'clock, the time fixed for continuing our course to Malta; the captain wisely determining not to delay our departure to a later hour, in order to avail himself of the day-light in clearing the craft, which were rather numerous in the vicinity of Gibraltar.

Dinner was served at five o'clock, and we were

all in high spirits, comparing notes with regard to what we had seen and heard, when our merriment received a shock which made the faces of the most experienced sailors turn pale with apprehension. A crash, which lasted full twenty seconds, was heard and felt by all on board. Our ship, which had been flying before the force of steam and current, now lay suddenly motionless as a log. I shall not attempt to describe the confusion, the necessary consequence of this alarm, of the cause of which we were soon made aware. We had come into collision with a large ship—a fact of itself sufficient to convince us all of our situation being one of imminent danger. Night had just set in; which circumstance did not contribute to allay our fears. With regard to ourselves, being utterly inexperienced in nautical matters, we sat patiently awaiting the result of the many inquiries which were made of the captain as to the real state of things; and though some time elapsed before the extent of the damage we had suffered could be ascertained, yet we were soon assured of the absence of all immediate danger, and, after a delay of between four and five hours, occupied chiefly in repairing one of the paddles, and in examining into the extent of our injury, we were able to retrace our steps to Gibraltar, from which we were distant about twenty miles, and we re-entered the harbour at half-past three A.M.

The return of day-light soon gave us some idea of the effect of our collision. One boat had been stove in, another carried away, and one of the quarter galleries completely swept off. The axle-beam of the engine was also sprung. This large and massive piece of timber was the first part of our vessel which received the shock; and we were told by several of the naval men who came on board at Gibraltar, that to this providential circumstance we might attribute our safety, as, had we been struck a very few feet on either side of this spot, nothing could have saved us—we must have all sunk in a few minutes. This opinion has been pretty well borne out in the fate of H. M. steamer *Lizard*, which came into collision with a French steamer some months ago. The officers and crew in this case had only just time to scramble on board the Frenchman before she went down. Had such been our situation, the loss of life would have been great, our numbers and inexperience adding most materially to the danger of our position.

With regard to the vessel with which we came in contact, we were altogether ignorant of her fate, and not without serious apprehensions of her total loss. Immediately subsequent to the collision, she fired a gun and burned a blue light, as signals of distress, and disappeared in the darkness. As soon as our captain had discovered our

own security from immediate peril, he despatched his boats in quest of her, with the intention of rendering any assistance he might be able to afford. The boats returned after an unsuccessful search, and nothing was heard of her till the afternoon of the following day, when a steamer was despatched from Gibraltar to inquire after her fate, which brought us the welcome intelligence that our fears for her safety had been groundless, and, though much damaged, no lives had been lost. She turned out to be a large French frigate, the *Ambuscade*. The amount of injury on the part of both vessels was as follows:—

ORIENTAL.	AMBUSCADE.
Main-top-mast carried away.	Bowsprit sprung.
One boat carried away.	Two anchors carried away.
One boat stove in.	Jib-boom carried away.
Quarter-gallery carried away.	Bows stove in.
Paddle-box smashed.	
Axle-beam sprung.	

Every assistance was rendered us at Gibraltar, and no effort spared to prevent the delay of the Indian mail. Our deck was a scene of unusual activity, the carpenters of the fleet being busily engaged in patching us up to a sufficient degree of security for the remainder of our voyage, which we resumed after a delay of two days.

Such were the circumstances attending this accident, of which description may convey some idea, as far as facts are concerned; but those only

who were present can understand the impression made upon our feelings, and the recollection of it will ever revive our gratitude to Providence for so merciful a preservation.

With regard to the party to whom the blame was attached for the occurrence of this accident, each, of course, had their own story to tell, and their own excuses to make; one thing, I believe, is quite certain, and that is, that the look-out on both sides must have been very remiss, as, although night had set in, the stars were bright, and the sky clear, and neither ship, from its size, an object difficult to perceive. The too frequent occurrence of similar accidents will doubtless be the means of certain regulations being adopted on board large steamers. The second officer should always be a man of great experience, to be able to take the place of his captain occasionally; for, as to the possibility of the captain being perpetually on deck, the idea is quite out of the question. Nature will sometimes be peremptory in demanding repose; and twelve nights without sleep, which would be always necessary in the voyage to Malta, is utterly impracticable for the strongest constitution. Most disasters occur during the absence of the captain, who, however disposed to do his duty, has given way to pure exhaustion. The unfortunate fate of the *Memnon* is an illustration of this fact, where the

arrival of the captain on deck was too late for the safety of his ship.

It was rather remarkable, that just at this period no less than three of the P. and O. Company's vessels had met with some disaster. The *Great Liverpool* was laid up at Gibraltar, her engines having received some injury; the *Lotus*, which was on the Nile, was disabled; and the *Oriental* had met with the accident which I have just described.

The remainder of our voyage was accomplished without any further casualty, and we anchored in Malta harbour on the night of the 13th, about twelve o'clock. Valetta was reported to be very full—the visit of the Queen-Dowager having brought it into notice; and had we not, through the kindness of a friend, had a house secured for us, we should have found considerable difficulty in procuring lodgings, to say nothing of being at the mercy of the Maltese, who, like the rest of the world, are not backward in making exorbitant demands.

The noise and clamour of the Maltese boatmen, squabbling in an unknown jargon for the honour of landing the passengers, formed a scene of most perfect confusion. We had been cautioned most earnestly previous to quitting the vessel, against certain habits of these individuals, who were said to manifest a great

difficulty in distinguishing between the *meum* and *tuum*. In fact, we were told that, unless we kept a sharp look out, our things would be carried off before our faces. This advice, though doubtless kindly meant, did not, as the result will show, render our debarkation the more agreeable. We had among our various articles of baggage, a carpet-bag, which, from having been overcharged (a fact generally considered an impossibility), would no longer submit to the confinement of a lock, and its contents were in consequence peeping out in a manner most irresistible to the light-fingered gentry, of whose propensities we had been made aware. Acting upon the admonition I had received, I kept a most watchful eye upon this unprotected part of our property. All was well till we approached the shore, where a considerable number of idlers were awaiting our landing. Our whole party but myself had just quitted the boat, when in rushed a wild-looking half-naked individual, fully bent, as I thought, upon the appropriation of my unfortunate bag. Now then, said I, is the moment for action; upon which I seized the intruder, who, thrown off his equilibrium, tumbled overboard, dragging me most unceremoniously after him. However, a regular ducking was the worst consequence which ensued; and I really am disposed to confess that I was deservedly punished for my suspicions, as, from the know-

ledge I afterwards had of these people, I believe the only motive the fellow had in seizing my baggage was to secure to himself a fee for carrying it to its destination.

I was rather amused at being asked by a policeman, after scrambling ashore, whether I did not intend "having satisfaction on the *Smitche*." I thought it most prudent to decline any proceedings of this description, it being rather uncertain, all things considered, to which party the duty of "satisfying" belonged. This was my first taste of the Mediterranean, which may not be thought to have created the most favourable impression; but a change of clothes and the warm sun soon obliterated all disagreeable recollections.

Before taking leave of the *Oriental* I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the admirable accommodation she affords. Everything is done in a liberal way—none of the meanness and grudging which, I am sorry to say, we experienced elsewhere, which I shall notice hereafter. Every disposition to oblige is invariably shown; and although there are certain rules laid down with regard to the hours of meals, &c., yet, upon the slightest grounds, the reins are loosened, and every indulgence afforded. The attendance upon the passengers, considering their numbers, is quite wonderful; and I am sure that the situa-

tions of steward and stewardess can be no sinecures. In case of illness, we had an able medical man at hand, to whose services we had recourse for one of the children, who became seriously unwell, in consequence of a severe cold he had taken during the voyage. There is one thing, however, I will caution any person against who means to embark on board this vessel. In the selection of a cabin, avoid most sedulously one that contains, what is represented as being a great luxury, yclept a swing-berth. These contrivances, not having been found to answer well in a swinging state, are now fixed, and the unlucky individual who anticipates everything delightful from having secured one, experiences the sensation of reclining in a tin pipe, and one, too, not of the most ample dimensions. Its diameter is so contracted, that a person even of no unusual growth once fairly in (a matter of no small difficulty of achievement), will find his extrication utterly hopeless if unaided by foreign assistance. However, perhaps ere this the evil has been represented and removed; and I am sure that any person experienced in steamers will readily allow, that as far as a sea-voyage can be rendered agreeable, the *Oriental* leaves nothing undone to effect so desirable an object.

CHAPTER II.

STREETS OF VALETTA—CALESSE—MALTESE HOUSES —SERVANTS—HARBOURS AND FORTIFICATIONS —AUBERGES—GOVERNOR'S PALACE—INFLUENCE OF PRIESTS—PROTESTANT CHURCH—POVERTY OF MALTESE—CHOLERA.

VALETTA was evidently no favourite with Lord Byron, at least if we may judge from one of his valedictory effusions on quitting it; and he who lands from the great harbour becomes aware of one of the nuisances to which his Lordship bids adieu with no small satisfaction. "The cursed streets of stairs" soon call forth his energies, and many a dormant muscle is brought into play sorely against his inclination. With regard to myself, our house being situated in the most exalted part of the town, I had the full benefit of the longest staircase, and upwards of three hundred steps were climbed ere I reached the level of our sitting-room. The rest of our party were despatched by a circuitous route in a Calesse, a luxury

peculiar to the place, but one which, putting the honour of riding out of the question, I would much prefer declining. How these people still persevere in manufacturing those clumsy uncomfortable machines is, to say the least, most surprising; there is positively nothing to recommend them, and ingenious must he be who discovers one redeeming quality. The appearance and motion of the contrivance rival each other in absurdity. Take a post-chaise, amputate the front wheels, and substitute shafts for a pole, and behold your Calesse. The driver runs by the side of his horse, and when tired jumps upon the shaft; a proceeding in England frequently visited by a broken limb or even loss of life; but these individuals seem exempt from such casualties. Notwithstanding my condemnation of these vehicles, I must at the same time confess that occasionally a fine young fellow, with his red cap and crimson sash, springing gracefully by his horse's side, forms a picturesque effect, by no means to be despised, and may be contemplated from the pavement with great satisfaction, all I beg to be excused is the occupying a seat in the machine. There are occasionally certain traces of the ridiculous attending a ride in these carriages. A lady, for instance, goes to a party, rejoicing in luxuriant ringlets; these appendages are kept in such a perpetual saltatory motion,

that, unless very well got up, they will inevitably be annihilated before the conclusion of her drive.

Mules were, I believe, formerly used to draw these carriages, but horses are now pretty generally introduced, some of which are very pretty creatures, resembling the Arab in breed, and in many cases of no mean pedigree.

The first glance at the arrangement of a Maltese house shows at once the object to which the attention of the architect has been chiefly directed. Excess of heat is the enemy he has to contend with; and any person, just fresh from the comforts of an English residence, is rather astonished at finding himself ascending a staircase, open on one side to the wind and weather. Even at Malta this plan is rather too airy for the winter months; cold stormy days are to be experienced even there, and render fires absolutely necessary—a luxury of which these people have a most religious dread. The fire-places that exist have been chiefly made by the English, and consequently, the difficulty of inserting flues in buildings which were never intended to possess them is sometimes very great. Happy he whose chimney does not smoke. There never was a town where the study of cowls could be prosecuted with greater advantage. Every variety of chimney-top is to be seen, some apparently of so complicated a

nature, that the wonder is how the smoke can ever get out of them.

The only fire the Maltese indulge in is a brazier, an affair quite insupportable to those who are unaccustomed to it. The effluvia from the embers renders respiration most irksome, and is little less pernicious than common charcoal. The fuel generally employed is the ash swept out of the baker's oven, which will remain ignited for ten or twelve hours. In selecting a residence, a fire-place should be a *sine quâ non;* its comfort is indispensable from December to the end of February; if not in the morning, at all events after five o'clock.

The arrangement of the houses of the Maltese differs little from that which is adopted in the south of Italy. The offices are on the ground-floor, then come the "mezzonini," a very low storey, the rooms scarcely exceeding nine feet in height, and above these commences the better portion of the building. The sitting-rooms are generally spacious and very lofty, and frequently form the last or upper storey. The roofs are invariably flat, thus catching the rain-water, which descends in pipes to the reservoirs which occupy the greater part of the cellars. The water from these tanks is wonderfully pure and good, and on this the Maltese places his chief reliance for a sufficient supply for his comfort, there being only

one spring in the whole island, and that of a strength wholly inadequate to the wants of the inhabitants, to whom an unusually dry season is a serious evil. A very few years ago a scarcity was felt, and the fleet was sent to Sicily to take in their water. Two very extensive reservoirs have been built, very much after the plan of the ancient piscinæ which still exist near Naples. These are situated at the head of the great harbour, and are so placed as to preserve a great portion of the rain-water from the Corodino Hill, which is conducted into them by conduits. I do not remember their capacity, but they are said to be of such magnitude as to render a scarcity of that element very unlikely.

Our first few days were fully occupied in settling ourselves in our new abode—a process, where a family is concerned, that requires some little time to achieve, and is not hastened when new habits are, to a certain extent, to be adopted. Servants were to be hired, and we soon found ourselves possessed of a cook, attended, as is invariably the case, by a kind of aide-de-camp, in the shape of a boy in the lightest possible attire. This individual stands in the situation of servant to the cook, who, with the exception of paying his wages, acts as his master. All that is dirty and laborious falls to the lot of this unfortunate boy, while the cook reserves to himself the scientific

portion of the business. The pride of some of these creatures is somewhat ludicrous. Nothing would induce them to compromise their dignity so far as to carry a basket; and they seldom go to market unattended by a boy in semi-clothing.

Our residence at Malta was not commenced under the most favourable circumstances. One of our children, who had been unwell during the voyage, became seriously worse; and late on the second night subsequent to our landing at Valetta, symptoms of so alarming a nature were visible, as to call for immediate medical advice. Imagine my horror, when hastening to call up a physician, at finding ourselves locked up in our house. The cook, who had gone home, had put the key in his pocket, and left us prisoners, surrounded by neighbours with whose language we were utterly unacquainted.

Our confinement, fortunately, did not last long; and we found assistance from a quarter wholly unexpected. A jolly sailor, who had just arrived at that point of intoxication which induced him to vow eternal friendship to everything English, and everlasting condemnation to everything Maltese, came to our rescue. He became the bearer of a note to our medical friend, with whom he returned, and assisted in forcing an entry. He proved also of great service in expelling a small

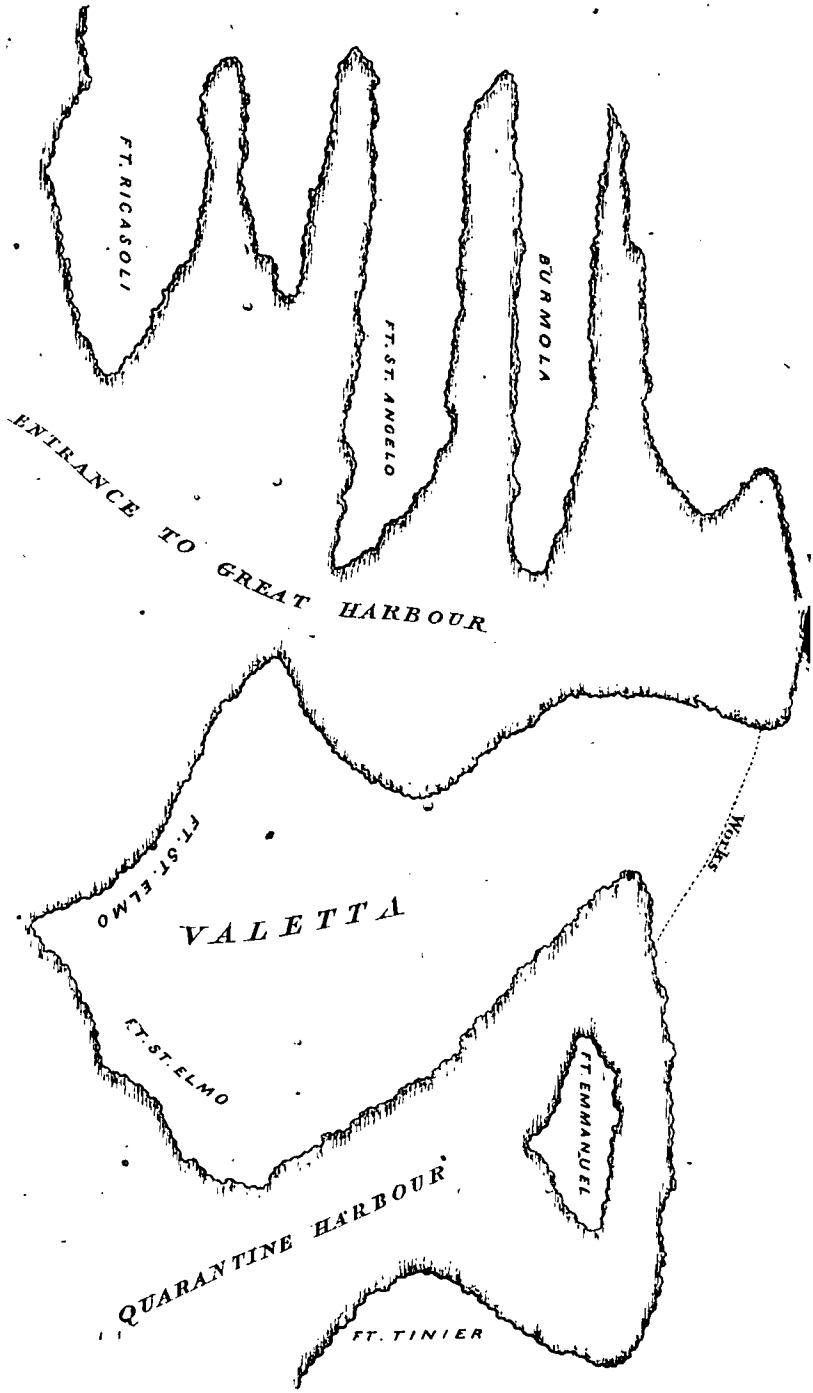
mob of Maltese, who had entered simultaneously, assuring me at the same time that he would fight any twenty of them at once! It was with great difficulty that I could persuade this hearty son of Neptune to accept of any gratuity for such really important services. Our little child continued alarmingly ill for some days; but, thanks to the skill of our friend Dr. Sankey, was ultimately restored to health.

Arriving, as we did, at night, we were unable to form any idea of the fortifications, of which we had heard so much. We therefore took an early opportunity which a fine sunny day afforded of enjoying the luxury of a boat, which is the best, and indeed the only means of lionizing the various points towards the sea. It requires no military eye to discover the hopelessness of any attempt to wrest from us this all-important position. As to the possibility of a ship living through the succession of batteries she would have to encounter, the idea could never be entertained; and the works on the land side of the town, if properly manned, are deemed impregnable. The extent of the works is not more remarkable than the number and weight of the cannon which are mounted. A few words will suffice to give some idea of the reception which an enemy would meet with.

Fort St. Angelo alone has four tiers of guns,

raking the entrance of the great harbour; and, to give all the other forts, batteries, and parapets their proper complement of artillery, upwards of a thousand guns would be required, while mortars, opening their mouths of six feet diameter, are cut out of the solid rock on those spots likely to be chosen for debarkation. On the land side there are no fewer than five lines of works, and the whole place is mined and countermined to an incredible extent. To fill every post properly, thirty thousand troops would not be too large a force. Nothing can be more perfect than the great harbour. The entrance being unusually narrow, renders all within tranquil, while the perpendicular fall of the rocks on each side affords deep water within a very few feet of the shore; and should, as is sometimes the case, a violent storm, blowing directly into the main portion of the great harbour, disturb the tranquillity of its waters, there are lateral creeks which, in the most tempestuous weather, afford the ships an undisturbed and secure anchorage. The quarantine harbour is almost equally happy in its natural formation. The annexed plan will perhaps give the best idea of the position of the town with reference to the two harbours.

Thus Valetta occupies a narrow tongue of land, bounded on each side by the two harbours, forming a perfect peninsula, the neck of which


FT. RICASOLI
FT. ST. ANGELO
BURMOLA
ENTRANCE TO GREAT HARBOUR
FT. ST. ELMO
VALETTA
WORKS
FT. ST. ELMO
FT. EMMANUEL
QUARANTINE HARBOUR
FT. TINIER

is defended by three lines of works, effectually denying all entrance in that quarter.

Having thus been made fully sensible of the difficulty of getting into the town, I was a few days afterwards accidentally made to understand that the getting out was a matter not wholly unattended with embarrassment. Having resolved, one fine day, to take a solitary constitutional walk into the country, and scorning, as I always do on those occasions, the beaten track, I commenced my rambles by selecting one of the most unfrequented and lane-like roads in the neighbourhood of Floriana. However, I was soon obliged to pull up, by finding myself in a most commanding situation on the top of a precipice, half rock, half masonry. My subsequent attempts met with a similar result; and I was compelled to search out for the high road, somewhat indignant at the liberty of the subject being so effectually interfered with. Three gates were to be passed before freedom could be obtained, my efforts to avoid which had converted a walk, of a length altogether trifling, into one of considerable extent, sufficiently so, at all events, to send me home fagged, and willing to renounce all feelings of independence for the future.

In order to appreciate fully the comparative superiority of Malta over other foreign places, with regard to all that concerns comfort, let a

man land there fresh from Constantinople or Alexandria; his sudden jump from the Augean filth of those places into the extreme cleanliness of Valetta must be truly delightful. I think it is Captain Basil Hall who, alluding to this estimable quality of the place, compares its streets to the decks of a man-of-war, and adds, that he is almost afraid of tearing up a letter, and throwing away the fragments, lest it should attract the notice of a policeman.

The real fact is, that the Maltese, though naturally dirty, have been compelled by the English to renounce their partiality for filth. The streets are swept regularly every morning, and rendered passable to the most sensitive pedestrian: of course this and all similar regulations emanate from the Governor, on whom the comfort and attractiveness of the place must in a great measure depend.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the style of architecture which prevails: the projecting balconies (an almost invariable appendage) form an effectual break to every approach to regularity of outline, and the interminable steps, to which I have before alluded, are much more satisfactory to paint than to climb; the people also dress just as an artist would desire. The faldette, the characteristic head-dress of the women, has been spoken of as a becoming part of their costume.

It is a kind of union of a hood and a scarf, and is no bad protection from the rays of a scorching sun; but the wearers have contracted such a habit of leering and peering from beneath it with their dark oval-shaped eyes, that the first exposure of a stranger to a violent Maltese side-glance (which no other animal but a hare could perpetrate) might induce him to form an unfavourable opinion of the fair tenant of this black silk canopy.

The Queen-Dowager took home with her several drawings of the most picturesque parts of the town, the original sketches of which I happened to see, having become acquainted with Mr. Schrantz, the artist to whom she gave the commission.

There are several handsome buildings among the various Auberges, the style of architecture of which I do not pretend to determine; probably they belong to what Mrs. Starke is pleased to call the "Greco-Araba-Normanna school!"

These buildings, formerly the residences of the Knights, are now the luxurious quarters of the officers of the various regiments, who revel in the delights of cool airy apartments, on quitting which the exchange they must be parties to cannot be very beneficial: the transit from Malta to Canada must be rather a startling affair.

The palace, which formerly belonged to the Grand-Master, is now occupied by the Governor. Its external elevation has not much to recommend

it, but the internal arrangement is very handsome, and what a palace should be. Its "lions" generally visited are some tapestries, very curious, and doubtless good of their kind; and the armoury, which is chiefly interesting from containing the "harness" of the old Knights, some of whom must have been descended from the Anak family, judging from the size and weight of their accoutrements.

They show one helmet which weighs no less than thirty-three pounds! What will those dragoons who complain of the shaco say to this? There are also some quaint-looking pieces of old armour, among which we saw a sword with a pistol attached to its hilt.

The roof of the palace affords an excellent panoramic view of the whole neighbourhood, indeed I might say of the greatest part of the island; here the telegraph is placed, and a constant look-out observed.

The architecture of the numerous churches resembles that which prevails generally in Italy. The church dedicated to St. John contains some splendid mosaics; and to afford some notion of the expense lavished on ornament, it is said that no less than seven cart-loads of precious metal were taken by the French from this church alone. The plunderers, however, gained nothing by this system of sacrilegious spoliation: the Maltese, see-

ing all that they regarded with veneration desecrated and defaced, revolted to a man; then followed the blockade after the battle of Aboukir, and the surrender of the island to the British flag. The exterior of the churches presents little to admire, but within they are full of the usual Roman Catholic decorations—pictures, relics, and tinsel are visible in all directions, and the ceremonial part of that faith is in full force.

Processions by night and by day, illuminations, and explosions, are kept up with scrupulous observance. The Maltese to a man profess the Romish creed: the lower orders are wholly uneducated, and consequently for them even the wildest flights of superstition are not too extravagant. Here, indeed, have priests been made of the "lowest of the people," at least if vulgarity of manner and want of education are any index to character. In saying this, I do not mean to comprehend the whole body; some doubtless belong to a more respectable class, but their number is, I fear, only sufficient to form the exception to the general rule.

The influence these men possess and exercise over the minds of the populace is extraordinary. A hint or a word from them meets with implicit obedience, particularly if the matter in question in any way concerns religion.

A community of Protestant Methodists found

it necessary to new-roof their chapel: the first part of the work (*i. e.*, the taking off the old roof) was accomplished without any difficulty, but the replacing it with a new one was quite another affair—no workmen were forthcoming. The priests thinking that the open air was sufficiently adapted to the heretical rites, had signified their opinion upon the subject, and an immediate strike was the consequence; and had not the Methodists obtained the sanction of the Roman Catholic archbishop, the work would in all probability have remained in the same state to this day. But as religious toleration is not an article of Roman Catholic faith, this is not a matter of surprise.

With regard to our own Church, divine service was performed during the time we were at Malta in an apartment in the palace fitted up for the purpose; but the new church, which owes its existence to the bounty of the Queen-Dowager, is now consecrated.

It seemed at one time rather problematical whether this church would ever be completed, as after the work was considerably advanced, a material portion gave way, which rendered necessary the removal of a great deal more. The affair caused much discussion—great blame was attached to the architect, both on account of defects in his plan, as well as the method he adopted in using the materials. The Maltese stone (a de-

scription of oolite) requires a great deal of mortar to be inserted between each block, the appearance of which was deemed unsightly by the architect, who, I believe, was an Englishman; the neglect, however, of this method proved very injurious to the work; the mischief becoming apparent when it began to settle. The elevation in the state we saw it promised well; its situation is very good, and the style handsome, and ecclesiastical. During the interruption of the progress of the work, the Maltese, I have no doubt, were fully convinced that it was ordained it should never be completed. That the works of the heretics should not prosper, was nothing wonderful to them.

With regard to the amount of revenue set apart for the maintenance of the machinery of the Roman Catholic Church in this island, I never heard any estimate. It must, however, be very considerable, allowing the most moderate stipend to each priest; for I suppose, taking into consideration the area and population of Malta and Gozzo, the clergy are nowhere else to be found in such numbers. It is said that the proportion they bear to the population is little less than one priest to every twenty men. This, I allow, appears almost incredible.

The incomes of most of these individuals can allow of little or nothing to be devoted to chari-

table purposes, at least, if we can form any opinion from the appearance of the lower orders.

Poverty reigns to a most pitiable extent; and although the food of the poor wretches is of the coarsest description, and very little even of that is sufficient for their wants, yet even that pittance is too frequently not to be obtained, and many a life is shortened from insufficient nourishment. Starvation is not sudden in its effects; but, although slow in operation, the result is not the less certain. There is an hospital, it is true, which, in extreme cases, affords necessary relief, but that relief has often been too long deferred; and many an unfortunate sufferer is brought there at so late a stage, that all appliances of nourishment and stimulus are ineffectual.

The condition of the poor in the interior of the island is truly wretched. How old age and infirmity are supported, I know not.

The case of a widow, left with two children, may give some idea of the difficulty of earning a subsistence. Spinning is her general occupation, a day's work at which will procure her one penny farthing. What description of food can this purchase? None but the very coarsest. Many, I have no doubt, will discredit my statement when I tell them that the food of this family is chiefly roasted beans and water; their bed of straw, with little besides their clothes as a coverlet. A gen-

tleman residing at Valetta, who had made himself practically acquainted with the real state of the poor, assured me that such was their condition.

Let any one go to the market at Valetta. The hollow cheek and half-famished appearance of poor wretches who are his suppliants for charity, and whom even a grain (the twelfth part of a penny) will render grateful, will go far to convince him of the certainty of their wants. The population, at the last census, amounted to 115,000. This, instead of showing an increase, was no less than 5,000 under the one preceding. Emigration may, to a certain extent, be the cause of this; but the Maltese were always emigrants; and there is no reason to suppose that this propensity is materially increased. Besides, it is rather a singular fact, that the greater portion of those who leave this island for the West Indies or America, almost invariably return as soon as their improved fortunes will allow them.

Disease, once established, makes dreadful havoc in their emaciated frames; and I have no doubt that the fearful ravages of the cholera, which prevailed some few years ago, may be mainly attributed to scanty and unwholesome food. The violence and rapid progress of this disease was truly awful. Various instances occurred at Valetta of servants who, leaving their masters' houses at

night in perfect health, the following morning were numbered among the dead. Improper treatment may possibly, in some cases, have prevented recovery, as it was ultimately discovered that the sudden change from the poorest and coarsest food to one of flesh and stimulus, aggravated rather than diminished the unfavourable symptoms. Calomel was the remedy found generally most successful. Twenty grains of this powerful mineral were frequently administered at once, and the dose repeated every two hours till an amendment was discernible. The effect of the drug, taken in these incredible quantities, was that of a sedative; and many patients were restored by this treatment.

The poor wretches at Valetta had an idea that the water had been poisoned, and refused, though parched with fever, to taste a drop, unless the person who attended them convinced them to the contrary by drinking some in their presence. The commonly received opinion of the necessity of adopting a certain diet as a preventive to an attack, appeared to be without foundation. In conversing upon the subject with a medical friend, who has a large family, and who was there at the time, I ventured to suppose that, of course, he prohibited all fruit and crude vegetables, such as cucumbers, &c., from appearing at his table. His reply was: "On the contrary, we ate a greater

quantity at that time than at any other." Owing to the prevailing idea of their being prejudicial, fruits and vegetables were much depreciated in value, and the finest might have been purchased for a trifle. This circumstance, added to his conviction of the error in supposing them to be injurious, might probably in some measure have tended to increase my friend's consumption. His family escaped any attack. I may also add, that he was among the most active in tendering his medical services during the whole time the cholera lasted; and had it not been for him and a few other English practitioners, the patients would have been left pretty much to themselves, the Maltese doctors being often afraid to enter the room where the sick man lay.

Legislation can certainly do little in warding off poverty, but surely it may be employed in providing some relief in cases of absolute want; and I trust that ere long something may be done to improve the miserable condition of the lower classes at Malta. They require little, God knows; but let some means be adopted to secure that little, and alleviate those sufferings which poverty and years must invariably occasion.

CHAPTER III.

NEW HABITS—PACKET FROM ENGLAND—CARNIVAL —OPERA—CITTA VECCHIA—ST. PAUL'S BAY—CATACOMBS—MOSQUITOES—CEREMONIES AND PROCESSIONS—CRENDI—MAKLUBA—REGATTA—TERRACE GARDENS—VALETTA AS A RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDS.

OF the truth of the axiom, that use is second nature, we had abundant proof in the rapidity with which we became accustomed to new habits and new appearances. The summoning our domestics *vivâ voce*, instead of by the more refined method of employing a bell for the purpose, soon lost all novelty; and the encountering individuals, rejoicing in about half the usual articles of attire, soon ceased to excite surprise. The daily arrival of the goats, to supply our breakfast-table, was only expected; nor did the passage appear at all an extraordinary place for the operation of milking. Goats, in a great measure, usurp the place of cows, the produce of the latter animal being

comparatively very scarce. Fresh butter, seldom good, may be purchased at about three shillings per pound by those who cannot exist without that luxury. We patronized honey at breakfast, and had no reason to complain of the change. The Malta honey is particularly good, from the quantity of wild thyme which grows in abundance on various parts of the coast. The neighbourhood of St. Paul's Bay is in especial repute, owing to the great luxuriance of the plant in that vicinity.

As to the existence of cows in the island, a residence of some days is requisite to establish the conviction of that fact, as these animals are never depastured, and seldom seen except when a little fresh air may be deemed necessary for their health, when they may occasionally be found tied to a hook, or some other contrivance, outside their stable, for the purpose of inhaling a small quantity of oxygen. They, as well as the horses, are almost invariably stowed under-ground. What, in London or in most large towns, is devoted to the site of the kitchen, is occupied by these quadrupeds, which you may hear munching their food as you walk along the pavement. They are kept almost entirely on green provender: green barley and a gigantic sort of trefoil called "sula," form their principal fodder. When these are scarce, they luxuriate on pumpkins, of which the cows are

exceedingly fond; but their life is spent in something very like a dungeon, and only wants solitary confinement to render its dreariness complete.

The only thing we were never fairly reconciled to, was the perpetual jingle of the church bells. At no other place, not even in Sicily, of bell-ringing notoriety, did we ever hear such a ceaseless clatter—no chiming, or the least approach to a tune, not even a peal, nothing of the kind—a regular, merciless ding-dong. The bells are not, as in England, rung by people who understand the matter, and have converted the affair into a sort of science, but are sounded by boys who beat them with hammers. It is a most favourite amusement of these urchins, who consider it a great favour to be permitted to perpetrate this nuisance, and, very likely, fancy, at the same time, that they are actively employed in the execution of some work of human merit.

Once fairly settled, we became daily more pleased with our choice of winter quarters, of which no stronger proof can be adduced, than the fact of our intended residence of three months being prolonged to one of five, when the place literally became too hot to hold us. The morning was chiefly occupied in improving our Italian, preparatory to our visit on the Continent, while exercise and society filled up the remainder of the day. The society is very good and very agree-

able, occasionally enlivened by the arrival of a Parsee, or a distinguished Hindoo, whose names defy equally all attempts at spelling and pronunciation. These grandees generally remain a short time *en route* to England, accompanied by their slipper-bearers and pipe-holders, and a host of sable attendants.

Among the various circumstances tending to excite our interest, all must give place to the arrival of the steamer from England—a luxury only to be appreciated thoroughly by those who, for the first time, place a barrier of two thousand miles between themselves and "the home they love so well." The ship even seems to possess an exclusive interest in herself; she is almost considered as a floating portion of native soil, and there is an imaginary satisfaction in pacing her decks, which on board other vessels would be sought for in vain.

The situation of post-master must require a person of no ordinary activity; the mails from Alexandria, the Ionian Islands, Gibraltar, England, and Marseilles being all of rather a voluminous character. The regularity of these despatches (thanks to steam) is quite wonderful; fourteen days *viâ* Gibraltar, and ten *viâ* Marseilles being the usual period occupied by their transit.

February 2d.—Ball given by naval officers at the Club Rooms—a very gay affair. These things appear to be thoroughly understood by officers in

both departments of the service. There was a sprinkling of Maltese among the company, some of whom rather shocked our English ideas of propriety, by a certain habit of expectoration not yet wholly exploded—*speremus meliora.*

February 5th.—A day, like one of an English summer, warm enough for the passive exercise of a boat. Here, instead of being seated, and pulling with their faces towards the stern, the men, standing up, impel the boat by pushing. This practice we found to prevail in Sicily. Its chief recommendation is the insuring a good look-out a-head.

February 7th.—Carnival.—A fancy ball at the palace, rather of a mixed description, both as to individuals as well as costumes. The gaiety and mirth of the carnival was sadly darkened by a most untoward occurrence, which led to a duel, in which a young officer fell. The circumstances attending this unfortunate affair had their origin in the usual custom observed at this period. The individual by whose hand this poor young man met an untimely death, was tried and aquitted. The whole matter was most thoroughly canvassed, and various opinions expressed; all, however, united in one common feeling of deep regret at the result.

February 10th.—Opera of Inez di Castro.—This amusement is essential to the existence of an Italian, who, I really believe, would forego many of the necessaries of life, rather than deprive him-

self of so great an enjoyment. Fortunately, the price of admission is rather on a different scale to ours in London. About six shillings will purchase admission to the pit for a month on the usual days of performance; but on what they call "extraordinary nights," these tickets are not received.

March 3d.—Symptoms of heat, though nothing unpleasant—merely a hint as to what might possibly be experienced in July. Excursion to Citta Vecchia, accompanied by our landlord, who acted the part of cicerone. The church contains little worthy of notice, with the exception of some curious specimens of inlaid wood-work, representing portions of Scripture history; but it is necessary to place your nose almost in contact with them in order to be fully aware of their real merits.

Near the church is a cave, said to have been the residence of St. Paul for three months after his shipwreck. It is fitted up like a chapel, and contains a statue of the apostle in white marble. This apostle and the Virgine Mary present themselves in every place where publicity can be supposed to point out a site for a statue. Wood, stone, marble, and plaster, are all employed to bring these saints home to our recollection.

Close to Citta Vecchia are extensive catacombs, said, by some, to have been ancient burying-places; by others, places of refuge of the early Christians from persecution. Niches, in which

bones have been discovered, are visible throughout. The entering these passages without a guide is a matter of some danger; and stories are told of a schoolmaster and a number of pupils having lost their way, and being starved to death in this underground labyrinth. This may or may not be true, as we subsequently heard similar legends belonging to other catacombs elsewhere. The exact limits of these vaults are not known; the guides make them reach to Valetta, a distance of full six miles, but *credat Judæus.*

We made another excursion some little time after to St. Paul's Bay. There they point out, I was told, even the identical rock on which the vessel of the apostle struck, and no doubt whatever exists in the minds of the Maltese as to the certainty of the site. A chapel is erected near the spot, to commemorate the event, over the altar of which is a damaged painting representing the shipwreck. This bay is in a pretty retired nook, and there are insulated rocks which will fully bear the description of "a place where two seas meet." Many are the arguments in favour of the island in the Adriatic. The fact, however, of the apostle being on his way from Crete to the Straits of Messina is most conclusive in favour of Malta; the more so, as the word "Adria," which occurs in St. Paul's account of the voyage, was in those days used to signify a much greater portion of the

Peter Williams Del

Machure, Macdonald & Macgregor, Lith. London

S.T PAUL'S BAY.

SPOT WHERE THE VESSEL WAS WRECKED BETWEEN THE ISLAND & THE COAST

Mediterranean than the present limits of the Adriatic; in fact, it is impossible to determine as to what its real extent might have been.

With regard to my own feelings upon the subject, I always make a point of visiting those spots which have historical claims, with a strong predisposition to become an unqualified believer; and I envy not the man who cannot be influenced by even moderately presumptive evidence. How wofully limited must be his field of interest who rejects everything incapable of mathematical demonstration! The past, as well as the future, must be to him a closed volume, and his life from first to last a scene of dull and cheerless suspicion.

On the 10th of February the Maltese celebrate the arrival of St. Paul, by a nocturnal procession. A gigantic statue of the apostle is paraded through the principal streets of the town, and triumphal arches are erected, illuminated with innumerable lamps.

A drive to a few of these remarkable spots will give a very good idea of the surface and economy of the island. It has been currently reported that the greater portion of the soil has been brought in ships from Sicily. There are, however, two circumstances sufficiently cogent to render this rather improbable. The first is, That this stupendous undertaking was altogether unnecessary; and, secondly, That if all the vessels in the universe had

been engaged in the service from time immemorial, they would scarcely have been equal to the task of supplying sufficient soil for the purposes of cultivation over an area of sixteen miles in length and eight in breadth. The island is undoubtedly by nature barren, and its produce speaks most creditably for the industry of its inhabitants, who have spared no pains to improve its condition. Where the earth has been found of any depth, a portion of it has been transported to cover rock which was previously naked. They have had some trouble in guarding against the winds, which, sweeping with great force over the island, occasionally do considerable damage; and it has been found necessary, in some situations to build walls, at very short intervals, to prevent the whole vegetable mass from being entirely blown away. These walls have an unsightly appearance; but as Malta has no pretensions to the picturesque, it is a matter of slight importance.

March 10th.—First experience of a bite from a mosquito, which was quite sufficient to induce me to make inquiries as to the best means of precaution against future annoyance from this little vampire. We were strongly cautioned against permitting any water to remain stagnant, as forty-eight hours would be sufficient to generate these plagues—even flower-pots were deemed dangerous luxuries.

The Holy Week had now arrived, when we visited several churches, to see the laying-out of the Sepulchre, supposed to be prepared for the reception of our Saviour's body. To represent this, a small chapel is decked out with various ornaments, and brilliantly illuminated. In one church, St. Paolo, were vases of artificial flowers, which had a very pretty effect, but formed a much closer resemblance to a conservatory than a sepulchre. The atmosphere of these places of worship is very close and oppressive, and the sensation is much increased by the enormous quantity of incense consumed on the occasion.

The nocturnal processions on Good-Friday have really an imposing appearance. Long avenues of priests, with their lighted tapers, images, ensigns and banners, all contribute to the general effect. Scenes taken from the infancy, life, and crucifixion of our Saviour, are represented in wood and wax, and carried round the town. Some of the groups, though carved in wood, are so heavy as to require a great many men to support their weight, and a frequent change of bearers. Penitents in white dresses follow in the train; some of them bare-footed, dragging long iron chains of immense weight, fastened to their ankles, which are often excoriated from the friction of these fetters. This voluntary penance is submitted to in fulfilment of certain vows, made when implor-

ing deliverance from peril, or in expiation of some moral delinquency. These victims of superstition perambulate the town from church to church, for several days during the Holy Week. In some cases the chains are so heavy, that the sufferer is obliged to be assisted during his walk by a friend on either side.

With regard to the representations of our Saviour's life and sufferings, considering the ignorant and uneducated state of the lower orders, who can neither read nor write, I can imagine no better means of bringing these incidents home to their understandings, and I have no doubt that the custom of decorating churches with pictures and statues had its origin in this motive. As to the worshipping the image itself instead of the real Deity, that never was contemplated for a moment; nor can I recollect discovering any clear evidence of the existence of such idolatry. I confess that this procession, accompanied as it was in its progress by a mournful chant, in my own case did not fail to create a solemn impression, and its effect must of course have been much more powerful over the minds of those who professed the religion of which it formed a part.

March 31*st.*—Paid a morning visit in the country. The house is placed in the centre of the works on the land-side, and the walls of the fortifications enclose the gardens. Irrigation is a *sine*

quâ non with a Maltese gardener, and all that ingenuity can suggest is put in requisition for the furtherance of this object. Every puddle becomes an affair of importance, and reservoirs are placed in all available situations, to prevent the escape of the rain-water, the value of which toward the end of summer can be easily appreciated, when we find that frequently, from the beginning of May to the end of September, an almost uninterrupted drought prevails.

Among all the expeditions which we made during our stay at Valetta, that to Crendi was the most interesting. Here are ruins something in the Stonehenge style. They consist chiefly of large blocks of stone placed perpendicularly, and forming chambers of an oval shape. The entrances are composed of two large blocks placed vertically, surmounted by a horizontal stone as a lintel. Traces of rude carving or chiselling are also apparent. They are supposed to be remains of Phœnician temples. No undertaking appears to have been too great for these enterprising people. To transport huge blocks of stone, the moving which has been food for the speculations of the curious, the construction of canals, and the tunnelling of mountains, seem to have been to them matters of easy accomplishment. Difficulties never appear to have caused a moment's hesitation—the work was prosecuted, *con amore*, with an utter contempt for all impediments.

These remains are now protected, and a custode is appointed for that purpose. The Governor, who appears to have been much interested in these relics of antiquity, discovered traces of the same character on the Corodino Hill, near the great harbour, and several excavations have been made, disclosing similar works of labour, though on a much more diminutive scale than those at Crendi.

In returning to Valetta, we passed through a village called Makluba, where we were shown a very singular formation, the result, apparently, of volcanic action. A large basin, 330 feet long, by 200 wide, has sunk to the depth of 130 feet, at the bottom of which is a garden, surrounded by precipitous rocks, and redolent with the blossoms of the rose and orange. There are evident traces of a gradual sinking or depression for nearly half a mile round this curious spot, the existence of which we must call in the aid of nothing less than a volcano to account for. Indeed these natural phenomena are often invaluable, in the assistance they afford to a geologist, being always at hand as a kind of reserve to fall back upon when all other means have proved insufficient for the solution of a mystery; they are to him what "an allusion to an ancient Roman custom" is to a scholar when a difficulty occurs in the explanation of some peculiar passage.

April 12th.—Ball on board the *Rodney*—a very gay affair. A ship on these occasions assumes an entirely new character. Sails, blocks, and ropes do admirable duty as a tent, roofing in the deck, now a spacious and brilliant saloon; while ensigns, flags, and banners, fold themselves into graceful drapery. Every article belonging to the vessel, the presence of which you might fancy would be an inconvenience, is so well transmogrified into something absolutely requisite for the accommodation of the company, that, as Mr. Tapley would say, "it becomes a complete swindle." Your astonishment will not be diminished, should you breakfast on board the following morning, on finding the temporary ball-room, like Aladdin's palace, entirely vanished, and the vessel ready for any service she may be required to perform.

As a precaution against accidents, every boat during the night, is obliged to be provided with a lantern. These floating lights, as they shoot across the water, gleam like fire-flies in the darkness, and prove an effectual safeguard against collisions, which, when the harbour is crowded, would be otherwise of frequent occurrence, and tend to mar the pleasure, to say nothing about the dress of many a fair one.

There is no end to the gaiety of these sailors, who appear to take advantage of every excuse for giving entertainments. The regatta afforded

an excellent one; and was celebrated, accordingly, by one of their gayest balls. The supper-table was an exhibition of the triumph of confectionary art, and displayed a perfect saccharine regatta. Boats of sugar, racing in a sugar sea, under fortifications of the same material, were among the prominent decorations. A very short time was, however, allowed to criticise this performance. A general havoc soon commenced—young ladies pillaging on their own account, and mamas on their children's—laying violent hands on sailors, boats, and rocks, and every other portable part of the affair.

No place can be better adapted than Valetta for witnessing a boat-race; from a promenade in the upper part of the town, called the Barracca, the boats may be seen from the commencement to the termination of the race. The bursts of cheering which greet the crews on passing their respective vessels, stimulate the men to renewed exertions, and almost inspire the spectator with a positive interest in the result. I allude solely to the rowing; as, unless a man is possessed of a certain degree of nautical lore, a sailing match appears equally stupid and incomprehensible.

April 18th.—Rather surprised during breakfast, at a certain tremulous movement, which I could not at first account for; however, a repetition of the same sensation, of a more decided

character, accompanied by a cracking noise in the chimney, soon explained the mystery. We had experienced a slight shock of an earthquake, which we afterwards heard had been felt in Sicily in a much greater degree.

April 26th.—Opera of "Romeo and Juliet." Juliet, in the last scene, on coming to her senses in the tomb, has very much the appearance of being seated in a raised pie. However, the music being the attraction, I conclude nothing bordering on the ridiculous ought to be permitted to enter the imagination.

The heat was now on the advance, and an alteration in our dinner hour became necessary—late dinners being generally succeeded by restless nights. With regard to this important period of the day many opinions have been given; most people agree that, in hot climates, it should be either very early or very late, and many advocates may be found equally decided on both sides. The real secret is, that an Englishman, on changing climate, must also change his usual habits—a truth of which he is very loath to be convinced. Nothing can persuade him to relinquish the allurements of roast beef and port wine, and he thus renders himself much more liable to all the sufferings produced by the heat. Drinking fiery and heavy wines, with a thermometer at 88°, is utterly

inconsistent with reason, and, if persevered in, will often prove dangerous.

May 25th.—Called on Colonel T——, whose taste for flowers has induced him to convert his terrace, or rather the roof of his house, into a garden. I ventured to suggest that this proceeding was not likely to conduce to the dryness of his abode; no fears, however, were entertained on that point—the pozzalana, or cement, being quite impenetrable by damp. The roofs are generally double, with an intervening space of some depth; this arrangement is not only a security against moisture, but also assists materially in preserving coolness throughout the house. Single roofs become so thoroughly baked by the sun, as to render the apartments scarcely endurable in the summer. The compost in the highest repute for the cultivation of flowers, is lava, which, when reduced to powder, soon becomes decomposed. The value of this manure may be evident to any person who has observed the fertility of vineyards in the vicinity of volcanoes. The neighbourhood of Vesuvius is celebrated for its *Lachryma Christi;* there the vineyards grow most luxuriantly within a short distance of the cone.

The fleet has now taken its departure for a cruise. In my opinion, the harbour gains rather by the removal of the vessels, much as a sailor may be shocked at this idea, in whose eye a

ship, under any circumstances, is the beau-ideal of everything beautiful. When in full sail, I am ready to admit the beauty and symmetry of her appearance; but deprive her of her canvass, and the spell is broken—nothing remains to an ordinary observer but a black unwieldly mass, devoid of all approach to either grace or elegance.

The decided change of temperature suggested to us the necessity of maturing our plans for the future, and of selecting some comparatively cool corner in which we might be able to weather the dog-days. In these parts it is the "summer," not the "winter," which sets in with its usual severity. Warnings and advice poured in as usual without stint or measure. Some unfortunate drawback is generally found applicable to every situation; but as unobjectionable places exist only in the regions of Utopia, we resolved to run the risk of our own decision, and thus relieve our friends of all responsibility. Wishing to see Sicily, previous to proceeding farther north, we determined, if possible, to remain there during the maximum of summer heat, and, accordingly, selected Messina for our residence.

I will not, however, take leave of Valetta without making some few remarks, which may be useful to those who visit that place on the score of health. Like all other situations, it has

found its detractors, by whom it has been very often undeservedly disparaged.

Many who, unable to endure the severity of a northern winter, having secured to themselves a change of climate in these southern latitudes, sometimes imagine that their end is accomplished by the simple act of emigration. Fond of society, with which the term, "late hours," may be considered synonymous, they are induced to commit imprudences of which at home they would never dream of being guilty. Hot and crowded rooms are no longer regarded with apprehension; and whether they breathe the air of night or day is a matter of no concern. How can they thus be surprised at disappointed hopes and aggravated symptoms? And yet the situation is invariably accused of the mischief produced solely by their own neglect!

There are other sources, also, from which unfair inferences are often drawn. Patients whose recovery is beyond all hope are frequently sent abroad at a period far too late to anticipate any favourable result from change of climate. I know no individual whom I should find so great a difficulty in forgiving as the heartless physician who would send his already almost expiring patient to end his days far from the solace and comfort of friends and home. From what motive can such cruelty arise, unless it be the selfish desire of

escaping some imputation consequent upon his own improper treatment of the case?

Among the passengers on board the *Oriental* was a large family, consisting of not less than eight individuals. The lady, in the last stage of consumption, was carried on board, and being incapable of moving from her bed, she, of course, experienced in a tenfold degree all the sufferings arising from a confined and unwholesome atmosphere. Serious apprehensions were entertained of her dying during the voyage. She, however, reached Malta, and was carried to an hotel, where, after lingering a very few days, death terminated her sufferings. Surely, in this case the medical adviser could not have failed to anticipate the result, and might have spared an afflicted family much unnecessary pain.

Valetta possesses one recommendation which should never be lost sight of, and that is the facility which exists of getting away from it without much delay, should such a course be necessary. Steamers, holding communication with France, Italy, and the East, arrive and depart so frequently that you can go almost when and where you please. In a word, from experience, our impressions were so decidedly in its favour, that, whether health or pleasure be the object of the traveller, we can assure him that the recollection of a visit to Valetta will never be attended

with regret; and in the case of the invalid, more especially, who seeks the benefit of a warmer temperature, we can confidently recommend it as equal at least, if not superior, to most other places of resort in the south of Europe.

Penry Williams Del.

Maclure, Macdonald & Macgregor Lith. London.

SYRACUSE.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE — SYRACUSE — MESSINA — BATHING — MEDICAL MEN — EVENINGS IN WARM CLIMATES — NIGHT FISHING — PESCE SPADA — REGGIO — CHARYBDIS — SCYLLA — PASSPORTS — ROYAL FAMILY OF NAPLES — FESTA — BARA — TAORMINA — POLICE OFFICES — CHARACTER OF MESSINESE.

PARTING with friends from whom much kindness has been received, must always in a great measure alloy any pleasurable anticipations of the future. Such were our feelings when, on the evening of the 14th of June, we stepped on board the *Mongibello*, and bade a final adieu to Malta. The practice adopted by these vessels of commencing their voyage at so late an hour, is most vexatious. This arrangement entirely precludes the possibility of seeing much beautiful coast scenery, which must thus necessarily be passed during the night. We arrived the following morning at Syracuse where the steamer remains during the day, and leaving the children to the ten-

der mercies of the steward, we went on shore to lionize the numerous antiquities in the neighbourhood. No symptom of anything like breakfast having appeared on board, our first movements were directed to the "Albergo del Sole," where coffee and fresh eggs prepared us for our exertions. An empty stomach can never do justice to the picturesque; and it is perhaps one of the most painful proofs of our humanity, that food for the mind serves only as a second course, after the body has partaken of the more substantial part of the meal. Our host procured us donkies and a guide, and we thus started on our expedition.

The cicerone first conducted us to an amphitheatre, of which there are extensive remains. There are traces also of the largest Grecian theatre yet discovered. Within these ruins a mill has been erected, the seats forming the bed of a cascade, down which the water rushes to grind the corn of modern Syracuse, thus materially interfering with classical recollections. Near this spot is the celebrated Ear of Dionysius, where that amiable eaves-dropper occupied his leisure hours in the amusement of acting the spy upon his prisoners, and profiting by their conversation. This natural whispering gallery is formed in a solid rock, and is upwards of fifty feet high and two hundred feet long; and, from the gradual inclination of the sides towards the summit and

their termination in a small channel at one end, all sound from below is conveyed to this point, which may be called the tympanum.

The usual experiments were performed for our edification. Even the slight noise produced by tearing paper caused a considerable echo; and the report of a pocket pistol was no bad imitation of that of a small cannon. From hence we were taken to some catacombs, resembling those we had already seen at Citta Vecchia.

One of the most gratifying sights of the day was a garden belonging to a convent of Capuchins. This fertile little glen is situated at the bottom of a very extensive quarry, nearly a hundred feet below the level of the soil. No trouble has been spared in the cultivation of the spot. The vegetation is most luxuriant—orange trees, citrons, &c., flourishing in perfection. A good-humoured friar accompanied us through this beautiful garden, of which he was naturally proud. He expressed great partiality towards the English, and alluded to our occupation of the island as to a circumstance reviving many pleasing recollections. Another garden, not far distant, belonging to a Marchese, is formed in a similar manner at the bottom of a large excavation. It is, however, inferior to that of the Capuchins, the outline of the latter being more varied and irregular. These extensive quarries are very reasonably supposed

to have furnished the materials employed in building the ancient city of Syracuse.

Returning through the modern town, we passed by the cathedral, where formerly stood a temple sacred to Minerva. Its remains are sadly abused by the clumsy manner adopted in transmogrifying the Heathen temple into a Christian place of worship. The columns, very handsome in themselves, are so jammed up with masonry that one-half only of each column remains in sight. Alas for the taste of the modern inhabitants of Syracuse! of which, had there existed any difficulty in forming an opinion, we should shortly have been relieved from our embarrassment on arriving at the renowned Fountain of Arethusa.

Unconscious of the actual condition of this relic of poetical fancy, we had pictured to ourselves a spot whither nymphs might be supposed to have resorted to mourn the loss of a departed sister; and our dismay may be conceived at finding a scanty rill of water, enclosed within walls, and thronged with—Nymphs? no, with washer-women, bare-footed, or rather, bare-legged, polluting literally with their horrid ablutions all that remained of the sacred fount. Our disgust at the sight could only have been equalled by that of Diana herself. Some Sicilian writers are unqualified believers in all the legendary tales connected with this fountain, swallowing even the

old story of the golden cup, won at the Olympic Games in Greece, being thrown into the river in Olympia, and, after a submarine transit of upwards of five hundred miles, turning up at Syracuse. Time did not allow us to extend our ride to the Anapus, where the papyrus grows in great abundance. We, however, saw the plant, and purchased a piece of the paper, which they still continue to manufacture.

Syracuse is well situated, and with its very fine harbour, forms, from many points, a good subject for the painter.

Night was fast approaching when the steamer got under weigh, and we strained our eyes with the vain attempt of catching a few glimpses of the scenery of the coast. These midnight voyages are most provoking.

We arrived at Messina early on the following day, and were soon comfortably lodged at the "Victoria," which we found in all respects an excellent hotel.

Our treatment on board the *Mongibello* induced us to come to the firm resolve of fighting shy of that vessel for the future. The prospectus published by the company promised everything. A *tavola rotonda* was alluded to, giving an idea of good cheer in abundance; and we had already commenced eating visionary breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. Imagination, however, and reality

were on this occasion sadly at variance. A table there certainly was, which, had the passengers provided themselves beforehand with a due proportion of pigeon-pies and turkeys, would have proved serviceable enough; but to us who, relying upon the promises held out, were unprepared for starvation, it was only a species of mockery.

The situation of cook on board this craft must be a very pleasant sinecure; for, by some very clever arrangement, it arrives in port just in time for breakfast, and remains stationary during the day, when the passengers are turned out like a herd of goats to cater for themselves. So much for the *Mongibello*, which may be a capital vessel during the season of Lent, but at no other period of the year.

It being our intention to remain at Messina for two or three months, we immediately instituted inquiries respecting lodgings. Furnished apartments are difficult to procure. A Sicilian gentleman, to whom we brought introductions, exerted himself in our cause; and having found some apartments likely to suit us, he at once engaged them. The view from these rooms was most beautiful—a fine blue sea, with the Calabrian hills in the distance. Unfortunately, we were unable to repress our admiration, which was no sooner apparent to our landlord than he imme-

diately presumed upon it, and fled off from the agreement which had been previously concluded. Notwithstanding this exhibition of *Punica fides*, I did not like to relinquish all hopes of coming to terms. Thinking, however, I was so enamoured with the spot that rent would be no object, he refused an offer at a considerable advance upon the sum originally demanded. The fellow was afterwards punished for his avarice by being unable to procure a tenant during the whole summer—a beautiful illustration of Æsop's dog and the shadow. We subsequently engaged an unfurnished floor on the Marina, commanding a magnificent view of the Straits, for which we were to pay eleven dollars per month. Our landlord, in this instance also, was half inclined to play the traitor, and would have given us some annoyance had not our friend interfered in our behalf.

Houses were rather "looking up," in consequence of the approaching festa called the Centenario, which is held in honour of an epistolary communication supposed to have been sent by the Virgin Mary to the Senate at Messina several hundred years ago. The day is observed annually as a festa; but once in every hundred years its celebration is conducted with unusual splendour; and this year being the completion of the century, an influx of strangers from all parts

of Italy and Sicily was expected. The idea of furnishing a house is, in the abstract, rather an alarming affair, and for three months only, may perhaps appear almost absurd. 'Our real wants, however, were few, and the articles to be purchased ridiculously cheap. A very respectable chair might be procured for about the value of thirteen pence, and a chest of drawers, French polished, for thirty shillings. Our beds we hired at so much per night (a few grains). These were supported on a bedstead of rather a primitive description—somewhat of a work-house or infirmary character; deal-boards on iron trestles supplying the place of mahogany posts and sacking—elegances seldom met with in this part of the world. The beds are stuffed with the leaves of the Indian corn, which are not at all a bad substitute for horse hair. Feathers in the hot season would be insupportable. The floors of our sitting rooms were rather ornamental, being composed of Neapolitan tiles, in some measure resembling the old Dutch, and being arranged in a pattern, have much the effect of a carpet. They are very well adapted for the climate, being cool, and easily cleaned—an operation requisite at least every other day. You thus get rid of fleas in a wholesale manner, which would otherwise swarm without end. A person unaccustomed to this description of floor will almost fancy he is tread-

ing on glass or ice; and several tumbles were the result of the children's first essays upon this new material.

Our establishment was soon got together; and in a very few days we had shaken our feathers and become settled. The only difficulty we experienced was in procuring a servant to assist our nurse. One of the children, being very young, required occasionally to be carried; now, to carry a child, from some unaccountable reason, is deemed an abomination by the Messinese, and we were obliged to part with a servant, in other respects a good one, for refusing to perform this requisite service. Our rooms had the usual drawbacks belonging to houses in this country. The best apartments are always on the upper storey, and thus innumerable steps are to be climbed—the said steps generally none of the cleanest; and as they are often common to three or four families, of various grades in life, it is almost impossible to keep them even in decent order. We tried the effect of a deluge of water, but our neighbours seemed quite at a loss to understand the motive of our proceedings, and of course very soon obliterated any unusual traces of cleanliness we might have established.

To bear noise well requires a certain apprenticeship; and a nervous person would have fared badly in our house, its windows opening on the

Marina, which was a scene of bustle, business, and altercation, throughout the day. The quarrels, witticisms, and traffic, of the inhabitants were equally under our eyes. The street is, in fact, the great mart: here are sold fish, butcher's-meat, vegetables, and fruit; while odoriferous exhalations are wafted upwards from frying-pans, in which tripe, coagulated blood, liver, and other delicacies, are prepared for the stomachs of the Messinese. See that cunning little fellow pinching the tit-bits in search of the tenderest morsel. Ha! he has made his choice; but—"Stop, sir—your money." The grain appears, and the bargain is made. Nothing is done without value received.

Who is that in close confab with an old man in spectacles, seated at a table, on which are pens and ink? A letter is being composed—a proceeding of intense interest, but one seldom performed to the satisfaction of the party concerned. The mistakes sometimes made in these compositions must be ludicrous in the extreme. Manzoni illustrates the matter to perfection:—

"The peasant, unable to write, has recourse to one of these scribes, selecting him, as far as practicable, from among those of his own class, feeling diffident in seeking assistance from an individual in a rank of life superior to his own. He describes his ideas to this man, who generally

misunderstands quite as much as he comprehends, and makes any alterations he may think necessary. In addition to this, the letter, when arrived at its destination, has often to be read to the person to whom it is addressed, and any interpretation is put upon a doubtful paragraph which may suit the fancy of the reader, so that the real idea which this correspondence was intended to communicate remains very often in as great obscurity as an insoluble problem in mathematics."

The day is ended; not so, however, the noise. Every boat moored close to the Marina possesses one or two dogs as a guard; and a most zealous watch they keep. At midnight, probably some poor hungry animal of their own species comes prowling in their quarters, in search of a supper. The nearest dog gives the alarm; the whole posse are roused, rush from their boats, and scurry after the intruder with a yell worthy of pandemonium itself.

So much for your first nap. A second canine chevy of this description is no extraordinary matter; and the early habits of the population effectually prevent any indulgence in late rising.

The finest approach to Messina is by sea, from whence the crescent on the Marina has an imposing effect. The buildings are substantial, and in good taste, and speak volumes for the energy and perseverance of the inhabitants, who, un-

daunted by the havoc occasioned by the earthquake in 1783, set to work immediately like a colony of ants to remedy the mischief. The style of architecture adopted since that event is, I am told, of a much more substantial character, and calculated to stand a very respectable shock; and well is it that such is the case, as earthquakes are by no means uncommon. Not many years ago shocks were perceptible every night for fifteen nights in succession. We were rather amused at a query of one of our Malta friends, who, on being informed of our intention to remain some time at Messina, asked us very coolly, "if we minded earthquakes?" as we were to reconcile ourselves to an occurrence of this nature "at least once a fortnight." Perhaps we were unusually fortunate, as, during a residence of three months, we experienced nothing of the kind. I believe, however, the winter is the season during which they are usually felt.

The thermometer began now to rise in good earnest; we, however, consoled ourselves with the conviction that our friends at Valetta were undergoing the process of baking to a much greater extent. Even here the heat was sufficient to confine us within doors the greater part of the day. We generally remained quiet till about half-past twelve, and then enjoyed the luxury of a sea-bath; we dined at two o'clock; and the evening, the really delightful portion of the day, was reserved

for exercise. Riding or boating were those usually adopted.

We were much surprised at the caution observed by the Italians with regard to sea-bathing. They never commence before July, and seldom persevere beyond the middle of September. Nothing will induce them to venture in the water on a rainy day; and even after a hard shower, they consider it a hazardous experiment. They have, doubtless, good reasons for this precaution, although to us it might be unattended with any mischief. Temporary baths were erected, where each individual might have his own private dip, and could also, if he chose, swim out into the open sea. These were completed at the beginning of July, with the strict injunction of the Intendente that they should be entirely removed by the 20th of September. Previous to this I had been in the habit of bathing outside the harbour, where the water was particularly clear and seductive, but thought it prudent to renounce the practice, having one day received a hint that sharks were occasionally seen in that neighbourhood. In fact, not many years ago, a soldier, who was swimming near the spot, was carried off and bolted by one of these ravenous monsters. Independent of this little objection, there is another drawback to an open sea-bath. Shoals of sea-anemonies are blown towards the shore, and their touch leaves

a sensation resembling a sharp nettle-sting. This circumstance renders necessary the precaution of a dress, which counteracts most materially the whole pleasure of the bath.

Shortly after our arrival at Messina, we were much alarmed at the serious illness of our English nurse; the symptoms were so urgent as to require immediate advice. When no English practitioner is to be obtained, the selection of a doctor is always a puzzling affair; we accordingly adopted the recommendation of the consul, and had every reason to be satisfied with our medical adviser. The case was one of those inflammatory attacks which, in warm climates, gain ground so rapidly, so depletion was the order of the day. Surgeons do not exist in these parts—their duties are performed by the barber, who is, consequently, an individual of much more importance here than in England; and although acting under the medico, has often the assurance to assume half the credit of the cure. Our invalid was bled in the foot, which, after the incision was made, they immersed in a basin of hot water; it was then suffered to bleed without any attempt at measuring the copious stream which continued to flow. The doctor, however, watched the pulse, which served as an index. On inquiring, after the operation, as to the quantity of blood abstracted, he very coolly replied, he did not exactly know;

"*Forse due o tre libbre*—Perhaps two or three pounds ! !" I must, in common fairness, add, that although these proceedings might have appeared unusual to us, we had no reason to complain—the mischief was arrested, and the patient slowly yet progressively recovered.

The fees to medical men in Sicily are rather on a different scale to those we had hitherto been accustomed to pay. Half a dollar (about 2s. 2d.) is the charge of a visit, and even this is not unfrequently declined. A gentleman, with a family, told me that the sum he paid for medical advice was £4 per annum—which was the rate of salary usually demanded. This mode of payment is generally adopted in preference to fees, and by no means a bad arrangement, as it is then the doctor's interest to cure his patient as soon as possible, and all jobbing is effectually prevented.

Our medico, whom I will now introduce by the name of "Galeno," was a decided character, and his early life could boast of more than an ordinary share of remarkable incident. Being intended for the Church, he was placed by his father in a convent in the interior of the island, with the full determination to make a monk of him, if possible. However, *cucullus non facit monachum;* an accident, or rather *destino*, as the Italians would say, willed otherwise, and a circumstance trifling in itself caused a thorough revolution in his prospects.

Great havoc had, for some time, been made among the flocks belonging to the convent, and suspicion soon fell upon a dog, whose predilection for mutton had gained him considerable notoriety. Now ovicide, according to Galeno, was a capital offence, and the evidence against the animal was so strong that his life was deemed forfeited. Half an ounce of No. 6, from a well-directed fowling-piece soon satisfied the ends of justice. Unfortunately, this creature was the pet of another fraternity, who, irritated at the loss of their favourite, commenced a rigid inquiry into the matter, and its death was eventually brought home to Galeno. From that moment he was a marked man. Some little time afterwards, when from home on business, he observed four individuals watching his movements—in fact, he was evidently dogged. It was now becoming dark; and, distancing his pursuers, he escaped to a cottage, where he intended to pass the night. His retreat was, however, discovered, and the house attacked. Travelling in Sicily being then a service of some danger, he was fortunately provided with fire-arms, and, relying on these, refused to surrender. The door was forced; the pistols raised, and the two first who entered fell by his hand. Galeno, now defenceless and overpowered by numbers, was brutally beaten, and, becoming senseless, was left for dead. After some time, recovering

from his stupor, he was enabled to reach Palermo, from whence he embarked for Marseilles.

The survivors of this affray having in the meantime falsely represented the occurrence, and his flight being received as a tacit acknowledgment of the truth of their statement, a sentence of banishment for twenty years was pronounced against him. Now commenced his study of medicine; and several years afterwards the real truth being declared by one of those present at the transaction, who, on his death-bed, confessed the murderous intention of the whole party, he was permitted to return, and he now resides at Messina, a professor of physic, instead of a professor of theology.

Good walkers need never be at a loss at Messina. The heat, however, in summer, renders this exercise rather too fatiguing. Donkies are always to be procured, and I would recommend every person intending to make any stay, establishing a pet donky or mule at once. These animals are very superior to those of the same species in England, being much larger and more ridable. The rising ground behind the town affords a very good view of the harbour and straits; from hence, also, may be seen the complete sickle-formation of the peninsula, from whence the ancient name of Zancle took its origin.

Immediately on the sickle stands the principal fortress of Messina, to the interior of which ad-

mission is denied, without a special order from the authorities. In defiance, however, of this regulation, we, during one of our evening excursions, having crossed the harbour, and landed on the peninsula, walked unconcernedly through the whole works without let or hindrance. Our success in the affair can only be ascribed to our impudence, as, on relating the circumstance afterwards, our friends could with difficulty be persuaded of the fact, a similar instance of successful audacity not having occurred before.

Placed at the foot of an extensive range of hills, the town becomes sheltered from the sun at an early period of the evening. The hour of recreation is now arrived. The Sicilian, refreshed by his siesta, is about to enjoy the really delightful portion of a summer's day in these latitudes. At this season of the year the air of night is deprived of its pernicious effects; the only period requiring caution is the half-hour which precedes and that which follows the setting of the sun. The dew then descends most copiously. The moisture, however, once fairly settled, all apprehension may be at rest.

Our house being situated on the Marina, we were able, from our windows, to criticise the fashionable world, that being the Rotten Row of Messina. Those possessed of carriages now drive for at least two hours with most laudable perse-

verance on this parade, relieving the monotony of the recreation by a visit to an ice-shop, a luxury here appreciated by all grades; the poorest even can regale themselves with iced water. Ætna, notwithstanding its periodical destructive eruptions, is a real blessing to Sicily, and I am almost inclined to think that the people would gladly reconcile themselves to the occasional annihilation of a village by its fires, rather than be deprived of its snows.

This mountain makes ample amends for its fiery freaks. Its three regions are, in fact, an abstract of a plurality of soils and climates. There is a hot-house at the bottom, and an ice-house at the top. Corn, wine, and oil, are the abundant produce of its base; the mid-region is clothed with brushwood and forest trees, affording fuel in the winter; while the summit is the never-failing store-house of the snow, one of the greatest luxuries during the heat of a southern summer.

As to the allowance of iced cream, or rather syrup, disposed of by an individual at a sitting, the bare contemplation of it would frighten an uninitiated person, who would immediately have recourse to a bottle of Cognac, to avoid the consequences of such imprudence. Tea is here looked upon only as a medicine; and although I have seen a person swallow a cup or two on the score of politeness, it was evidently taken sorely against

his will. Ices and lemonades supersede entirely the Howqua, Mowqua, and all other infusions of the tea-plant. The ices are occasionally made to represent different species of fruits, and often bear a very close resemblance to nature. Brydone has told rather a ludicrous anecdote of a naval officer of the old school, who was completely taken in by the deception. He was dining with a large party, at the house of a gentleman no less distinguished for the elegance of his table than for the strict formality observed at it. After dinner, the ices were produced in the shape of various fruits and sweetmeats. One of the servants handed what appeared to be a fine large peach to the Captain, who, unacquainted with deceit of any kind, never doubted its being real. Cutting it through the centre, in a moment one half of it was in his mouth. At first he only looked grave, and blew up his cheeks to give it more room, but the violence of the cold soon brought the tears into his eyes, and he began to tumble it about from one side of his mouth to the other; at last, unable to hold out any longer, he spit it out upon his plate, exclaiming, "A painted snowball, by Jingo!" and wiping away his tears with his napkin, he turned round in a fury, and accosted the Italian servant who had helped him, with "D—— your maccaroni eyes, what did you mean by that?" The man, not understanding a

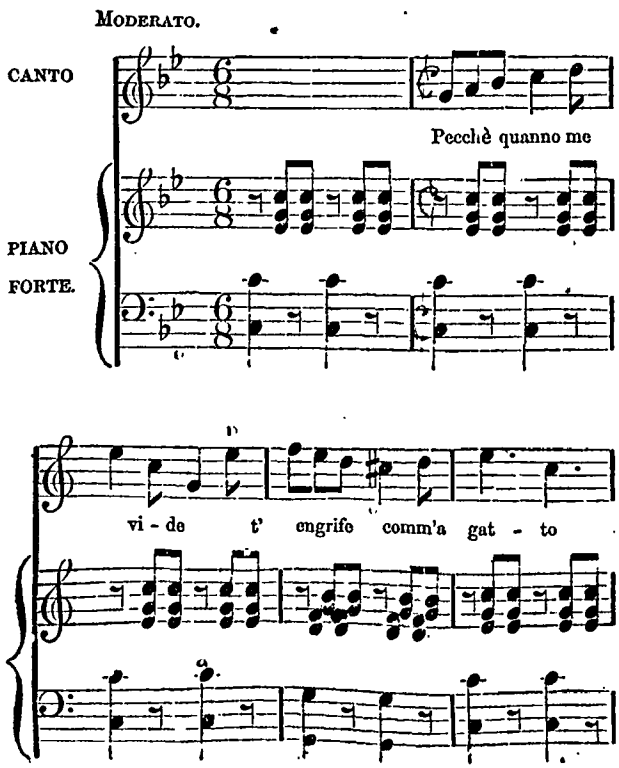
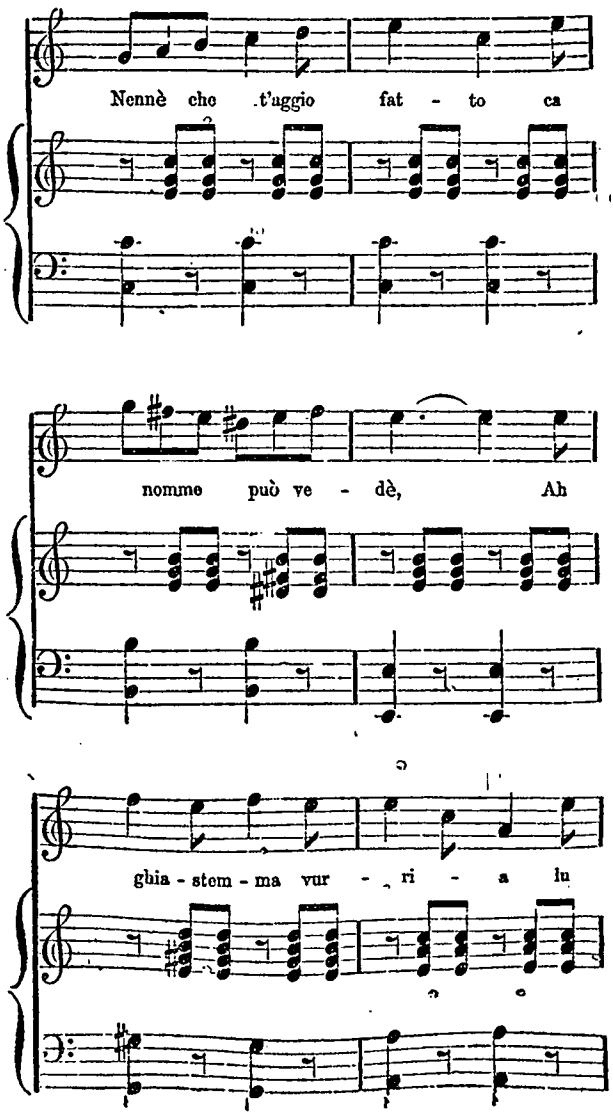
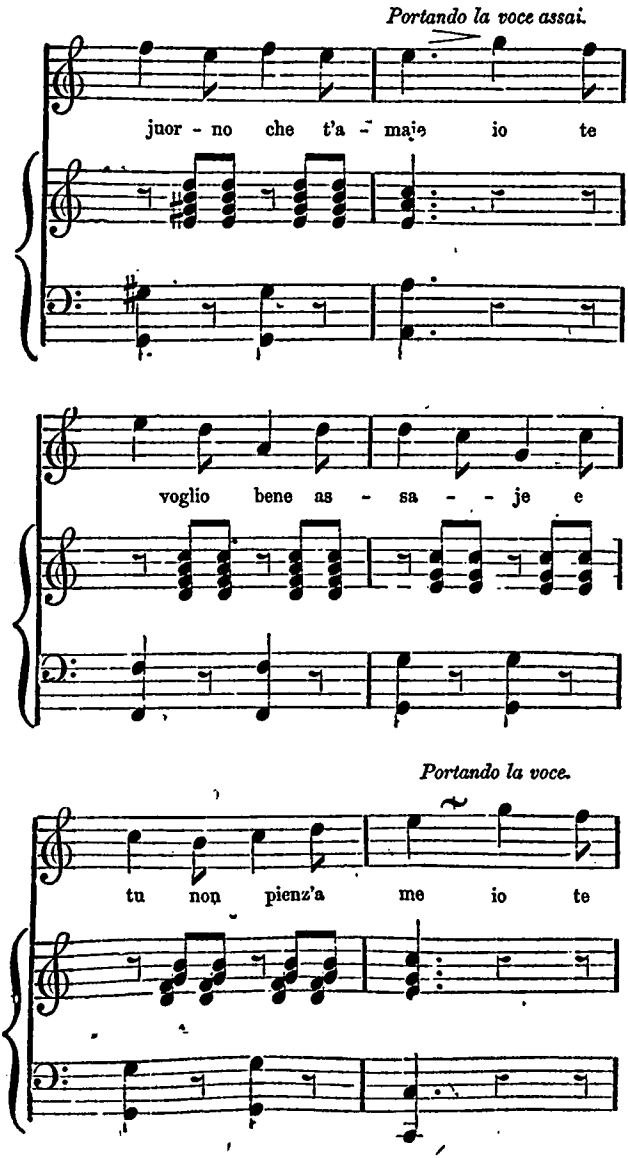
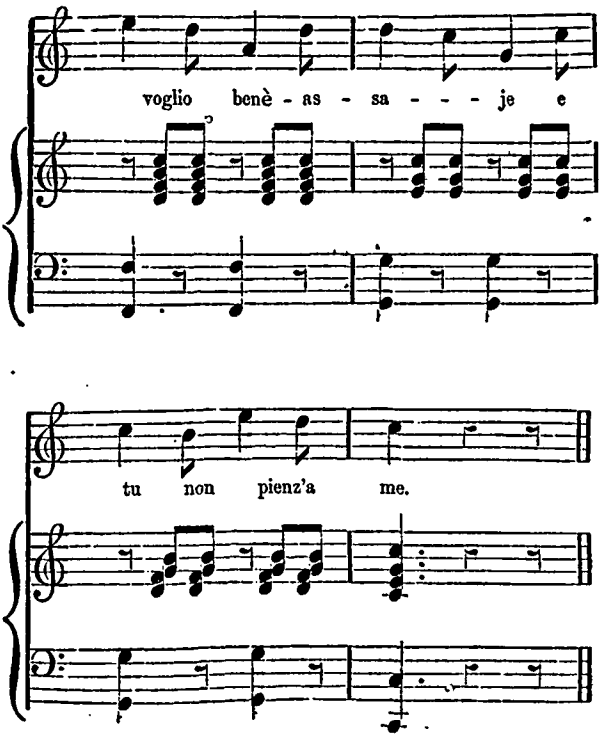
word he said, could not help smiling. This convinced the Captain still more that it was a trick, and he was on the point of throwing the remainder of the "snowball" in his face, but was prevented by one of the company; when, recovering from his passion, and thinking the object unworthy of it, he contented himself with adding, in a more subdued tone, "Very well, neighbour, I only wish I had you on board ship for half-an-hour—you should have a dozen before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

Although the recreation of a carriage is confined to the wealthier classes, the lower orders are not without their enjoyments. Groups of individuals may at one time be seen collected round some well-known ballad-singer, who accompanies himself on the guitar; while at another the waltz or the national dance is entered into with spirit, "while the moon shines bright." The taste of these people is undeniably more refined than that of our own lower classes. All appear really to enjoy themselves in this harmless manner, without the drunkenness and riot too often attendant upon English mirth.

Most countries have their favourite airs, which excite a more than ordinary degree of enthusiasm. Never shall I forget the rapturous "ancoras" which greeted the following song. It was sung at the opera, immediately before the ballet. The

whole gallery seemed wild with delight, and, joining in the chorus, insisted upon such frequent repetitions that we almost began to fancy the performance would be interminable:—

CANZONE NAPOLITANA.

"IO TE VOGLIO BENE ASSAJE."

Nennè che t'aggio fat - to ca
nomme può ve - dè, Ah
ghia - stem - ma vur - ri - a lu

Portando la voce assai.
juor - no che t'a - maie io te
voglio bene as - sa - - je e
Portando la voce.
tu non pienz'a me io te

2

La notte tutte dormono
E io che buò dormì?
Penzanno a Nenna mia
Me sento ascevoli.
Li quarte d'ora sonano
A uno, a doje, a tre-
Io te voglio bene assaje
Ma tu non pienz'a me.

3

Donca pe mme è fenuto
La morte se ne vene
Pecchè no mme vuò bene
Si spasemo pe te?
Quanno so fatto cennere
Tanno mme chiagnarraje;
N'auto maje non asciarraje
Nnamorato comm' a me.

The Italian scholar will perceive that the above song is written in the Neapolitan patois, and I wish him joy of it. It has cost me some trouble

to find out its meaning, and I leave it to him as a puzzle, for the purpose of exercising his own ingenuity. Part of it is almost Italian, but there are two or three lines in each stanza which I think will prove a considerable tax upon his patience.

The harbour at night has often a cheerful and animated appearance, from the numerous fishing-boats, with their fires of pine wood, flitting in all directions, their lights reflected brilliantly in the water. I had always regarded spearing as bordering upon poaching, and was almost ashamed of feeling any pleasure in the matter. However, where skill and activity are required, excitement must exist, and I confess myself guilty of entering fully into the spirit of the diversion. We were much astonished by the skill occasionally displayed in the management of the spear, realizing the dexterity of "Old Leather-stocking," whom Cooper represents striking a fish considerably deeper in the water than the handle of his weapon. This feat a friend of ours achieved—the spear returning to the surface with the fish on its point.

The spoil of a night's fishing is often of a motley description, both as to size and genus. I had never hitherto seen a sepia, and a more curious quaint-looking animal Nature seldom presents to our notice. It bears a strong resemblance to

something between a toad and a jelly-fish, and its habits are equally eccentric with its appearance. Most fish when taken content themselves with making struggles to escape. Not so, however, the sepia, who manifests a decided spirit of retaliation. No sooner is he sensible of the human touch, than, by some peculiar organic arrangement, out flies a deluge of inky fluid, which, with proper manipulation, may suit the foreground of a landscape admirably, but when administered by the animal, causes most indelible injury to coat, waistcoat, and continuations. This fish is by many considered a great treat; but either through the want of skill of our cook, or our own prejudices, we were utterly unable to appreciate the delicacy.

But the fox-hunting of fishing (if I may be allowed to use the term) is the pursuit of the "Pesce Spada," or "Sword Fish." These are captured in their transit through the Straits to the Levant, and are a valuable prize, some occasionally weighing nearly two hundred pounds. It is, in fact, a kind of whale fishery in miniature. We made several unsuccessful attempts to be present at the capture of a fish. Enough, however, was seen to enable us to understand the system usually adopted.

Each party consists of at least seven individuals, and two boats are employed. One, resem-

bling a fishing smack, is moored in a situation known to be a likely resort for the fish, which in calm weather are fond of rising to the surface, and either basking or amusing themselves in the sun; on the mast of this boat a "look-out" is stationed. The other is altogether of a different construction, being built to combine lightness with speed; and in order to admit of the use of very long oars, the rowlocks are made to project beyond the sides of the boat. This is also furnished with a very low mast, on which one of the crew, who directs the rowers, takes his post. Two are provided with harpoons, while four others rest on their oars, awaiting the signal for a chase. Presently a peculiar cry is heard—a fish has become visible to the "look-out," who indicates the position by the movement of his arms. The excitement is now at the highest. The crew of the pursuing boat have descried their prey as they dart along the water, and every nerve is strained to overtake the prize, which sometimes, to all appearance, on the point of being captured, dives suddenly to the bottom, when all hopes of success are for that day abandoned. Even when struck, the fish will not unfrequently escape, should the hold not be firm. This is a terrible calamity, and the disappointment is generally followed by a quarrel with the harpooner, who is blamed for want of dexterity.

The time considered most likely for sport, is from sunrise till about one o'clock in the day; and during that period several parties may be seen stationed between the Faro and Messina, ready for a chase. It is rather a remarkable fact, that the fish, on going to the Levant, take one side the Straits, and the other on their return.

With regard to the degree of estimation in which the spada is held as a delicacy, there is rather a difference of opinion. I believe the whole fish is eatable, but the choice morsels are confined to a part of the breast, and a few other favourite cuts. It is very like veal in flavour, and the Sicilians call it "vitello."

Judging, however, from our own experience, the Mediterranean is not the sea to supply an alderman's table. True it is that the turtle abounds on the Syrian coast, and is found in great perfection near Alexandria; but, with the exception of this, and the red mullet, with the anchovy (the last a very nice little fellow), we were much disappointed with its finny productions. Few fish come amiss to the lower orders, as may be easily imagined when we find they devour a great part of that disgusting monster, the tunny, which I should think possessed equal claims with a shark to be considered worthy of entering as a first course.

There are several expeditions to be made from Messina. Among others we visited Reggio, which,

the fact of St. Paul having landed there on his way to Rome, renders an object of sufficient interest without other attractions. This is fortunate, as a more wretched-looking, tumble-down place, aspiring to the appellation of a town, I have seldom seen. It is positively the head-quarters of earthquakes. There is not a house, indeed I think I might venture to say a room, in the whole place that does not show traces of recent convulsion.

A gentleman, to whom we took introductions, was very polite and attentive, ordering out his carriage, and acting as cicerone. His house was cracked and split in a most deplorable fashion; and the whole country in the neighbourhood is so twisted and torn, that it is the last place in the world in which I should be inclined to rent land on a building lease. Our friend drove us to his villa—the garden afforded a beautiful view of the sea, which, seen through vistas of orange groves, had the appearance of a lake. This was the only garden we had hitherto seen with the slightest pretensions to neatness; the flowers were tied and labelled with great care, and the occupier evidently made it his particular hobby. The principal products of this gentleman's estate were oranges, lemons, and grapes, with an establishment for the manufacture of silk, and another for the preparation of the essence of Bergamot; with

a small bottle of which he presented us, adding, that the difficulty of procuring it genuine was great, in consequence of its being invariably adulterated after exportation. Leaving Reggio, we drove to a village called Gallico, on the coast, distant about five miles. Here we appointed our boatmen to meet us. The road, which conducted us through a succession of vineyards and orange plantations, was fenced off with the aloe and prickly pear. These make a most excellent hedge, the aloe filling up the intervals left by the other plant, which, when old, becomes thin and scraggy. Having again embarked, we returned to Messina through the once much-dreaded Charybdis.

This whirlpool, though no longer dangerous, still exhibits an unusual disturbance. In stormy weather there is a considerable bubbling movement, like water boiling violently; but this, when the sea is quiet, scarcely exceeds a *simmer*. The motion is most visible at certain states of the current, which changes periodically like the tide. The immediate cause of the phenomenon seems by no means well understood. The most reasonable solution is, that it arises from the formation of the shore in the vicinity. Eddies are thus produced, which, causing the water to rush back with violence, this unusual motion is the result.

Poor Nicolo Pesce! yours is one of the saddest stories connected with this whirlpool. And who

was Nicolo Pesce? His story is not long, and you may believe it or not, just as you please, which, you must allow, is very liberal on my part. Our friend Nicholas had, from his extraordinary skill as a diver, acquired the above appropriate sobriquet. He gained his livelihood chiefly by selling corals, and other marine productions, which he had rooted out from the bottom of the ocean. He would spend several days in succession in the sea, and live upon fish, which he devoured uncooked. (What were the sharks at all this time?) He was the mail between Sicily and Calabria, and has been known to cross the Straits in weather, considered in his day, too stormy for navigation.

Now, the King of Sicily had for some time entertained a marvellous curiosity to know what was going on at the bottom of Charybdis, and it occurred to him that no person was more likely to be able to give him the information he so much coveted than poor Nicolo. Our amphibious hero at first fought shy of the proposed task, but on hearing that a valuable gold goblet had been thrown into the whirlpool by order of the monarch, to become the property of the man who could recover it, he at once waived all scruples, plunged into the gulf, and, after remaining under water for nearly an hour, returned to the surface with his golden prize. A second attempt, however, to explore this phenomenon proved fatal;

he dashed into the vortex, and the waves closed over him for ever.

Having witnessed the numerous traces of destruction which natural convulsions have left on either shore of the Straits, I am almost inclined to think that the legendary allusion of Helenus, with regard to the separation of Sicily from the Continent, was not altogether destitute of foundation.

> "Hæc loca vi quondam et vastâ convulsa ruinâ,
> Dissiluisse ferunt—cum protinus utraque tellus
> Una foret: venit medio vi pontus, et undis
> Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, arvaque et urbes
> Littore diductas angusto interluit æstu.
>
> . . . . The Italian shore
> And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
> An earthquake caused the flaw; the roaring tides
> The passage broke that land from land divides;
> And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides."
>
> *Dryden's Translation.*

This would require a good shock, I admit; but what limits are there to an earthquake?

August —.—Excursion to Scylla. The rock, I conclude, remains very much in the same state as it was during Æneas's nautical trip. It stands out boldly, being almost insulated, and there is a very strong current lashing against its sides, so that unless your boatmen give it plenty of room, you will probably approach this fabulous monster rather too near to be pleasant. Our men,

from not taking sufficient precautions, were obliged to strain every nerve to prevent our being drawn into the '*cœcæ latebræ*' of this ill-famed promontory. The wind blew fresh, and the sea was sufficiently rough to enable us to appreciate Virgil's well-known description. There is a very picturesque town immediately behind the rock, built almost on a precipice, which, with its projecting roofs and convent belfries, forms a very good subject for a sketch.

The trouble to which a stranger is compelled to submit, in order to visit these places on the Calabrian coast, is perfectly ludicrous. Your passport must be obtained, and visèd by the police, just as scrupulously as if you were going to Naples or Rome. In our former expedition to Reggio, the commissary of police residing in that town, seeing that our party had no revolutionary or seditious appearance, told us we were at liberty to go wherever we chose, without delaying us even to affix his signature to our passport; his civility, however, was very nearly placing us in an awkward predicament on our return to Messina, where the police, on examining the precious document, having searched in vain for the name of this man, could not, for some time, be prevailed upon to sanction our landing in the very town we had made our residence for nearly two months. The absurdity of procuring a passport for Scylla,

where we merely intended to pic-nic on the beach, struck us so forcibly, that I omitted doing so. On our approaching the shore, down came the Doganieri most fiercely, with muskets and swords, apparently with the intention of defending the place against an attack of a party of ladies and gentlemen, armed with parasols and walking-sticks. A parley ensues.

Doganieri.—What do you want?

Ourselves.—Nothing.

Doganieri (on our approaching nearer).—Have you a passport?

Selves.—No.

Doganieri.—You must not land.

Selves.—Very well, we have no wish to do so.

This seemed to take them by surprise. A little private conversation then took place, the nature of which our boatmen appeared to comprehend, and suggested the possibility of the influence of a bribe, upon which I renewed our parley.

"Holloa, there—listen—I'll give you two taris if you'll let us land." This acted like magic; and these jealous defenders of the place not only permitted, but actually assisted our debarkation. The value of the two tari bribe amounted to eightpence sterling!! These fellows, shortly afterwards, were played rather a ludicrous trick by some gentlemen who were cruising in a small sailing-boat. On their approach, they were hailed

as usual, and not having passports, landing was prohibited. They, however, disclaimed all anxiety to quit their yacht, and immediately commenced preparing a cold collation. A table was accordingly spread on deck, with cold fowls, pies, fruit, &c. The Doganieri upon this, either from curiosity or in hopes of a spare bottle of porter, getting into a boat, approached the visitors, and had the impudence to fasten their rope to the stern of the yacht; no remonstrance was made, and there they remained for some time, watching the proceedings. Suddenly they found themselves going out to sea. A breeze had sprung up—the little anchor had been raised without their knowledge, and an opportunity had been taken of securing their rope in such a mysterious knot, that before it could be unfastened, they were a good mile from the shore, gesticulating and threatening our English friends after the most approved Italian fashion, who only replied to their grimaces with shouts of laughter.

All Sicily was on the *qui vive* as the centenario drew near, and steamers bringing daily countless masses of visitors, filled Messina to an overflow. A considerable advance in the price of provisions was in consequence expected to take place. These fears, however, were soon set at rest by (to us at least) a rather curious proclamation of the Intendente, which had the effect of

regulating the market. Fancy a butcher at Smithfield being told he was not to take more than fourpence per pound for his prime pieces, on pain of imprisonment!!

The royal family arrived from Naples, escorted by the fleet, which, I believe, consisted at that time of nine vessels—no very formidable force. The king had lately been bitten with a nautical mania, and was amusing himself with the diversion of playing the admiral. A temporary landing was erected on the Marina, and the troops were drawn out to receive him. His arrival appeared anything but a cause for general rejoicing, and his reception was rather a contrast to that which generally welcomes our Victoria. All the vivas seemed confined to the troops, without whom the arrival of the sovereign might be an affair of a very questionable result. His unpopularity is now a matter of notoriety, and I fear his Sicilian subjects would be too happy to assist any other power in the deposition of their own monarch. Great precautions were taken to put down all attempts of a seditious nature, which, on the assemblage of so vast a crowd, were likely to occur; and we heard that one fine morning no less than two hundred individuals were walked off to prison on the charge of suspicion alone. This is considered abundant reason for depriving a person of liberty; or if not incarcerated, he becomes a

marked man, and his movements are strictly watched by the police.

If there is one thing which an Italian enters into with more zeal than another person, it is the celebration of a festa. His cares, wrongs, and sorrows seem all forgotten in the gaiety of the scene. His disposition is essentially of the allegro character, and his countenance cheerful and sunny as the charming climate he inhabits. No people understand better how an affair of this sort should be conducted, and no expense is spared to contribute to the grandeur of the display. The decoration of the streets far surpassed what we saw during the carnival at Rome. Festoons of costly drapery, folded in tasteful forms, were hung from end to end; while in many of the piazzas well-executed transparencies were exhibited, which at night had a most imposing effect among the brilliant illuminations. The streets were literally avenues of sparkling light, and the convents on the various heights which overhang the town vied with each other in the splendour of their illuminations, their lights gleaming through the darkness as if suspended in mid-air. The Church is never deficient in display upon all occasions that admit of external show. The cathedral, during vespers, was lit up with no less than fifteen thousand wax-candles, suspended from the arches and the roof; while the high altar, loaded with its riches in gold

and silver plate, glittered with a gorgeous magnificence.

This festa was of five days' duration, and on each some spectacle was prepared for the gratification of the thousands assembled to do honour to the Virgin. Horse-races (without riders), processions, and fire-works, followed each other in rapid succession.

The Sicilians are evidently adepts in the pyrotechnic art. The fire-works on this occasion were magnificent—inferior only to the "girandola," which I allow throws all other efforts into shade. Gunpowder is here a most essential ingredient in the manifestation of feelings—whether the matter be of a political, civil, or religious character, it enters freely into it. I shall never forget the first discharge of what they call "pattararas" during the celebration of high mass. I was fully persuaded of its proceeding from a running fire of a column of infantry. A train of no less than five thousand explosive preparations was ignited, and a continued series of reports, which lasted several minutes, was the result. These contrivances are a composition of bran and gunpowder made into balls, with some other material. Each ball is then placed about an inch from its neighbour, and connected by a train.

The king apparently entered with great spirit into the sports, drove about in all directions, and

was present at all the principal sights, probably not altogether without hoping, by this show of confidence in his subjects, to establish a little popularity. Being present at a ball, to which the royal family were invited, we had an opportunity of lionizing the Neapolitan Court; and, I confess, I most sincerely commiserated their fate. Either by their own wish, or by the arrangement of their host, they sat during a great part of the evening by themselves, obliged to submit to the gazing stare of the assembled company, whose curiosity in examining their persons seemed insatiable. Had his majesty adopted the same course he pursues at Naples, in mixing a little with the company, it would have been much less irksome. His associates, however, on this occasion, might not have been altogether of the same stamp, and I conclude it would not have been "the thing" to have endangered the due preservation of etiquette.

There are two principal processions in honour of the Virgin. In one a lock of her hair is paraded round the town in a crystal box, accompanied by all the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The other is perfectly unique, and certainly most extravagant in idea, if not bordering very closely upon blasphemy—it is, in fact, a living representation of a picture of the triumph of the Madonna, which may be seen in the sacristy of the cathedral. It is called the "Procession of the Bara." This

Bara is a huge machine on wheels, of a weight and size so enormous as to require the united efforts of a great number of persons to put it in motion. On the platform of the carriage is a large circular wheel, made to revolve horizontally, on which little children dressed in the character of angels are stationed. Above this, revolving vertically, appears another wheel with a similar complement of angels. Over these a boy with a long white beard is seated, intended to represent the Almighty; his right hand is extended, on which the Virgin Mary appears to stand, who is personated by a girl about thirteen years of age. However interesting and imposing this exhibition may be to the spectator, the case is very different with regard to those unfortunate children who are the principal performers in the scene. Those on the lower wheel do not suffer much—their motion is like that of a merry-go-round at a fair, and a little giddiness is the only harm which ensues; but to those other poor little wretches whose evolutions are vertical, the matter is much more serious—they are often made sick, and not unfrequently become insensible, and, I believe, even death has ensued in some instances; but these consequences have little weight with the parents, who would consider a result of this nature as a certain passport to heaven.

The Virgin must be a girl of considerable nerve

and steadiness of head, as she stands erect during the whole procession at a very great height, above the level of the windows of the second storey of the houses. Provided her part is well performed, she is cheered enthusiastically, cries of "Brava ragazza," saluting her in her progress. We were rather astonished a few days afterwards by a visit from this identical Madonna, who had acted so prominent a part in the exhibition; there she sat ensconced in an arm-chair, with an artificial glory round her head. The object of her visit, being to beg a few taris, tended rather to deprive her of any spiritual quality she might have been supposed to possess.

With regard to the letter said to have been received from the Madonna by the senate, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the original is not to be found. The priests invariably evade the subject. A very respectable old canon, who showed us the treasures of the sanctuary, in reply to my inquiries upon the subject, said that "it was lost, and that the loss could excite no surprise in a country so subject to earthquakes and other natural phenomena."

Before quitting the subject of the festa, I cannot help bearing testimony to the admirable regulations preserved by the police. During the whole five nights of illuminations no disturbance, accident, or casualty occurred. Carriages were

permitted to pass through the streets at certain hours only. On the firing of cannon from the fort they vanished almost like magic, and the streets became the sole property of the pedestrians, who could then enjoy the festivities unalloyed by the apprehension of being knocked down by restive horses and impatient coachmen. The observance of this order was most essential at Messina, where there is no raised trottoir. The entire street is paved with large, flat stones, and its whole space is common to men, horses, and animals of every species.

Our residence at Messina was now drawing to a close; and the weather having an unsettled appearance, we determined to take advantage of the first favourable prognostications of the barometer, to accomplish an excursion to Taormina, the ancient Tauromimiun. The praises of this place had been sung so enthusiastically that we fully prepared ourselves for disappointment, but we found that its character had in no respect been overdrawn. The drive to Giardini is one of the most picturesque in the island; the sea is in sight the greatest part of the way; and the hills, as they approach the coast, descend in abrupt precipices, beneath which the road is taken. Few places can be better adapted than Taormina for the summer residence of an artist. Let him be as industrious and as rapid as he will, the place will,

notwithstanding his efforts, still prove itself inexhaustible. The road to Giardini, where we remained one night, winds round the hill on which Taormina is built, and extends about a mile beyond it on the Catania side; so by starting very early in the morning from Messina, and sending our carriage on to Giardini (on approaching the rock of Taormina), we were able to clamber up to the latter town by means of a zigzag footpath, and lionize the antiquities on the same evening.

The three principal objects are the Theatre, the Naumachia, and Piscina. The marbles employed in the erection of the former are very beautiful, and specimens are offered for sale. An antiquarian will feel considerable interest also in the Church of St. Pancrazio, evidently the cella of a Grecian temple, the walls of which are composed of large blocks of white marble, joined together without cement. These relics of former ages are extremely curious and interesting, but it is to nature rather than art that Taormina is indebted for its chief attractions.

Words prove sadly deficient when employed in descriptions of scenery, and can convey but an imperfect idea of the picturesque.* I will therefore merely say: Place yourself within the ruins

* Some very beautiful descriptions of scenery, and the nearest to nature I ever read, are in Mr. Warburton's recent publication, "*The Crescent and the Cross*," one of the most eloquent productions of the day.

of the Theatre, on a certain spot which the custode shall point out on a fine cloudless morning at sunrise, and a scene will be presented to you of such incomparable grandeur, as to leave a lasting impression for the remainder of your days. Parts of the ruins form the foreground, beyond which is seen the town of Taormina on its precipitous foundations, with the sea at their base; while yet farther are undulating plains, interspersed with hills of various elevation, leading up to Ætna, whose summit, distant about twenty-five miles, forms the boundary of the landscape. Precipices, to all appearance next to inaccessible, seem to have been favourite sites for habitations. The houses in some of the villages hang so immediately over the edge of the rocks, that, as a measure of precaution, the young children are tied to the door-ways, or some other parts of the building, during the temporary absence of their parents.

We found, on our arrival at Giardini, that the day was a festa. After the centenario all others must, of course, be insignificant. This, however, was a really poverty-stricken affair, the only attempt at illuminations being effected by means of oil-paper lamps, which only made the darkness more visible. Our hotel had the usual allowance of dirt and discomfort generally met with on unfrequented routes. Previous to our departure, the landlord requested us to insert our names in

the traveller's book, which, with an air of great confidence, he brought for our inspection—he, poor man, being perfectly unconscious of the various comments made by his numerous guests, the greater part of whom seemed to agree in the unanimous condemnation of his house, adding occasionally the most absurd remarks. Our host detecting a smile, became at once suspicious, and "hoped there was nothing wrong in his book." Notwithstanding this suicidal act on his part, we let him off as easily as we could conscientiously. Certainly neither his cuisine nor his dormitory were of the most tempting description; but having eaten and slept in his house without suffering from either indigestion or nightmare, our better feelings prompted us to throw a veil of silence over filth, fleas, and all other abominations. Two days were employed in this excursion, and we returned late in the evening of the second to Messina with as many sketches, or rather scratches, as the time would permit us to carry away. The heat during the whole time was rather of a dog-day character, but we were amply repaid for our broil.

Our plans for the future were now arranged; the winter was to be divided between Naples and Rome, and Palermo to be visited en route. Our residence in Sicily obliged us to procure a new passport—the one we obtained at Malta not being

recognised in this part of the Neapolitan territory. This is of course an arrangement of the authorities, for the purpose of extorting additional fees. Why the approach to the offices of police should always be effected through a set of awfully offensive passages, up disgustingly filthy staircases, and by cells crowded with prisoners in a disgraceful state of uncleanness, it is difficult to say. The passport offices at Messina, Palermo, and Naples, are scarcely approachable for a civilized person, unless well armed with ammoniacal salts, or some other olfactory stimulant. If these people have no idea of improving their prison discipline, they had better conceal so disgraceful an exhibition, and not run the risk of offending decency.

From our experience of the Messinese character, we should be inclined to place them much on the same footing with Neapolitans, or I may say Italians generally. We found them invariably civil and obliging, and, considering the unpalatable Government under which they live, wonderfully orderly and patient.

It has certainly happened on one or two occasions of excitement, that extremities have been resorted to with a very decided spirit of determination. During the time the cholera was raging in various parts of Sicily, Messina was entirely exempt from the pestilence, and the laws of quarantine were rigidly enforced. Some circum-

stance at this time having occurred, which gave the Government reason to fear an émeute, they were induced to send a vessel of war to Messina. Its approach was no sooner discovered by the inhabitants than, rushing to the health office, they turned out the soldiers who were stationed there, and refused pratique to the Neapolitan crew, who, seeing how matters stood, sailed away without entering the harbour. There had been no real cause for this suspicion on the part of the Government, and the Messinese were determined that the quarantine laws should not be violated. Having thus far succeeded in preventing what they deemed unnecessary and tyrannical, no further outrage was attempted.

One circumstance, however, of a really dreadful character occurred about the same period in another part of the island. The cholera raged more particularly at Palermo and Syracuse. The inhabitants of the latter town, astounded at the frightful extent of mortality, were persuaded with the conviction that the water in the fountains had been poisoned by people connected with the Government—an attempt of an insurrectionary nature having recently occurred. Acting upon this conviction, the Syracusans vowed vengeance against the Intendente. He, apprized of his danger, quitted his house previous to the arrival of the infuriated mob, and took refuge in a cave.

His retreat, however, was discovered; he was dragged from his concealment by dogs, and murdered upon the spot. Dreadful as this event undoubtedly was, it would be hardly right to brand the character of these people with the stigma of cruelty, the act being unquestionably the result of gross ignorance and credulity.

The pantomime and grimace adopted by the Sicilians in all conversation, whether upon trifling or important subjects, exceeds even that of the Neapolitans. The earnestness and stage-effect expressed in their countenances, would lead one to expect that arguments would soon be backed up by stilettos. The attempt to account for this peculiarity is somewhat far-fetched. They say that the tyrants of Syracuse, being in perpetual fear of conspiracies, forbid people gossiping in groups, just as our police now tell us to "move on." They therefore substituted that species of telegraphic communication, and kept up a conference by signs, of which practice the extravagant gesticulations at present in use are the remnant.

As must everywhere be the case where no compulsory means are adopted for the maintenance and relief of the poor, sad instances of distress and want are continually forcing themselves into notice. There are certainly asylums and hospitals in different parts of the island, but these being reserved for extreme cases, it frequently happens

that the sufferer is admitted at too late a period to derive any benefit from these institutions; famine has already done its work, and nourishment is of little avail; independent of this, the extent of accommodation in proportion to the population is far too limited to effect any extensive benefit. Cases of starvation most undoubtedly are of frequent occurrence, and, from what I was myself witness to, I cannot help fearing that a familiarity with extremity of suffering renders the feelings less alive to its dreadful realities.

I one day saw a poor wretched creature seated on the ground, asking, or rather making signs, for relief. The powers of speech were gone. Approaching her, I placed in her hand a few small coins. Seing, however, from her manner, that she was very ill, and evidently on the verge of unconsciousness, I asked several of the bystanders whether the poor woman had any acquaintances or friends who could offer her assistance, as she was undoubtedly in a dangerous state. Their reply was, "that she *only* wanted food, she had had nothing to eat for so long"—in other words, she was "only" at the last gasp of starvation. What chance could this poor creature have of being benefited by all the care that a hospital could afford? Let those who abuse our unions compare the condition of our own poor with that

which prevails in other countries. The system adopted by us, notwithstanding some few imperfections, will then appear in its true light—a real blessing to the lower classes.

CHAPTER V.

ITALIAN PREJUDICES AGAINST STEAM—PALERMO—ARCHITECTURE—CONVENTS—MONREALE—CONVENT OF CAPPUCCINI—GARDENS OF NOBILITY—SIROCCO—MONTE PELLEGRIMO—SANTA ROSALIA—BANDITTI—ARRIVAL AT NAPLES—LAGO D'AGNANO—PROTESTANT CHAPEL—MUSEUM—POMPEII—HERCULANEUM—VESUVIUS—VIRGIL'S HAUNTS—LUCRINE LAKE—AVERNUS—BAIÆ—ELYSIAN FIELDS—LAKE FUSARO—VIRGIL'S TOMB—CHURCHES—THEATRES—PICK-POCKETS—CHARACTER OF NEAPOLITANS.

On the 4th of September we quitted Messina, and with our usual complement of trunks, boxes, and children, embarked on board the *Palermo*. Our vessel was all that a steamer should be, and the comfort and accommodation of the passengers appeared to be the study of all on board. Steam is now become in these seas almost the only means of locomotion, as far as passengers are concerned, although its introduction was attended with much

discouragement from the difficulty experienced in overcoming the prejudices of the Italians. The risk attending a steam voyage was absurdly magnified; and so general was the credit given to these exaggerations, that the inducement of going free of expense, was found an insufficient temptation to brave the imaginary danger. A Sicilian nobleman was at last persuaded to make one or two trips from Palermo to Messina, and the spell, once broken, others followed in the train, and fears were gradually dispelled.

The scenery on the northern coast of Sicily is extremely picturesque, and a considerable portion of it is seen to great advantage from a steamer which, in calm weather, passes at a very little distance from the shore. The approach to Palermo from the bay is a scene of most striking beauty. The chief feature is the Marina, which is a perfect street of palaces, with gardens attached to each; and the effect of this union of architecture and foliage is peculiarly good; the hills rise boldly behind the town, which appears nestled in a sheltered nook.

Our inquiries for private lodgings were unsuccessful. Palermo is not as yet sufficiently known as a winter residence, to induce people to invest their money in speculations of that description; besides which, the most eligible houses, commanding a view of the sea, belong chiefly to the Sici-

lian nobility, who, although, with a few exceptions, possessed of very limited incomes, either from pride or other mistaken notions, have not, till very lately, been prevailed upon to let parts of their extensive palaces; and those few suites of apartments which are rented, are occupied by the permanent residents, so that the temporary visitor of a few weeks has no choice, and must go to an inn. No sooner does the anchor of the steamer drop, than a regular rush is made on board by a host of hôtel-keepers, and in a very few minutes every passenger is presented with a handful of cards, each promising great things for its own particular house. We went on recommendation to the "Quattro Nazioni." This, however, we discovered to be inferior to several others, and its confined rooms and swarms of musquitos have not left the most favourable impressions. Our host and his wife were uncle and niece; but the table of affinity in these countries appears to afford greater scope for matrimony than our own. A good hotel was on the eve of being established, which, I have little doubt, will amply repay the speculator, as Palermo is every year advancing in repute, and has won golden opinions from all its visitors. The climate during the winter months is delightful. The town itself is, in our opinion, more attractive in many respects than even Naples, which derives its popularity, in a great measure, from the presence

of the court and the society. Should, however, Palermo once be voted "fashionable," that cabalistic word would doubtless work wonders, and the king might probably be induced to divide his residence equally between the two capitals. The public gardens at Palermo, which are very extensive, are laid out with great taste, and kept in beautiful order; the luxuriance of the foliage is almost tropical, and fountains and aviaries, placed judiciously in various parts, have a very good effect; while the distant mountains, seen through groups of trees, add greatly to the picturesque.

The style of architecture adopted at Palermo differs from that which prevails in other Sicilian towns, and is said to be Saracenic. The cathedral, which is a specimen, is a highly ornamented building, but can boast of no pretension to purity of design. Mrs. Starke calls it "a spacious Italian Gothic structure, exhibiting Saracenic ornaments." How far an architect will pronounce this definition as correct, in a scientific point of view, I wont pretend to say; her description, however, intimates a jumble, which it undoubtedly is. Some parts are very rich and curious, and we were told that an artist had taken lodgings in front of the cathedral, for the express purpose of studying and copying parts of the structure.

Among the most striking features of the town are the numerous monasteries and religious estab-

lishments for the education of females. These gloomy-looking dwellings, with their long grated galleries, projecting from the attic storey, give a peculiar character to the principal streets, and the close wire lattice-work of the galleries effectually intercepts all the vanities of the world from interfering with the studies of the young ladies, who are occasionally allowed the recreation of a promenade, in what appears to those who pass below a kind of long narrow meat-safe.

There are several handsome churches in the Toledo, one of which we happened to enter during the time some poor creature was taking the veil; little, however, of the ceremony was to be seen, the principal part being performed privately in the convent adjoining the church. A great many portionless girls have little choice in the matter —ill-treatment at home does the work of positive compulsion; and I have no doubt that the "Monaca di Monza" of Manzoni, is a character frequently acted on the stage of real life.

These religious establishments, although anxious to increase the number of the sisterhood, are well remunerated for the asylum they afford. The expense attending the entrance of a girl into a convent seldom amounts to less than £400. The most moderate outfit, including the dress worn during the ceremony, would cost £50 at least. A premium of £150 is paid into the con-

vent chest, and the remainer is invested in the purchase of a small annuity to supply her in clothes, washing, breakfast, and supper—the convent allowance being only one meal per diem—so that the residue of £400 is soon disposed of in securing this scanty pittance, amounting to about two taris a-day, equal to eightpence of our money.

September 16th.—Drove to Monreale, about five miles from Palermo. The cathedral is barbarously splendid with gold, agates, and coloured mosaics; the marbles are also fine, and there are some very curious carvings in wood in a chapel adjoining the church. On returning to our carriage, we were surrounded by a crowd of children, offering handfuls of mosaics for sale. Part of the cathedral had, some years ago, been destroyed by fire, and these morsels were said to be relics of the old walls. Nothing can afford a truer idea of a fertile valley than the drive from Monreale to Palermo; the road in its descent presents an extensive view of this luxuriant vale, where foliage and verdure appear to revel in exuberance of growth. The orange trees, lemons, and citrons can scarcely be identified as belonging to the same species with those poor stunted deformities, the inmates of our conservatories. From this road, Palermo, with its bay, and that peculiar headland, the Monte Pellegrino, are seen to great advantage.

No one should leave Palermo without paying a

visit to the Capuchin convent, to see the strange assemblage of baked friars in the catacombs. It has been observed by some one, that, judging from the presence of a live friar, which was bad enough, that of a dead one must be wholly unsupportable. However, I will say *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* in fact, from my own experience, I am rather inclined to prefer the society of the latter. We walked through all the vaults under the convent, on either side of which are niches, each tenanted by one of the defunct brethren. The operation of baking has, of course, given a shrunk appearance to the features, and I should think it quite impossible to identify a friend who had undergone this treatment; there they are, however, each in his niche, dressed ready to receive company, and the most delicate nose need not be apprehensive. The laity, who are ambitious of the distinction, have the privilege of securing to themselves a niche in one of the catacombs, and in our way to the convent we overtook a gentleman in a sedan chair on his road to the oven. The fairer sex, also, are allowed to participate in this species of immortality; and we saw several dried ladies extended at full length in glass cases, splendidly attired with lace, jewels, and all kinds of finery.

The exhibition was certainly most curious and unique, yet, I confess, we were not sorry to emerge once more to the clear blue sky; I don't mean to

intimate that the friars were in fault, but I never had any partiality for subterranean lions; and whether I enter the Thames Tunnel or my own cellar, I always congratulate myself on my return to the surface.

In the neighbourhood of Palermo are several gardens belonging to the nobility, to which the public have access; among others we visited those belonging to a Sicilian duke. This man or his family must be possessed of a more than ordinary allowance of eccentricity. Of all the quaint Jack-in-the-box contrivances to excite surprise which were ever invented, the most ridiculous are to be seen in these gardens. At the end of one walk, in the centre of a labyrinth, appears a rustic cottage, on entering which, you are surprised at the apparition of a wooden monk, apparently disturbed at his devotions, and signifying his displeasure at your intrusion by a mandarin-like motion of his head. Another similar building is approached by a flight of steps, which are no sooner pressed by the foot, than, by some mechanical contrivance, the door flies open, and a copious stream of water deluges the intruder. But the crowning absurdity of all was a rocking-horse, ready saddled and bridled for a tournament; opposite to this charger was placed apparently the trunk of a tree, about ten feet in height, surmounted by an iron ring. The horse was suspended sufficient-

ly off the ground to enable it to be swung backwards and forwards. At the request of our cicerone I mounted, armed with a lance, and, thus accoutred, was directed to charge the iron ring. The horse was put in motion, and several unsuccessful thrusts elicited shouts of boisterous merriment from a group of priests who were spectators. At last the ring was struck, when, *presto*, down fell the imaginary trunk, and disclosed a young lady, decked out after the fashion of a queen of beauty. The gardens, though rather tastefully laid out, were not well kept. We afterwards saw those belonging to the Prince of Butera, who has associated a good deal with the English, and has adopted our style of horticulture. His head gardener is a Scotchman. Here were many rare and curious plants—several flourishing out of doors, which in England would require the protection of a hot-house.

Our carriage excursions were generally terminated by a drive on the Marina, which, every evening during summer, is thronged with people of all grades, who come to inhale the sea-breezes, and recover from the exhaustion of mid-day heat. The sun, however, though sufficiently powerful to forbid much exertion, has not that debilitating effect produced by the Siroc wind, which is the chief drawback to these climates. Providentially, it seldom blows for a longer period than three

days successively, and during that time people remain close prisoners in their houses, shut their windows, and sprinkle water over their floors. The effect this wind has upon vegetation, is to scorch it up like a frost; and I have frequently seen trees with their leaves perfectly curled up and withered by the extraordinary blast. Carriage exercise, if exercise that can be called wherein all the work is done by the horses, is the only recreation you are inclined to adopt during the prevalence of this relaxing wind. Walking is generally esteemed a pastime far beneath the condescension of a Sicilian lady, and one to which even the gentlemen are not much addicted. The expense of coach-hire is at a standard ridiculously low, and nearly all grades treat themselves occasionally to a ride. The children one morning ran to communicate a piece of information, which seemed to have made a considerable impression—that they had seen "a coach full of beggars."

September 21*st*.—Started at five A.M. on donkies, to visit the Chapel of Sta. Rosalia, on the summit of Monte Pellegrino. We were thus enabled to return from our excursion before the day had arrived at broiling pitch. This singular promontory is nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. A considerable portion of its steep ascent is made by a zigzag path, conducted

backwards and forwards across a ravine by means of a series of viaducts. A grotto, in which the saint is said to have lived for some time, has been converted into a chapel; and there, in white marble, surrounded by gigantic stalactites, kneels her holiness with her cross, skull, and the other devotional accompaniments. Her bones are preserved as sacred relics, and held in great veneration, notwithstanding the unfortunate discovery which Dr. Buckland or some other eminent geologist is said to have made with regard to their identity, reporting them to have once belonged to a "he-goat." This lady is the patron saint of the Palermitans, who annually celebrate her memory with a grand festa, during which a procession takes place, similar, in some respects, to that of the Bara at Messina. A large machine, ornamented with innumerable decorations, and surmounted by a statue of the saint, is paraded through the town, drawn by oxen, its progress accompanied by music; while fire-works, illuminations, and all kinds of revelry, lend their usual assistance in the observance of the fête.

We considered ourselves fortunate in visiting the island during a time when all was peace and quietness. Much had been told us of banditti and ransoms. Cases of this peculiar method of extorting money had occurred a few years previous to our visit; and I believe during the period

when the Queen Dowager was in Sicily, it was considered unsafe to drive out for even two miles from Palermo unguarded. Nothing, however, of the kind occurred during the three months of our residence; in fact, strong measures had been adopted by the police to rid the country of the nuisance. Everything, including treachery and duplicity to any extent—means scouted in open warfare by all civilized nations—seem to be considered fully justifiable in the extermination of these gentry. An extensive horde was put an end to in a very summary manner. One of the gang was taken prisoner, and on his refusing to betray the locality of the retreat of his companions, he was conveyed to a place at some distance from Palermo, where the truth was elicited by means of tortures too dreadful to describe; the result was the apprehension of the whole horde, who were one and all deliberately shot.

The means adopted by the French to clear Calabria of banditti, though successful, were a gross violation of plighted faith, which no cause could justify. The robbers were invited to meet at a certain spot, under the pretence of having grievances redressed, and of discussing terms of surrender. The poor devils inveigled into this trap, were then fired upon, and the wholesale slaughter was afterwards followed up by a massacre of all the shepherds and women who were

supposed to have conveyed stores and ammunition to the fastnesses of these outlaws. This appears monstrous, and the only excuse offered is the impossibility of discovering any better method of putting down the nuisance.

The Palermitans, though generally peaceable and orderly, occasionally exhibit traits of a revengeful and almost savage disposition. A rather singular example, proving the truth of this character, occurred previous to our visit. A gentleman had, in consequence of some dereliction of duty, discharged his servant. The man, though at the time of his dismissal greatly exasperated, smothered his resentment for more than two months, when one night he waylaid his quondam master on his return from the opera, and stabbed him in the street. The wound was mortal. However, from our own experience, from what we saw, as well as what we heard, little difference appears to exist in the dispositions of Sicilians, whether belonging to Palermo, Messina, or elsewhere. As with the Italians, jealousy is the passion most uncontrollable, and I fear the fair sex are too often the innocent cause of blood being shed. Nine-tenths of the assassinations which occur have their origin in an *affaire du cœur*.

Much has been said with regard to the great antiquity of Palermo, which has been attempted to be proved to be patriarchal, and the ancient

name of Panormus has been thought to be Chaldean instead of Greek. One writer says that fragments of marble have been discovered at Palermo, with Chaldean inscriptions, one of which is so curious, that I am tempted to subjoin its translation:—

"During the time that Isaac, the son of Abraham, reigned in the valley of Damascus, and Esau, the son of Isaac, in Idumea, a great multitude of Hebrews, accompanied by many of the people of Damascus, and many Phœnicians, coming into 'this triangular island,' took up their habitation in this most beautiful place, to which they gave the name of Panormus."

I thought that no doubt existed as to the Greek origin of the name; yet they say that something very like it in Chaldaic means "a Paradise"—with all my heart; but I leave it to those who are versed in that patriarchal tongue, to unravel the mystery, and perhaps, after two or three good thick volumes have been written upon the subject; with a tolerable complement of notes in hieroglyphics, something like this,

the matter will remain in pretty much the same position as it exists at present.

We regretted our stay at Palermo being so limited, but being desirous of visiting Naples before the conclusion of the vintage, we had not much time to spare. Those who have resided at that capital during the winter months only, can have a very imperfect idea of the scenery in the neighbourhood. The luxuriant appearance of the verdure of that country, indeed of Italy generally, is in a great measure dependent upon the vineyards. The grape once gathered, and the leaves decayed, little remains but a fallow field; and where large tracts of country are devoted to the cultivation of the vine, the effect caused by its disappearance can be easily imagined. This rule holds good also in Sicily, which cannot be understood by a winter visit. Independent of the absence of the vine, most of their trees, like ours, lose their leaves, and that circumstance is alone sufficient to alter entirely the feature of the landscape.

The Government authorities and our own consul having inspected our passport three different times, they came, I suppose, to the conclusion that there were not sufficient grounds for detaining us in Sicily, and obligingly gave us permission to proceed as far as Naples.

The passport affair at Palermo is really disgraceful. Between consulting the convenience of the police, who can be seen only at certain hours,

and the number of requisite visès, two days are necessary to qualify a person to quit the island. A family who had engaged berths in one of the steamers, lost their passage in consequence of these vexatious regulations. Let the Government have their fees, but let them at the same time pocket the cash without giving so much absurd annoyance to those who pay it. We embarked for Naples in the same boat which brought us from Messina, and found our old friend the captain kind and attentive as before. Like many other foreigners, he was exceedingly fond of sporting English, but the proficiency he had acquired in our tongue was of a most peculiar description. Fluency he certainly possessed, and any one not well versed in the language would have said he was never at a loss. Words were never wanting; but of all the violations of syntax ever committed, none could equal those perpetrated by this good man.

Our passage to Naples was unusually rough, and nearly all the passengers were prostrate in their berths. Dinner was served on deck, and a few select individuals were propt up on couches to partake of it. The captain had on board a large hamper of grapes, intended as a present to a Neapolitan friend. This appeared to us at the time tantamount to taking a basket of coals to a Newcastle gentleman. However, a very short

sojourn at Naples convinced us of the value of the hamper. The grapes in Sicily are so superior to those on the Continent, as to be almost unlike the same species of fruit. Those we obtained at Messina and Palermo resembled in size and flavour the finest produce of an English hot-house. The climate of the island is much less humid—a circumstance very beneficial to the cultivation of the fruit, to which a fall of rain at the period of ripening is most injurious.

Our voyage to Naples occupied about seventeen hours. The appearance of that capital, on approaching it from the bay, must be seen to be appreciated. Built chiefly on rising ground, with its convents crowning various eminences, a rather distant view does most justice to the place, more particularly, as on a close approximation nothing is presented in an architectural point of view calculated to excite admiration. In fact, the present state of architecture in Italy, either from poverty or want of taste, is at a fearfully low ebb. Almost the only modern building at Naples, at all aspiring to anything like decency of design, is the Church of St. Francesco, in the Piazza Reale, the interior of which is borrowed from the Pantheon at Rome.

On landing, the custom-house officers went through the usual farce of uncording our boxes. The impudence of these fellows at Naples amounts to the ridiculous. On offering them a bribe, they

positively "hoped we would give them a trifle more, as we had been *ben serviti;*" a request I at once complied with, dreading the possibility of being well served in another sense if I refused. Now I am perfectly aware that it is undoubtedly very wicked, and weak, and shows a grievous deficiency in moral courage, not to resist these demands, but unless you travel like a single man, with little more encumbrance than a pair of stockings and a tooth-brush, I would strongly advise you to make up your mind to a toll of a few carlini at all the Doganas. You will thus be spared much delay, much trouble, and much wear and tear of constitution.

The season not having yet commenced, apartments were to be procured at a moderate rent. The demands are at all times exorbitant, but when tenants are scarce, the terms accepted, after the usual battling and bargaining, are generally at least one-third less than those originally asked. A character for imposing is unfairly given by us to foreigners, from their practice of demanding two prices. Unlike our custom of considering a fixed price the test of an honest tradesman, their idea is that every transaction is a bargain. They have invested capital in certain commodities, and get the best return they can: we need not buy unless we like; and they are not compelled to sell. We never stigmatize an hotel-keeper as a scoun-

drel who, during races or music meetings, asks a guinea for a bed. I fear the mansion we reside in is of rather too vitreous a character to justify us in thus throwing stones at our neighbours.

Our apartments were situated in the Vico Carminello, which, from its vicinity to the Villa Reale, was a very desirable locality. The children could amuse themselves in those gardens without incurring the risk of being driven over by Lazzaroni Jarvies, unquestionably the most dare-devil whips that ever were intrusted with a fare.

One of the luxuries attending a residence on the Continent is the extreme simplicity to which the system of living may be reduced. Those necessary evils, domestic servants, by catering for themselves, save their masters and mistresses an infinity of trouble; and you can have your dinner from a restaurateur, thus dispensing with the services of a cook—an animal always difficult to find, and when found, not easy to manage. The terms on which a good dinner is supplied are wonderfully moderate. Ours generally consisted of soup, two dishes of cooked meat, a variety of vegetables, and a "dolce"—and all this for one piastre, about 4s. 4d.—the cooking always good, and the materials always varied.

The business of sight-seeing was commenced without delay. Our first visit was to the Museo Borbonico. What the Vatican and the Capitol

are to Rome, this museum is to Naples. Frequent visits are necessary to obtain anything like a correct idea of its contents, so you need never be at a loss for occupation, no matter what the weather may be; if fine and bright, go to the picture gallery—while a dark day affords sufficient light for the statues.

The museum is well arranged—no jumbling of sculpture and painting together; either art has a separate portion of the building devoted to itself. Its contents have been chiefly collected from Pompeii, Herculaneum, Capua, &c. The Governments both of Rome and Naples cannot be too highly praised for the anxiety they have shown in the preservation of relics of antiquity—many a mass of apparently shapeless rubbish, or a mere heap of charcoal, have told tales, and given information which had for centuries defied research. Statues and fragments are continually coming to light, and form models for the study of artists of the present day. What their paintings might have been we can hardly determine: the materials of that art, without care, soon become a perfect wreck. No Apelles has as yet been discovered, though there can be little doubt as to the existence of sufficient taste in those times to appreciate and understand perfection in his art. The ancients were evidently possessed of a correct and critical judgment of the sublime and beautiful in

poetry, which was considered as belonging to the same family as painting in the time of Horace, in both of which arts he was no mean critic. What he says upon the subject of painting may be almost imagined to have been cribbed from a lecture at the Royal Academy.

> . . . . "Erit quæ, si propius stes,
> Te capiat majis, et quædam, si longius abstes:
> Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri."
>
> . . . . Some when near delight,
> At distance some; some ask the clearest light,
> And some the shade.

Damp and decay, however, have effectually prevented any demonstrative evidence being discovered which can bear upon the point.

But whatever doubts may exist as to their proficiency in painting, their sculpture speaks for itself. Let any one at all sceptical on this point, contemplate the statue of Aristides, found at Herculaneum, and now standing in the Museo Borbonico. The moment I saw this work, Macready stood before me in all that dignity and command which he so naturally assumes, and which none but a really classical actor can possibly understand. Can I say more? It seems extraordinary how a marble statue could have been extricated from the lava which overwhelmed Herculaneum without more injury. The substance is so extremely hard, that the force requisite for its

removal must occasionally cause much damage to the treasures brought to light. As in all large collections, some select few only are particularly striking. The statues, with a few exceptions, represent the human figure either erect or in action. There seems, however, to have existed a school which adopted a style almost peculiar to itself. We find several figures in a sitting posture, both in marble and bronze; and certainly one of the most interesting pieces of sculpture in the museum, is the statue in marble of Agrippina. She is supposed to have just received intimation of the sentence passed upon her by her son; and the ease, pathos, and resignation in this figure, seem to tell the sad tale with a truth and effect almost incredible. Chantrey has adopted this posture in one or two instances with great success. His statue of Cyril Jackson, in the cathedral at Christ's Church, may be quoted as an example.

The celebrated Toro Farnese loses much from its present situation; it is hardly fair to place such a work in a room—few apartments are spacious enough for a group containing four human figures and a large bull. What the effect of this piece of sculpture might have been when in the Baths of Caracalla we can hardly say—its position most probably required the aid of torch-light to exhibit it, judging from the remains of those extensive ruins. In fact, what the work really

was it is almost impossible to determine, the state in which it was found being that of such deplorable mutilation, as to require the restoration of nearly all its principal parts. At the opposite extremity of the same room stands Glycon's Hercules. Colossal statues require certain peculiar situations, and were evidently never intended to be "smelt" or examined with microscopic lenses. Notwithstanding, however, the disadvantages in point of site which attend this gigantic figure, there can be but one opinion as to its merits; no modern work has yet been produced on the same scale which will bear competition with it. This also adorned Caracalla's baths.

October 2*d.*—Attended the English Protestant Chapel. The Government dislikes our heretical proceedings, and throws every imaginable impediment in their way. One regulation rigidly enforced is, that no Protestant service shall be performed in any other house than that in which the ambassador or consul resides; the consequence is that the English residents at Naples are put to a very serious and unusual expense. In order to obtain seats for a numerous congregation, a house must be secured containing a room of very large dimensions, and the consul, under whose protection they act, cannot be expected to pay a higher rent than he would under ordinary circumstances; so, to place him in the position of occupier, the

principal part of the rent is paid by subscription; and thus the price demanded for seats is considerably increased, and complaints have been made upon the subject.* The salary allowed by our Government to the chaplaincy at Naples is about £150 per annum, and every endeavour is used to raise an equal sum by subscription. The great expense, however, resulting from the present arrangement, renders it difficult to realize that intention.

Divine service is performed, according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, at the residence of the Prussian ambassador. It is much shorter than our own, and the time is principally occupied by the sermon and the singing. Candles are burning upon the altar, on which stands a silver crucifix; and I observed that the minister, during many of the prayers, turned his back upon the congregation, like a Roman Catholic priest.

We walked in the afternoon in the Villa Reale, the Kensington gardens of Naples. A very full military band plays generally for two or three hours every Sunday in this public promenade.

* At Messina, where the congregation is small, the service is performed in the clergyman's house. A temporary reading desk, and a number of chairs, are placed in his drawing-room on the Saturday evening, and removed at the conclusion of the Sunday duty.

If the Neapolitan soldiers are not good fighters, they are, at all events, good musicians, and during the time of their performance the villa is thronged with the respectable portion of the inhabitants.

October 3d.—Another visit to the museum. The collection of bronzes is, I believe, the finest in the world. A bronze statue always appears inferior to marble in force and spirit; any casting, unless submitted to the chisel after it leaves the mould, must be deficient in sharpness of outline. Most of the bronzes were discovered at Herculaneum. One, which called forth our admiration more particularly, was a Mercury seated; the graceful repose of the figure is very striking. Many of the statues in the gallery have a very disagreeable expression from the insertion of glass eyes; however beautiful the form may be, the effect is almost entirely annihilated by the bad taste of this extraordinary practice.

Much has often been said of the comparative expenses attending lionizing in England and on the Continent, and of our iniquitous custom of demanding money at nearly all our exhibitions, while everything abroad is open to the public. Our experience soon showed the idea to be an entire delusion. With regard to the museum, no demand is made on entering, I grant; yet upwards of a dozen custodes expect a fee; and the old porter, on returning your walking-stick, per-

forms that act with an expression of countenance very much resembling that which a toll-collector assumes on opening a turnpike gate.

October 5th.—Most enjoyable weather—drove to the Lago D'Agnano, on the banks of which is the Grotta del Cane, where any one at all sceptical of the power of carbonic acid, may witness its effects upon a dog, which is made to endure a kind of semi-suffocation. It does not, however, appear to interfere with the animal's general health, which looked much sleeker and fatter than many others of his species which have had an uninterrupted enjoyment of pure atmospheric air. The whole neighbourhood of the lake seems so to abound with sulphureous exhalations, that grottoes of this kind might be made almost *ad libitum*, by making a small excavation in the bank, and placing a door at the opening; it would soon become strongly impregnated with the noxious gas, which would extinguish animal life in a very few minutes. Near this spot are ruins, said to have been the baths of Lucullus, and one or two other exhibitions, evidently got up for the purpose of acting as a peg to hang a custode upon, who, in many instances, is little better than a licensed pick-pocket, lightening your purse under the false pretence of showing you objects of interest. The lake seems a favourite resort of frogs, which positively swarm on its banks, and some ingenuity is

required to pick your way among this hopping multitude.

The whole of the country shows traces of having once been rife with volcanoes. Hot sulphur springs bubble up in various directions, and the mineral itself is found crystallized in almost every little aperture. In our return we crossed the country by a terrible and almost (for a carriage) impracticable lane, which conducted us into Murat's splendid road, the Strada Nuova. The views of the bay, both in the direction of Naples and Misenum, are as perfect as views can well be, and were seen by us now for the first time under all the advantages of a glorious sun-set, the splendour of which would equally defy author or artist to describe.

October 8th.—Museum again. Examined the various productions of Pompeii. Many of the articles of domestic use would be serviceable in a modern cuisine. There is also a great quantity of jewellery, the workmanship of which would do honour to a goldsmith of the present day. Innumerable imitations of these articles are made in lava, and are sold in every quarter of the town.

One room is allotted to the manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum in a perfectly charred state—in fact they resembled pieces of charcoal so closely, that a most minute examination was

necessary to discover what they really were; and probably had it not been for the great regularity of arrangement, in which they were found, they would have been neglected and passed over as useless heaps of rubbish. This circumstance attracted a more minute attention, and characters were at length deciphered. A machine has been invented for unrolling them, a process attended with considerable difficulty, and requiring very delicate manipulation, from their being reduced to a complete state of tinder, and consequently liable to crumble to pieces during the operation. In order to prevent this, a piece of gold-beater's skin is attached to each roll, which, as the volume is unwound, retains the pieces that are loosened and broken during the process in their proper places.

The collection of Etruscan vases, the spoil of the ancient tombs, is unrivalled both as to quantity and quality. The forms of these are generally very elegant. They are ornamented on the exterior with paintings, at least if designs in one colour only deserve that appellation. They are supposed to represent various mythological and historical subjects, and Mrs. Starke has given a most elaborate catalogue of the greatest portion. In point of drawing and execution little can be said in their favour, and we did not tax our patience with a very minute examination. One vase is said to

be valued at 10,000 piastres—rather more than £2,000. This high estimate originates in its being unique, but I have no doubt that ere long a duplicate will be discovered, and thus its value will at once be depreciated to at least one-half. Indeed, I rather think Mrs. Hamilton Gray mentions such to be already the case.

The picture gallery in the museum is very extensive, and, as is generally the case in every large collection, good and bad are occasionally brought into close contact. Several specimens of Raphael are to be seen, and in one room are thirteen Salvators. There are also some splendid portraits by Rubens and Rembrant. These are of themselves sufficient to stamp the character of the gallery. Several curious specimens of the early ages of painting are also there; and you may trace the gradual improvement in the art from the time of the earliest Italian masters to Raphael, when that perfection was attained of which his pictures remain the sole existing examples. Several artists may always be seen in the different schools busily employed in copying the best works of the old masters. Raphael's pictures are thus multiplied to an extraordinary extent. Some of these men, though probably possessed of little talent for design, yet produce most faithful imitations of original paintings, with a degree of execution so superior as to render in some instances the dis-

crimination between the real and fictitious difficult even to a practised eye. The prices demanded for these copies are most surprisingly low—much more reasonable than either at Rome or Florence; and any person desirous of possessing recollections of the best performances of the great masters, will, on a visit to Naples, be equally astonished and delighted in finding that for a sum by no means large, he may thus gratify his favourite taste. As to the purchase of original pictures, there are few transactions which entail more danger and disgust; since after, perhaps, an expenditure of a considerable amount, you frequently discover that you have been regularly victimized, though not till it is too late to recover the money out of which you have been swindled.

A gentleman who had come to Naples for the express purpose of "picking up old masters," had some conversation upon the subject with a friend of ours residing in the place, who, finding that he contemplated an outlay of several thousand pounds, impressed upon him the necessity of the exercise of extreme caution, and was the more urgent in his advice, from having heard that he had been seeking assistance from an individual whose reputation was of a very doubtful character. Trusting, however, to his own infallibility, he, with the "assistance" of this person, completed his purchases. The pictures were packed, insured,

and shipped, and were on their way to England, when the gentleman left Naples for Rome, where he had not arrived many days before he had the satisfaction of being able to criticize the original works of which his pictures were the copies, whose intrinsic worth amounted to little more than the value of their frames and canvasses. The individual who prides himself upon the possession of a curiosity, independent of its being a fine work of art, can never derive satisfaction from a copy; but he whose enjoyment is derived solely from the effect of design, harmony of colour, and execution, is by far the happier man of the two, inasmuch as, by a comparatively trifling expenditure, he becomes possessed of the real object of his search, without incurring the risk of being imposed upon; whereas the former can seldom know to a certainty what he really has, and not unfrequently the certainty, when discovered, only convinces him of his having been duped.

Connoisseurs in models will find a great treat in visiting the apartment devoted to works of that description. Most of the principal ruins in the south of Italy are there brought together. The temples of Pœstum are on a very large scale, and being executed in cork, the imitation is wonderfully correct. This substance, both as to colour and texture, resembles most closely the material of which the real temples are built, which is chiefly

composed of wood and other substances in a state of petrifaction, the honey-comb appearance of which the cork is well adapted to represent.

The sight of the numerous relics of Pompeii which the museum contains acted as an additional stimulus to our desire to visit the town itself, and we took advantage of the first fine day for the purpose. This excursion is now performed in a different manner to most others on the Continent. A railroad skirts the bay from Naples to Castelamare, passing at the foot of Vesuvius, and through Torre dell'Anunziata, at which town the station is about two miles distant from Pompeii. Here are Vetturini without end, with whom, by dint of a fair portion of loud talking and gesticulation, a tolerable bargain may be concluded to convey you to Pompeii, and wait for you till you wish to return. A fine day is essential for the scheme, as a good deal of study is requisite to afford a complete idea of this singularly preserved relic of antiquity. In fact, one visit is not sufficient. The town is two miles in circumference, and you have not only to explore all the principal streets, but also to examine the interior of at least twenty different buildings, many of which contain frescoes and mosaics, and time steals imperceptibly away. This is perhaps the most remarkable discovery not only in Italy, but in the whole world. Here you see the resurrection of a complete

town, which was buried nearly eighteen hundred years ago, and the coat of ashes and cinders which caused its destruction has been removed with so little injury to the objects it concealed, that, with the exception of the roofs, the town must be very little altered, as far as elevations are concerned, from what it was before the catastrophe. Columns certainly are thrown down in various directions; but there they are, and no doubt exists as to the positions they occupied. The roofs, from being flat, were ill calculated to bear any extraordinary weight, and of course soon fell in. Two or three, however, still remain, a fact solely attributable to their convex formation, and these still retain their ceilings almost uninjured. The custodes who accompany the visitors have eyes like lynxes. This is not a matter for surprise, as out of the hundreds of parties who explore these ruins, there are very few individuals indeed who do not consider frescoes, statues, and mosaic pavements fair objects for plunder and spoliation. To such an extent has this been carried, that no sooner is any object of curiosity brought to light, than it is immediately placed under lock and key, and sent on the first opportunity to the museum at Naples. Had there not been most cogent reasons for this proceeding, the decorations, furniture, statues, and all the other movable relics, would have been left where they were originally

found. The houses are now entirely dismantled, and, with the exception of a few plaster casts which have been substituted for the marble statues, in order to point out the localities in which they were discovered, little remains but the bare walls. Even some of the pavements are removed, and serve as floors of apartments in the museum. Those left undisturbed are covered with loose rubbish which a custode clears away on the arrival of a visitor; and, as some remuneration is expected for every tile so brought to light, no better arrangement could have been devised as an excuse for soliciting a fee. There is one very remarkable circumstance attending the destruction of the town. The shower of ashes by which it was overwhelmed was so partial, as to be almost confined to the city alone. There are no traces of its having extended for much more than a quarter of a mile beyond the walls in any direction. Like Sodom and Gomorrah, Pompeii appears to have been devoted to destruction; whether as a visitation upon the profligacy of its inhabitants, it is not for us to say. Strong presumptive evidence has, however, come to light of the prevalence of all kinds of debauchery and immorality.

The road from Naples passes through Torre del Greco, which fell a victim to the lava of Vesuvius. This stream of liquid fire has choked up the streets very much in the same manner the iron ore fills

the moulds on tapping a furnace. There appear to have been several distinct streams; some have advanced as far as the sea, while others have been suddenly arrested in the middle of a street from a deficiency of supply from the crater, and, having cooled in that position, have given to the town the appearance of being filled up by the working of a stone quarry.

Such catastrophes do not seem to have impressed the inhabitants of either this city or of its neighbour, Herculaneum, with any idea of danger attending these spots, as they have constructed their present dwellings on the wreck of the former town. The fate of Herculaneum differs only from that of Torre del Greco in the utter overwhelming character of its annihilation. This city was not only blocked up, but completely buried. Its former locality was not even discovered till the beginning of the last century, when an inhabitant of Portici, in sinking a well, came suddenly upon some mosaics. This, of course, led to a further search, and the Neapolitan Government soon took the matter into its own hands, and disinterred all those statues and relics now seen in the Museo Borbonico.

The present state of Herculaneum, however, will not bear any comparison in point of interest with that of Pompeii. The latter town is entirely exposed to the light of day, and wants little besides

the inhabitants to complete its restoration; whereas Herculaneum has only been partially excavated, and the entrance to some portion of it is made by descending a staircase into a place resembling a cellar, the walls of which are running down with damp, and can only be seen by the aid of candles and torches; in fact, a delicate person had much better remain above ground, and rest contented with Pompeii alone.

These extraordinary monuments of volcanic devastation only made us more anxious to explore the phenomenon which had caused such wholesale destruction; and, on a fine October morning, we were "railed" to Portici, where a guide and donkies met us by appointment. This arrangement is absolutely necessary, in order to escape from a swarm of pretended cicerones with a herd of donkies, who otherwise will not cease to pester you with the recommendation of each particular jackass, and mar most cruelly the anticipated pleasure of the ascent. We placed ourselves under the guidance and protection of Vincenzo, son of an old well-known guide; and a very intelligent fellow we found him, giving any information that was wanted, without overwhelming us with a ceaseless clack, so often productive of disgust of a subject with which you desire to be quietly made acquainted.

The ascent to Vesuvius commences through a

series of vineyards where grows the grape, from which the celebrated *'lacryma Christi* is made. The flavour of the fruit, I confess, rather disappointed me, being extremely harsh, if not positively sour; but I have no doubt the juice undergoes a considerable alteration in quality during the process of its conversion into wine. These vineyards once crept up close to the cone, but, as may be imagined, have shared the fate of the cities at the foot of the mountain. At present a considerable portion of the hill immediately under the cone being entirely covered with lava, has very much the appearance of a fallow field not turned up in regular ridges, but broken up into clods with a mattock, and is a complete picture of desolation. It is curious to observe the different courses which the streams of lava have taken during the various eruptions, and the very slight causes which have directed their progress—probably a trifling irregularity of surface, or a small hillock, not higher than a hay-cock, has been the means of warding off destruction from one district, and involving another in complete ruin. The good people of Portici, the foundations of whose houses are upon the roofs of their predecessors of Herculaneum, have more than once been in the greatest alarm at the anticipated arrival of the lava, and have deserted their dwellings. They have as yet been spared, but live

most terribly upon sufferance. Any future eruption (and one generally takes place every twelve years) may choke up their town. The progress of the lava is providentially slow, so that as far as life is concerned, precaution and energy may come to the rescue.

The ascent to the hermitage occupied rather more than two hours. Here we were joined by a gens-d'armes appointed by the Government as an escort for this part of the expedition. The regulation was adopted in consequence of a Muscovite family having been robbed some years previously in this solitary spot. Arrived at the foot of the cone, our escort returned to attend other parties, and here terminated all assistance from our donkies.

Walking up the cone, over the blocks of lava, is very much like clambering up the dry bed of a picturesque cascade; and any lady not ambitious of performing a somerset during the scramble, would do well to provide herself with a needle and a strong piece of thread. The edges of the lava are exceedingly rough and sharp, and unless she takes in a considerable reef in the skirt of her dress, she will in all probability be tripped up and thrown upon her nose. Some ladies are carried up in a *chaise á porteurs*, which four stout fellows hoist upon their shoulders, and with a steadiness and safety creditable to the most experienced Spanish mule, bear you up a precipice whose sur-

face is a mass of rugged blocks, as loose and unsettled as if tumbled out of a stone quarry.

To climb the cone is a business of about three-quarters of an hour, and should be done as leisurely as possible, to avoid being overheated by the exertion. Five thousand feet above the level of the sea make a considerable difference in the temperature, and not unfrequently you have to encounter a high wind when arrived on the summit. I never heard of any person being disappointed with Vesuvius; indeed, to be so, he must possess the quality of "*nil admirari*" to a most philosophical extent. Standing on the margin of the crater, you have on one side a phenomenon never yet satisfactorily accounted for, rumbling, and belching forth volumes of sulphureous smoke and flame; while, on the other, the unrivalled bay, with its smiling shores, present a contrast so striking, as to almost cause the spectator to doubt whether the scene he contemplates be reality or a dream.

There can be no doubt that, during Virgil's time, Vesuvius must have been quiet. Being so thoroughly acquainted with the neighbourhood of Parthenope, he would certainly have noticed its volcanic properties—the

> .... "Atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
> Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla"—
>
> .... Mount Ætna thence we spy,
> Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky—

which he applies to Ætna, shows that he was quite alive to the majesty and importance of so grand a phenomenon; and we can hardly imagine he should make no allusion to a similar wonder so near at home, particularly as he appears to have searched the neighbourhood thoroughly to discover scenes for his poem. Few could have been better adapted than Vesuvius to supply ideas for his infernal regions, or at all events it might have served as a forge in one of Vulcan's establishments. Besides Vesuvius, the islands of Capri and Ischia, as well as the immediate vicinity of Pozzuoli, have each exhibited similar natural wonders, on all of which Virgil is equally silent. It is rather a curious fact, that volcanic disturbance in one mountain affects others at a long distance, and these appearances are not interfered with by the intervention of the sea. Whenever Ætna is in action, Vesuvius is invariably disposed to "flare-up" also. During our stay at Naples, there was a very fine eruption of Ætna, which immediately communicated the same symptoms to Vesuvius. These, though slight, were yet quite sufficient to prove the sympathy connecting the two volcanoes.

The atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of the crater was so strongly impregnated with sulphur, that we were obliged to submit to the alternative of either being suffocated by the noxious

gas, or smothered by our pocket-handkerchiefs, in which we were ordered by the guide to muffle our faces, the necessity of a supply of oxygen to the lungs not having entered into his calculations.

Any person at all sceptical of the agency of fire in the formation of the surface of the earth, had better keep himself open to conviction till he has explored this volcano, as he will then witness appearances for which, probably, he was not prepared. On poking your walking-stick into the ground, a few inches deep, and inserting a piece of paper, it immediately bursts into a flame; and eggs buried in the soil are in a few minutes perfectly cooked, to say nothing of the earth feeling positively hot through your shoes.

The same distance which, in climbing up the cone over the lava, took us nearly an hour, was accomplished by running down the ashes in rather less than ten minutes. To attempt ascending through these would be next to impracticable, your leg sinking nearly knee-deep at every step. The view, as we gradually descended to Resina, was most beautiful—of itself sufficient to repay our exertions.

Volcanic phenomena have been always capricious in their habits. Diodorus Siculus, who flourished about forty years before our Saviour, speaks of Vesuvius as a quondam volcano. Pools of water were in the crater, and the sides of the

mountain were clothed with trees. The eruption which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii occurred A.D. 79; but the eighteenth century was the age of its greatest activity, no less than fourteen eruptions having taken place during that period.

There are several indications supposed to be prophetic of an approaching eruption—one of the most singular is the mortality among butterflies in the neighbourhood of the mountain; quantities of these insects are sometimes picked up dead in the immediate vicinity of the crater shortly before the volcano is in action. The springs also, for several miles around, are always unusually low.

Most of Virgil's haunts appear to have been westward of Naples—indeed they are nearly all confined to a small district between the promontory of Misenum, Cumæ, and Pozzuoli. Driving through the grotto of Posilippo, which, like many other works of great labour and ingenuity, has been attributed to Phœnician perseverance, we proceeded to Pozzuoli, where it became necessary to engage a cicerone. A shoal of these animals mobbed our carriage, each eulogizing his own particular qualifications; and a Neapolitan gentleman, who accompanied us, saved us much trouble in treating with these gentry. We soon arrived at the confines of the Lucrine Lake, where the scenery commences which Virgil has immortalized;

much, however, has occurred since his days to alter the features of the landscape. The Lucrine, which nature and art combined to celebrate, has been completely metamorphosed by one night's freak of a volcano, the cinders discharged by which formed in their descent the Monte Nuovo, and choked up the lake to such an extent, that what remains of it is little better than a morass. Several children here beset us, offering for sale the skeleton of a curious little fish resembling in shape a horse's head, the real name of which I was unable to discover; they call them "cavalli del lago." The walk hence to Avernus is sequestered and picturesque, and Æneas would now experience little difficulty in finding his way to Tartarus, as a well-worn footpath would conduct him to the spot where

> "Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
> Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris.
>
> Deep was the cave; and downward as it went
> From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough descent;
> And here the access a gloomy grove defends;
> And here the unnavigable lake extends."
>
> *Dryden's Translation.*

Even now these lines might serve to point out the locality. The only wood remaining grows in the vicinity of the cavern, but the rest of the quotation is no longer applicable. The lake has ceased to be destructive to the feathered tribe,

although I can easily imagine it having been so in Virgil's time. Situated in the heart of a volcanic country, sulphureous vapours might very possibly have arisen from the water injurious to animal life. The subsequent eruption to which the Monte Nuovo owes its creation, might have carried off an accumulation of noxious gases, and thus purified the atmosphere. Even now the neighbourhood of the lake is not considered healthy, malaria being prevalent.

Having procured torches, we entered the cave, the floor of which is a gently inclined plane. It resembles in form a long subterranean passage, terminated by two chambers, known by the appellation of the Sibyl's baths, which, being situated considerably below the level of the lake, are generally half-full of water. In order to explore them it is necessary to adopt the fashion of Pick-a-back, and mount the shoulders of your guides, who style themselves "I cavalli della grotta." The excitement of this proceeding is considerably enhanced by the probability of a false step extinguishing the torch, and leaving you in total darkness—a possible contingency which, I confess, brought the "facilis descensus Averni" most forcibly to my recollection.

Few spots could have been better selected for a descent to Tartarus. The gloomy effect which the Avernus, when surrounded by wood, must

have presented, accompanied by the noxious character of the neighbouring atmosphere, and the extensive naturally-formed cavern, only wanted the poetical fancy of Virgil to supply the other requisites to render this locality a fit representative of a portion of Pluto's dominions.

Proceeding hence towards Baiæ, we visited what are called Nero's baths. Did the emperor resort to these as a luxury, his taste must have been somewhat peculiar, and his lungs proof against all injury from carbonic acid. Entering a cavern, those who can breathe may proceed, crouching, along a dark narrow passage, at the extremity of which a hot sulphureous spring is constantly bubbling up. This water is carried out in a bucket in a boiling state, and will cook an egg thoroughly in a few minutes. The suffocating air soon caused me to beat a hasty retreat. Two of our party, however, persevered, and in a few minutes returned streaming at every pore, with faces resembling the sun in a fog. The method our cicerone adopted in preparing himself for this exhibition, was novel in character and rather startling in effect—dispensing with each article of clothing in succession, a thin pair of trowsers constituting the only reserve. Not far from Baiæ are ruins, said to have been temples of Venus and Diana. Little beauty of design is apparent in these—the absence of columns leaves

too much to the imagination to create a temple. The coast scenery in the neighbourhood is charming.

Farther on are remains of an old piscina, or reservoir for water. If there was one thing which the inhabitants of these countries prized more especially, it was the securing an abundant supply of the pure element. The multiplication of these piscinæ, and the extensive aqueducts constructed near most towns, are sufficient testimony of this fact. They seem to have been thoroughly alive to its value, and both Greek and Latin poets appear always glad to apostrophize any celebrated fountain. From some rising ground near this spot we had a full view of the Elysian fields, and the Mare Mortuum. These localities owe all that remains of the beautiful to the neighbouring scenery of the coast. Elysium in its present state is partly a vineyard, and partly a swamp. The Mare Mortuum is a small inlet of the sea, bounded on one side by the Elysian fields, and communicating with the Acherusia palus, now Lake Fusaro, where the spirits, descending at Avernus, emerged and proceeded on their way to the Stygia palus or Mare Mortuum, and were ultimately landed at the Elysian fields. Few things are more puzzling than identifying poetical localities. The Styx, Stygia palus, Acheron, Phlegethon, Erebus, &c., have many countries as

their claimants. Greece, and Egypt, as well as Italy, aspire to the honour. There can, however, exist no doubt as to identifying the places on which Virgil's poetical fancy was employed. All are situated within a small district, and are contiguous to each other. The grotto on the Avernus is said to communicate with the Acherusia palus; and even supposing this connection to be imaginary, the theory alone is of itself sufficient as a link to the other.

At a short distance from the latter lake, now Lake Fusaro (the Virgilian Acheron), stands the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, now used, *proh pudor!* as a wine cellar, or rather wine brewery. The appearance of some peasants emerging from the cavern with their legs, arms, and faces reeking from the vat, only wanted a little poetical assistance to convert the scene into a den of lawless ruffians who had just been perpetrating some "piece of ruthless butchery."

The Via Appia was apparent in several parts of our drive. Whenever you meet with this road prepare your bones for a most unmerciful jumbling over a pavé full of ruts and holes, and as rough and uneven as the bed of an ordinary river. On our return to Pozzuoli the impudence of the venders of relics was of the highest order—some positively offering for sale the handles of modern bronze lamps, which generally represent some gro-

tesque figure, and were passed off by the rascals as Lares and Penates.

The remains of the poet, who has supplied this neighbourhood with so many classical recollections, were, by his own request, conveyed from Brundusium to his favourite Parthenope, and the site of his monument commands one of the choicest views of the city and its bay. His epitaph, written by himself, contains in two lines almost an outline of his whole life:—

> "Mantua mĕ genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
> Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces."

Pozzuoli, besides an extensive amphitheatre, contains the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis. Had this ruin been allowed fair play, it would have been the finest in Italy, but the King of Naples has thought proper to transport nearly all its magnificent columns of cipolino to decorate his overgrown palace at Caserta. The splendid marble floor of this temple is now always under water; and, in fact, the residue of the spoliations is only sufficient to make you regret and abominate the bad taste which has plundered the building of nearly everything worth removing.

The alum and sulphur works at Solfatara, in the neighbourhood of the town, are well worth seeing. The extrication of these minerals from the soil is effected with great facility. The earth is so impregnated with them, and is itself so hot,

that very little artificial heat is required for the operation. The men employed in the business have high wages, and well they deserve their pay. The atmosphere of the building in which the process is conducted is so oppressive that respiration to these poor fellows must be an affair of no ordinary embarrassment, passing, as they do, a great portion of their lives in a species of grotta del cane. Those employed in this unwholesome business are invariably short-lived.

Among the churches at Naples, San Martino stands unrivalled in its decorations. It contains some of the finest specimens of Spagnoletto, and its marbles are magnificent, superior to any in either Naples or Rome. This church stands in a most commanding situation, and appears to tower over the whole city, the streets presenting very much the same map-like appearance as those seen in the panorama of London. Its distance from the Chiaja, for a pedestrian, is scarcely a mile, whereas the circuit a carriage is obliged to make is hardly less than three. A convent is attached to the church, which is surrounded by the fortifications of St. Elmo. Swiss soldiers keep a most strict guard at every avenue leading to the establishment. To stand still even, and admire the view, is rigidly prohibited; and as to peering through an empty embrasure, such a proceeding would be likely to put the whole garrison in a ferment. We

found, on approaching the convent, that ladies were not permitted to enter its walls, or even to see the church. These regulations were communicated by the sentry on duty by a series of pantomimic gestures, silence being the order of the day both in and outside the monastery.

The chapel in the cathedral, dedicated to San Gennaro, the patron saint, is as gorgeous as silver, marbles, and precious stones can render it. Here are the vessels containing the blood of the saint, which has been preserved since his martyrdom. Who has not heard of the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro? On the occurrence of this miracle, the good fortune of the Neapolitans is supposed to depend. Mass is performed in the chapel, when the blood of the saint is produced and exhibited in a small glass vessel, in shape resembling a watch. Several individuals selected for the occasion, chiefly females, commence (not unlike the prophets of Baal) crying aloud, and beseeching the saint to hear them. Should, however, the blood remain obstinately congealed, they very soon alter their tone, and abuse his saintship with every vile epithet they can think of. We were not present at the critical moment when the change actually took place—the composition had become fluid before we arrived. On entering the cathedral we saw crowds of people kneeling, and kissing the vessel which con-

tained it, all of whom appeared to be unqualified believers in the metamorphosis.

It would be unfair to conclude that the Roman Catholic Church demands implicit belief in this supposed miracle. Their tenets, in fact, submit to be divided into necessary articles of faith, and others which are left to the option of individuals to believe or reject *ad libitum;* and to this latter class the miracle I have now alluded to most undoubtedly belongs. During the occupation of Naples by the French, neither entreaties nor threats had any effect upon the blood, and dire calamities were supposed to be at hand. The populace became excited, and threatened an émeute, when Murat determined to cut the matter very short, which he accomplished with great facility, by sending a message to the officiating priest, informing him that "he would be allowed two hours; if, after that period, the blood remained in *statu quo*, the next messenger would be dispatched for his head!" It is almost unnecessary to add, this had the desired effect.

The Cappella di San Severo is the only other church to which I shall allude, which, from its containing a few specimens of sculpture, in a style perfectly original, if not unique, can scarcely be left unnoticed. Figures in marble are represented as seen through a veil. The effect is wonderful. The shroud in which the body of our Saviour is

enveloped, appears positively damp with the moisture attendant upon death.

Vice caught in a net, is another equally extraordinary production, the figure and the net by which it is surrounded being sculptured out of the same block.

During our residence at Naples we were fortunate in witnessing the ceremony of a nun taking the veil. Mass was performed, and the wafer administered to her at the convent grating opening into the church. Here the lady, splendidly attired, was placed, and a very eloquent and impressive address was delivered by a priest, in which he greatly eulogized her resolution of quitting this world of wickedness, pointed out the happiness in store for her, and called her the espoused of Jesus Christ. At a particular period of the service she was despoiled of her finery, and a lock of her hair was cut off. She was then clothed in the garb of the convent. The ceremony was certainly solemn and impressive, nor was any circumstance omitted which might contribute to render it so. I shall not forget the effect of the mournful chant of the nuns gradually dying away as the procession passed through the corridors on its return to the convent. The father of the girl was an officer in the Neapolitan service, and much regretted the determination of his daughter. He was present during part of the ceremony, but his feelings were

so overcome, that he was unable to remain till its conclusion. This was one of the few instances in which the individual was prompted, of her own free will, to take so decided a step.

The theatres meet with a liberal patronage. There are no less than seven. The opera-house of San Carlo is the rival, in point of size, to La Scala at Milan; and persons provided with ear-trumpets and telescopes may probably be able to enter into the performance. It is much too large for either hearing or seeing well from the more distant boxes. The corps de ballet wear blue drawers, a regulation which emanates from the Court; the effect is singular, if not bordering upon the ridiculous.

The Fiorentini is the theatre where Italian comedies are acted. Being placed during our first visit in a private box, we were, as is generally the case, in a bad situation, close to the stage, and in a high tier; our observations were thus principally confined to the scalps of the performers. On a subsequent occasion we were more desirably placed, and better able to appreciate the performance. To those studying the language this theatre is a most agreeable Italian master, the idiom and pronunciation being both of the best description.

The performances at the San Carlino are the remnant of the old Pulcinello, worth witnessing once, merely to see from what nonsense and vulgarity Goldoni rescued the Italian stage. The

dialogue in these lowest of comedies is full of *double entendre* and course satire; in fact, it may be said of these theatricals, that notwithstanding the improvements introduced

> " In longum tamen ævum
> Manserunt, hodieq manent vestigia ruris.
>
> Yet they continued long, and still we find
> Some little marks of the old rustic mind—
> Some of the scurrilous humour left behind."

December —.—Naples had now become full. Balls, soirees, &c., followed each other in rapid succession; and society, which at home would require an expensive banquet to collect together, are here attracted by ices and lemonade. At one evening party we met several Italians, some of whom entertained the company by reciting passages from Dante, and displayed a considerable degree of histrionic talent. Our host (an Englishman) had exerted himself to establish a kind of literary society, to assemble periodically at his house. The idea was fully appreciated by the Neopolitan literati, who would most gladly have forwarded the project; they subsequently, however, abandoned the undertaking; for, said they, " the moment our meetings are known to the police, we are marked men!" At Naples, where the Government is conscious of its unpopularity, any thing like a meeting suggests the idea of a plot; and as suspicion alone is quite sufficient ground

for imprisonment, the prudence of these people can be easily understood. Some Neapolitans, who were anxious to be present at a reunion of savants at Pisa, were, for similar reasons, obliged to relinquish their intentions. A very plain intimation was given, that although there would be no objection made to their departure, their return would be a matter for further consideration.

The Accademia balls were generally attended by the Neapolitan Court. His majesty appeared to enter fully into the business of the evening, and danced several quadrilles. The rooms were crowded with English, who seemed positively, by their numbers, to "push the Italians from their stools."

These balls are given weekly during the season by the king and the nobility, who allow the different ambassadors the privilege of procuring cards of admission for those persons for whom they may think proper to apply.

What shall I say of the police? Another handkerchief gone!—the fourth!! Had they been silk, the matter would have begun to look serious, but being white, and considerably the worse for wear, they could only have served to disgust the thief.

What have you got this morning? was a question a boy was heard to ask one of his companions, whom he encountered near San Carlo. "O quasi nieute—quatro 'palombe'* solamente.—Oh, next

* Palombe, the Neapolitan for colobme.

to nothing—only four 'white pigeons'"—the cant term for a white pocket handkerchief, clearly showing the value placed upon those articles.

Neapolitan pick-pockets are the most ingenious thieves imaginable. I defy any person to lounge up the Toledo, and not find himself minus a pocket handkerchief, provided he walks as a gentleman usually does, without taking any extraordinary precautions. There is an establishment in the town for the instruction of young gentlemen in this species of sleight-of-hand. One qualification requisite for aspirants in the science is, that the third and fourth fingers should be of equal length; and in order to arrive at these proportions, the juvenile delinquent employs his spare time in straining out the muscles of the shorter finger. By this Procrustean operation they become better adapted for prehensiles, and an adept in his profession will even filch loose silver out of your pocket with an address and dexterity calculated to draw tears of admiration from the Artful Dodger himself.

Strong measures are adopted to abate the nuisance; yet the police very often connive at these mal-practices, and are paid for their silence. Quarrels, however, ending in treachery, will occasionally break out between confederates, when boat-loads of pick-pockets are sent off, and landed on some of the small islands north of Sicily. During our visit a large cargo was exported.

The code of laws of these gentry is rather singular. Admitting the right of every individual to take care of his own pockets, and even to thresh the offender if he can, all interference in protecting the property of another is voted a high misdemeanour, and has occasionally been visited with the knife or stiletto.

The connection existing between the thief and the thief-taker renders the police, when inclination and duty go hand in hand, a very efficient detective force. A gentleman's servant was one night attacked and maltreated in the streets, and robbed of a cloak and umbrella. His master, a great card-player, when informed of the circumstance, was playing at whist. "Wait till the rubber is over," he coolly replied—the rubber being in his eyes by far the more important matter of the two. This finished, he ordered a fiacre, and hastened, accompanied by his man, to the residence of the prefect of police, who, after having heard the statement of the servant, despatched a messenger for the superintendent of the district in which the robbery was committed, and, on his arrival, severely reprimanded him for the occurrence of the outrage. The prefect, then turning to the gentleman whose property was stolen, demanded the value of the articles. "Forty piastres," was the reply. Upon which he wrote the following document: "I owe Signore T—— forty piastres," and

forthwith compelled the superintendent to subscribe his signature; and, added he, "on your returning the property, Signore T—— will give up the acknowledgment." This proceeding set all the machinery of the police in motion, and, by twelve o'clock on the following day, the missing articles were restored.

One word as to climate. Some aspects, even as far southward as Naples, are most treacherous. You have summer in one street, and winter in another. I walked out one morning with the idea of June, and returned with the impression of December, with tears in my eyes from the cold cutting wind. Situation is everything here. A southern aspect, and complete shelter from the Tramontana winds are indispensable. Exposed to these, an invalid may do better in England.

Our visit to Naples was prolonged, in consequence of the illness of one of our party. I had engaged a vetturino to take us to Rome, and I paid him three pounds to release me from the contract—an arrangement which, considering that his race is not famed for liberality, may be regarded as tolerably satisfactory; but had the sum been ten times the amount, the fate of poor Mrs. Starke, whose death, it is said, was hastened by her unwillingness to dissolve her contract with one of these men, would have reconciled me at once to the sacrifice.

Our impressions of the Neapolitan character were similar to those we had formed of that of their Sicilian neighbours. Though of a temperament equally easily excited, they are by no means of a cruel or sullen disposition. The Government under which they live is not calculated to conciliate discontent; yet, notwithstanding the hardships the poorer classes experience, you seldom encounter a cheerless face; and should their spirits suffer a temporary depression, a few coils of macaroni would be almost sufficient to restore the equilibrium. Their language is a complete patois. Its basis is unquestionably Italian, but the whole vocabulary is cut up and shortened to such an extent as to render it extremely difficult to recognise a particle of the original tongue. The Lazzaroni, though poor and uneducated to the very last degree, are yet free from that vulgarity which generally belongs to the lower orders of other countries. Their want of education is in some measure compensated for by originality of character. With all the vivacity and wit of the Irish, they are possessed of a far greater proportion of "polish." To use the words of Madame de Stael: "Le peuple Napolitain, à quelques ègards n'est point du tout civilisé; mais il n'est point vulgaire à la manière des autres peuples. Sa grossièreté même frappe l' imagination."

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO ROME—ITALIAN COURTESY—SIGHT SEEING—ST. PETER'S—FOUNTAINS—BATHS OF CARACALLA—RUINS OF FORUM—COLOSSEUM—PALACE OF THE CÆSARS—BATHS OF TITUS—VATICAN—CAPITOL—PALACES—CAPPELLA SISTINA—MICHAEL ANGELO—RAPHAEL—STUDIOS—OVERFLOW OF TIBER—PINCIO—MALARIA.

SNOW in the streets of Naples was a phenomenon for which we were not prepared; such, however, was the case on the morning of the 6th of January, when we commenced our journey to Rome, and the roads were in consequence so heavy that the horses were seldom able to quit a foot's-pace. Our first halt was at Capua—like most other Italian towns of the same stamp, a picture of dreariness and dirt. Here we were serenaded by an old mendicant minstrel, the burden of whose song was the application of "soft sawder" to the English—"*una gente, quanto ricca! quanto bella!*"—

each stanza always finishing with an exclamation, implying, I conclude, admiration and surprise, resembling "uch!" The weather, which had improved since the morning, relapsed into its former melancholy state, and sleet, rain, and snow attended us all the way to St. Agata, which we did not reach till seven o'clock, instead of half-past four; indeed, one of the usual *contre temps* of travel had made us relinquish all hopes of arriving before midnight. It had already become dark, and we were yet about three miles from the inn, when the carriage suddenly stopped, and I heard the voice of the vetturino's son, who had accompanied his father in the capacity of guard, crying out most piteously for assistance, "*Signore, signore, veni qua.*" On getting out of the carriage, I found driver and horse sprawling in the snow, and huddled into a shapeless heap. The worst symptom was the man's silence; a "*per bacco*" even would have been a relief—a case of insensibility and a broken leg at the least, thought I; however, by a strong pull at the animal's tail, I enabled the man to extricate himself, and was truly rejoiced to find that he could once more stand upon his pins, and that bruises and sprains proved to be the worst consequences of his roll. The horse was thoroughly knocked up, and seemed ill-disposed to quit the recumbent posture. After some little delay we were able to proceed, and heartily congratulated

ourselves, on driving under the portico of the inn, that matters were no worse. We little expected in these climes to enjoy a roaring fire in our bedrooms; but never was the luxury more acceptable than at this moment. Italian doors and windows always afford an ample thoroughfare for air, and the corridors which led to our apartments seemed to be selected by the four winds as a place of assignation; in fact, the house itself was eminently calculated for a temple of Æolus.

Nothing could look more cheering and beautiful than Mola di Gaeta where we lunched on the following day, and enjoyed the fine view of the sea from the terrace of the inn. At Terracina we halted for the night. Here we found an excellent cuisine, and every thing was *couleur de rose*. The next day brought us to Cisterna, crossing the Pontine Marshes, those twenty miles of endless avenue, well-known by the appellation of "*la desperazione dei vetturini*," and on the morrow we arrived at Rome. I could not help contrasting the conduct of a vetturino in the case of a jaded horse with that of an English post-boy. On one occasion, when our driver's horse betrayed symptoms of exhaustion, instead of belabouring the poor animal, the probable course adopted by our own countryman, he stripped him of his harness, and permitted him to graze in the neighbouring ditch, and we waited till the animal had sufficiently refreshed himself in this

primitive manner to be able to proceed. The spot being romantic, and the day fine, the delay caused no annoyance, allowing ample time for a sketch. In our contract with the vetturino it was arranged that everything should be provided for us at his expense, and all barriers and bridges paid. A carriage, four horses, a steady driver, sufficient accommodation at night, and two meals per diem were to be furnished by him, and the journey was to be accomplished in three days and a half. For this we were to pay fifty-two scudi, nearly ten guineas, and a buonamano, which amounted to about seventeen shillings more. We had no reason to regret the arrangement in any respect. All the trouble was taken off our hands; the driver, in fact, acting as courier, and saving us a battle at every inn, without fleecing us himself; the only disbursement which fell to our lot was a trifle to the servants on leaving the different hotels.

Before even quitting our carriage, we had made a kind of introductory acquaintance with some of the principal features of both ancient and modern Rome. The approach from Naples passes close to the Colosseum, and traverses the Forum Trajanum before entering the Corso. Our intended destination being the hotel in the Piazza del Popolo, we were driven from one end of the city to the other; and had we been inclined to adopt the course of the gentleman who changed

horses at Athens, we might have passed on to Florence, not altogether ignorant of some of the wonders of the eternal city.

As at all other places, a visit to the post-office took precedence of everything else. Here I found such an accumulation of correspondence, that not having about me much of the unwieldly coin of his Holiness, my purse became fairly bankrupt. I was consequently on the point of returning for a further supply, when an Italian, an entire stranger, most politely stepped forward, and offered me whatever sum I might require. I mention the circumstance, as one among the many instances of politeness and civility exhibited towards strangers by the people of this country. I should just like to see an Englishman who would be guilty of a similar act in any of our large towns. The difference between English and Italian courtesy consists chiefly in the motive which leads to its performance. The former generally emanates from a sense of duty, and is performed often with reluctance; while the Italian goes to work *con amore*, and seems to derive positive satisfaction in the discovery of some method of bringing his services into play. The civility and attention of those to whom we brought introductions, bore ample testimony to this character.

Most people on their arrival at any foreign town consider the purchase of a guide-book an

essential, so that after having made a tour of the Continent, they find themselves possessed of a small library, which, on their return home, they discover to be worth just threepence per pound avoirdupois. This expensive encumbrance is wholly unnecessary. Mrs. Starke still maintains her character for accuracy in all material points. Prices may have undergone some variation, and a picture may occasionally be found to hang at some few yards' distance from its original site, but with these trifling exceptions, that popular work gives all the requisite information.

Sight-seeing at Rome is so interminable, that unless some method is observed, several months would be scarcely sufficient for the purpose. The affair is frequently accomplished with such rail-road rapidity, that the incessant change of objects renders a visit to this capital something like a disconnected dream, in which statues, columns, and pictures, are floating about in inextricable confusion. One book has the audacity to tell you that Rome may be seen in eight days! I conclude it was proved to be mathematically practicable previous to the publication of that work; but the chaos which such a course of proceeding must necessarily produce, would effectually preclude a lasting impression of any one particular object. Burton allows four months for the purpose, "provided you are pretty active." This

happened to be just the length of our residence; and we found that while it allowed us to lionize the whole, it was also sufficient to enable us to pay frequent visits to what we most admired. We are all sufficiently conceited to dislike taking advice; and consequently must see to judge for ourselves. I will therefore merely remark, that at least one-eighth part of every catalogue of sights (I speak with reference to Rome) may be safely scratched out as really unworthy of the trouble of a visit. An antiquary, of course, may be permitted to rave about everything, from the Colosseum to a fragment of stucco, or a small portion of an old brick; consequently nothing but a tenement at a long lease will do for him; but the mere classical observer might be able to satisfy himself thoroughly by confining his attention to what is really worth seeing, without worrying himself in hunting out imaginary remains of Pelasgic walls, and other masses of shapeless rubbish. From my own experience, I would strongly recommend any one going to Rome, to request a friend who had been there, on whose taste he can rely, to point out the real objects of sterling value, and to attend to those alone.

Among the numerous objects of attraction in this city, St. Peter's is unquestionably "the lion" κατ' ἐξοχήν. The Colosseum, the Forum, and the Arches, though undoubtedly highly interesting,

yet require the association of classical recollections to do them justice; while the Cathedral stands forth in its own unaided majesty, and asserts its pre-eminence over every other production of ancient and modern times.

All the prints and illustrations which are published of the exterior of this building, give invariably a false impression. The views are generally taken from a height, apparently the roof of a house. The object in choosing this locality, is evidently to show as much of the architecture as possible; and the consequence is, that a stranger on approaching the fabric, is frequently disappointed with the exterior effect. The front and attic, the perpetration of what Forsyth calls the "wretched plasterer from Como," from its overgrown height, conceals a great portion of the lower part of the cupola, the whole of which is fully exhibited upon paper. But any feeling of disappointment which may occur from a view of the exterior, soon vanishes on entering this unrivalled temple, throughout which results of grandeur and unity of purpose are wonderfully apparent. Whether criticised in part or as a whole, the same master-mind is visible. Its proportions are so equally maintained as to conceal the actual magnitude of its various parts. The two apparently infant angels supporting the vase for holy water, on approaching them, become gigantic—much larger

than a full-grown man. But descriptions are always tedious. One fact alone will be sufficient to give a tolerable idea of the size of the fabric. Each of the four pillars on which the cupola rests is two hundred and six feet in circumference, and one hundred and sixty-six feet high—in fact, could it be made hollow, it would form a very good church of itself, equal in dimensions to one of the smaller churches in Rome. Taking St. Paul's as a standard, St. Peter's exceeds that cathedral by forty-four feet in height, and one hundred and sixty-three feet in length. The ascent to the summit is managed with great facility; it is even possible to ride for more than one-third of the way, the commencement being a gently-inclined plane. This is succeeded by a very easy staircase, the steps becoming of course narrower and steeper as you approach the lantern. The only spot where a ladder is requisite, is to mount into the ball, which holds four persons very comfortably, and would contain several more if closely packed. Serious apprehensions have been for some time entertained for the safety of the dome, the state of which has suggested doubts of its ability to support the superincumbent weight of the lantern, which it is feared will eventually cause it to burst outwardly. Some go so far as to say, that nothing but the very great care and precaution observed by those to whom the repairs of the fabric are

intrusted, has prevented this occurrence taking place. Powerful iron cramps have been inserted in various parts of the masonry; and in the year 1744 the weight of the bands of iron fixed to secure the dome amounted to no less than 148,407 lbs.! The domes of both St. Peter's and St. Paul's are double—that is, there is an exterior and an interior dome, and you ascend between them; but the lantern of St. Paul's, unlike that of St. Peter's, does not rest upon either dome, but on a conical piece of masonry which rises between both. The dome is thus entirely relieved from the weight of the lantern, and has only to support itself. On the other hand, the lantern of St. Peter's rests on the dome; and it is confidently believed by scientific men, that it will be unable for many more years to support the immense burden it is made to carry. Should such a catastrophe ever take place, it would be impossible to form any idea of the extent of the damage its fall would occasion.

One of the most singular facts you become acquainted with in ascending St. Peter's, is the colony which exists on the roof of the church. Workshops, with carpenters in full employ—houses, tenanted by their families—women engaged in washing and other domestic drudgeries, with a tolerable sprinkling of children and cats—give the roof of the cathedral the appearance of a perfect village in miniature.

The sculpture in the interior is all on a colossal scale. Indeed, were it not so, the magnitude of the surrounding objects would cause all the works of art it contains to appear insignificantly small. A Pietà by Michael Angelo, in a chapel on the right as you enter, suffers sadly from this cause. This group is classed among the finest of that master's works; yet we could not help remarking that the figure of Christ on the Virgin's lap appeared far too large and heavy for female strength to support. The answer to the objection is rather singular: "The Virgin was supposed to have been endowed with supernatural strength." Whether Michael Angelo contemplated this idea is entirely unknown.

A sculptor cannot be too cautious in working for St. Peter's. Mere measurements of sites, even supposing they are fixed upon previous to the execution of the work, are not sufficient. As soon as his ideas are arranged, it would be well to form some rough unfinished model, in any material most adapted for the purpose, merely to arrive at size; which, placed in the site intended for the statue, would serve as a guide in determining its proportions. No example can be more convincing on this point than the statue of Pius the Seventh by Thorwaldsen: I saw the model of this work in his studio; and although it appeared in that situation almost colossal, it is comparatively

lost in St. Peter's, and would probably have completely escaped the observation of a stranger, had not the sculptor, after it was placed in its present situation, begged to be allowed to add two figures of angels to assist in filling up the space.

Few things are more striking in the economy of Rome than its abundant supply of water. Go which way you will, and some vigorous fountain, with its grotesque figures, spouting forth the pure element in a never-failing volume, is sure to present itself. And such a fountain! none of your tiny squirts or miserable dribbles, engendering only ridicule, but a never-ceasing copious stream, without either stint or deception. Fountains are met with at other places of no mean character as long as they last, but their gambols are generally of a temporary nature, the result of bottling up and machinery; and having acted their part for a certain number of hours, subside into a bubble, a true emblem of what they really are. The supply of water in the time of Agrippa must have been something tremendous. There were then no fewer than twenty aqueducts—now there are only three; so that estimating the produce of twenty by the supply which emanates from those at present in existence, we can arrive at some tolerable idea of the rivers which must have poured into ancient Rome. Distance and expenditure were then to

an aqueduct what they are now to a railway, utterly immaterial. The only question as to the performance of the work, was the mere possibility; that ascertained, no further impediment interfered with its execution. The extensive ruins scattered over the Campagna are sufficient proof of the magnitude of these undertakings. The principal call for the immense supply of water was to feed the extensive baths in various parts of the city; the size of which may be well understood by a visit to the Baths of Caracalla. Here they show you a large apartment 150 feet in length, and proportionably broad, which formed one large bath, into which water poured from nine different conduits. Besides this, there were no less than 1,600 private baths, and several huge bathing vessels of porphyry, resembling sarcophagi, which are now to be seen in the Vatican. In these baths stood formerly the Farnese Hercules, the Toro, and the Flora—a locality much more adapted to their colossal proportions than the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

The Fontana di Trevi has the repute of furnishing the best water at present. Here the water gushes forth from a mass of rock under the windows of a palace into a spacious reservoir ornamented with a group of statues. The effect is altogether good, though I could not help fancying that the rock bore too close a resemblance to a

stone quarry, on the brink of which a large palace seemed to rise rather *mal à propos.*

A walk from the Capitol to the Colosseum leads you through an avenue of ruins, and the ground you tread on is the Via Sacra. Every fragment has a name; yet the authorities from which it has been derived are generally so questionable, that, with the exception of the Colosseum and the Triumphal Arches, all is uncertainty; and what once was a court-house has lately been pronounced a temple. The Via Sacra, however, possesses undoubted identity with the usual promenade of Horace. No wonder he should have selected it as his favourite lounge, passing, as it did, through the finest part of the ancient city. Temples, palaces, the Forum, triumphal arches, and the Colosseum, were the principal ornaments on either side of this thoroughfare, thronged, as it must have been, by a great part of the population, which either business, pleasure, or religious observances had attracted. The remains of the temples in the vicinity of the Forum consist chiefly of a few columns, so that it is scarcely possible to arrive at any correct idea of their former appearance. Judging from the ruins, their extreme proximity to each other must, by giving an idea of crowding, have detracted considerably from the general effect. In one instance the steps of the portico of one temple almost touch those of its

neighbour. Notwithstanding, however, this apparent defect in the general arrangement of plan, a very slight examination of the ruins proves clearly the correct idea of elegance of form which must have existed in those times. Among various specimens of cornices, I discovered several of the patterns generally adopted in our own houses, and that which decorates my drawing-room I detected to be a piracy from the Temple of Peace. So much for our advances in the fine arts. The passion for excavation seems to have subsided; the great expense attending it is too heavy for the Pope, who has enough to do to pay the Emperor of Austria for keeping quiet his discontented subjects: but what has been brought to light appears to be well preserved. The Colosseum has been propt and buttressed in a very substantial manner, and all desecrations have been effectually checked by consecrating the interior, where service is performed every Sunday. The erection of a cross is a sure protection to property in Roman Catholic countries. During our residence at Malta, several poles, which had been erected for purposes connected with engineering matters, were stolen for firewood, till it occurred to some one aware of the veneration paid to the sacred emblem, to place a piece of wood transversely on each pole, thus making them assume the form of crosses. This expedient had the desired effect,

and no further thefts were committed. Part of the Colosseum has suffered most sadly from spoliation. The seats which accommodated the spectators have all disappeared. These being composed of large flat stones, well suited for steps, window sills, and other parts of architecture, requiring most labour in their execution, were consequently the first to vanish. In the amphitheatre at Verona, and in that also at Pompeii, the seats still remain nearly perfect; but the dismantled condition of the Colosseum leaves too much to the imagination to restore the plan of its interior, and it is absolutely requisite to see some other amphitheatre where the seats are still remaining, to arrive at any idea of their former arrangement.

Enough, however, yet remains of the Colosseum to enable it to claim its position among the finest ruins in the world; wander, then, among its mouldering arches: and people, if you will, the dilapidated theatre with eighty thousand monsters in human shape, assembled to seek pleasure at the sight of brutal homicides, or looking on with superstitious complacency while their fellow-man is suffering the most cruel and horrible of deaths, mangled and torn limb from limb by ravenous beasts, his only crime consisting in the profession of a creed whose essential characteristic was patience, humility, and brotherly love. This state of things, thank Heaven, has passed away;

and in the centre of that arena where once the savage heathen fought, the cross now stands triumphant—the blessed emblem of tranquillity and peace.

A moonlight ramble among the ruins should be a solitary one, or, at all events, confined to a few; but, alas! you are much more likely to encounter a crowd, part of which may probably be assisting their contemplations with a cigar. The light of an Italian moon is certainly brighter than our own, but has been thought by some, for that reason, less adapted to a scene of this description. Many objects which, dimly visible, have a good effect, lose their charm when defined too distinctly, and perhaps the preference may thus be given to the more uncertain light of our own pale moon; but the point, like many others, yet remains *sub judice*, and that taste must be fastidious indeed, which fails to be highly gratified by the grandeur of these ruins, lit up by their own peculiar luminary.

A part of the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars has become the property of an Englishman. Little thought Virgil, when speaking of us as the

> "Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."
> "A race of men from all the world disjoined,"

that we should ever presume to tread this soil, much less establish ourselves in the Palace of the Roman Emperor. A house, with its garden taste-

fully laid out in the English style, forms a kind of oasis in the midst of the surrounding debris. The extent of ground which the palace must one day have covered was something extraordinary, extending, as it did, over nearly the whole of the Palatine Hill; it, however, proved far too small for Nero's ideas, whose additions reached over a great part of the Esquiline. What the elevation might have resembled must be left, in a great measure, to conjecture; but the greatest portion of this extensive area was most likely gardens, as, had it been covered with buildings, it would of itself have formed no inconsiderable town. As to the traditions of golden pillars, and walks paved with precious stones, I regard them merely in the light of poetical illustrations. Authors in those times were unable to write without a considerable portion of high-seasoning, despairing altogether of giving any idea of magnificence by a plain statement of facts.

The remains of the Baths of Titus are on the Cœlian Hill. There appears some little confusion between these ruins and the Palace of Nero; the fact is, the latter evidently interfered with Titus' views, who put an effectual extinguisher upon it, by making a great part of it serve as the foundation of his own edifice. There are yet remaining several fresco designs of flowers and other forms, of which Raphael availed himself in decorating

some of the apartments in the Vatican. The Laoccoon was discovered among these ruins.

The two prineipal attractions of Rome are in close proximity to each other—St. Peter's and the Vatican. The extent of this museum is so great, and its objects so numerous, that all you can expect from the first few visits, is to acquire a general idea of what it contains. Those to whom was intrusted the arrangement of its treasures, have shown that confidence in their judgment has not been misplaced—no situation can be better adapted for the exhibition of the finest works than the Belvidere. Here the Apollo, as he deserves, has an apartment allotted to himself, where he may be studied at leisure with undivided attention. This master-piece, after all the admiration bestowed upon it, has been pronounced a copy, the original statue being supposed to have been executed in bronze. The idea has its origin from the appearance of the drapery hanging from the left arm, which is in substance much more slight and transparent than the drapery of other statues in marble. However this may be, the work remains beautiful as ever; the sculptor is the only sufferer, having lost the credit of originality. And who was the sculptor? No one has yet answered this query. Canova's Perseus and his two wrestlers or boxers, are also in the Belvidere; the criticism of an artist with

regard to the former was, that though fine, it wanted force, and that this fault in the design arose from the lines inclining too much in one direction, or being too near an approach to a parallel. The boxers are no favourites with the present connoisseurs, who pronounce them to be too unnaturally theatrical; no one can, however, accuse them of being deficient in spirit—action is apparent in every muscle, and an idea of elasticity is conveyed to an extent wonderful in a stationary object. But, perhaps, these qualities may be rather overdrawn. There is certainly an extreme vulgarity in the expression of countenance in these figures; but as they represent vulgar men, that must not be quoted to their disparagement. The Laoccoon and the Antinous are also in this part of the museum, each in a separate room. The criticisms on these would fill an ordinary volume. An artist pointed out to me one circumstance, with regard to the Laoccoon which would otherwise have escaped my observation; marks of the chisel are visible in various parts. This group is formed of two blocks of marble; if it is the one to which Pliny alludes as cut out of a single block, he could not have observed the join. Winkelmann reconciles the matter by supposing that the junction now visible might not have been so formerly. Ample evidence exists in the Vatican of the an-

cient sculptors excelling in every branch of the art. The human figure, animals, and ornamental work, bear equally the stamp of the highest talent.

No one should omit the opportunity of seeing the statues by torch-light. Several of them were found in places where, without the aid of a torch, they would scarcely be seen at all; and the effect of the light, judiciously managed, by bringing out prominent features and throwing others into shade, is very striking. It occurred to me that chalk or pencil drawings might be made with great advantage by the aid of this light. The torch employed for the purpose is a kind of a box, not unlike a Dutch oven in shape, with reflectors inside. It contains a great many thick wax candles, with large wicks, and is fixed upon a pole. The light is most brilliant, and the contrivance for holding it protects it effectually from draughts and currents of air. The transparency of marble is much greater than I had imagined it to be; the torch when placed behind the drapery which droops from the arm of the Apollo, is distinctly visible through the folds.

A part of the Vatican is appropriated to Etruscan antiquities. The Pope appears to take a most zealous interest in these discoveries, to see which a special order is requisite. The collection in some measure resembles the spoils of Pompeii; cooking utensils, specchii and jewelry, are to be

seen in great abundance. With great good taste a room has been fitted up as a fac-simile of an Etruscan tomb, as it appears previous to its being rifled, and here you may gain as good an idea of these curious discoveries as on entering the tomb itself. Several Italian gentlemen have taken up the subject, and none with greater zeal than Signore Campana, who has decorated a whole suite of rooms with the spoils of Etruscan sepulchres, and his specimens of jewelry appeared superior to even those of the Pope. A search for relics is attended with considerable expense and trouble, and no small difficulty occasionally occurs in obtaining permission to excavate. The proprietors of the soil are unwilling to run the risk of a fruitless search, and are afraid of others succeeding; in fact, these hidden treasures being sometimes of considerable value, a feeling of jealousy has arisen with regard to their discovery. To any person wishing to dive into Etruscan relics, I recommend the work lately published by Mrs. Hamilton Grey, who lately made a tour of the sepulchres, and enters fully into the matter. The Vatican contains also a museum of Egyptian antiquities; but having no taste for those hideous deformities, with blinking eyes, closed feet, and pinioned arms, a mere cursory glance was enough for me.

The Capitol may be considered as a kind of

sequel or appendix to the Vatican; both are replete with some of the finest specimens in sculpture and painting. What the Apollo is to one museum, the Gladiator is to the other—"*apud principes facilè princeps.*" I confess I am inclined to give the preference to the latter statue; but this may probably arise from our sympathies being awakened by the subject. A man about to die is a much more urgent appeal to our feelings, than an archer who has just made a successful shot. Much discussion has arisen as to the real subject this statue is supposed to represent. Some repudiate the idea of a gladiator altogether, and pronounce it a herald; these doubts, however, can have no prejudicial effect upon the work itself. The figure is represented to be expiring; and, to use the expression of an author who has criticised the work, "to me it is sufficient that it is a dying man."

On the opposite side of the quadrangle in which this museum is situated, is an exhibition of paintings. Here are the rival Sibyls of Domenichino and Guercino; also, the Santa Petronilla by the latter master, a copy of which has been executed in mosaic, and is placed in St. Peter's. Marcus Aurelius occupies the centre of the square of the Capitol, and is the only bronze equestrian statue which has been discovered in an entire state. Horses seem always to have puzzled sculptors,

and when mounted, are most difficult to represent. The Elgin marbles afford, perhaps, the best specimens of these subjects. Marcus Aurelius, however, is a splendid exception—the man has a graceful seat, and the horse is natural and full of spirit—a totally distinct species from those on the Quirinal, which, supposing even a resemblance to exist between nature and art, only bring us to the conclusion that they were wholly unworthy of being handed down to posterity. The bronze horses at Venice are much of the same breed, and are, as Nimrod would say, utterly unsuited for either the turf, the chase, or the road.

There are two other bronzes in the museum at the Capitol—a shepherd extracting a thorn from his foot, and the wolf in the act of suckling the twin founders of Rome. Whether or not this is the identical animal of which Cicero speaks as having been struck by lightning we cannot say; the custode, however, invariably points out the marks caused by the electric fluid on one of its legs.

I have often been amused at the variety of manners exhibited by different individuals as they pass through a gallery of sculpture. First of all there is your cursory observer, who walks with a general cold sort of stare through the whole museum, without ever coming to a halt. Then comes the antiquarian, always with spectacles,

short gaiters, and a white neckcloth, and if cold weather, a spencer. He is not quite so easily satisfied; not that he cares so much about elegance of form or a perfect figure; on the contrary, give him only an arm or a leg, or even a slice of a body (the more misshapen the better) and just watch how he smells and peers into every scratch, and congratulates himself at having at last found something good. Next comes the determined sight-seer, book in hand, with an air of inexplicable restlessness, as if always afraid of being too late. He wont waste his time, I promise you; let him only find that the figure on the statue corresponds with the number in his book, and that will do for him. There is one other class who, for want of any particular appellation, I shall denominate the feelers. These people are not satisfied with a mere ocular examination, but on finding something which pleases their fancy more than usual, they can't resist touching it; and I once saw a grave-looking priest walk up to a Venus, and patting her caressingly, exclaim to the rest of his party "*Ah come bella, bellissma, non e vero?*" The last will, undoubtedly, be thought by the sculptor to pay the highest compliment to art.

The private palaces are the chief picture galleries of Rome, and to these the public are granted most liberal access. Those containing the finest collections, are the Borghese, the Doria, and

Sciarra, and I will add the Corsini. Having a partiality for landscapes, I should be inclined to place the Doria first, where are two of the finest specimens of Claude, and several large pictures by Poussin.

Sacred subjects and portraits were the chief works which employed the pencils of the old masters—the Church was their principal patron, and gave this direction to their style. Beautiful as these subjects are, their too frequent repetition induces a desire of variety, and after seeing poor St. Sebastian, bristling with his arrows in almost every room, you begin to dislike the sight of him, and all sympathy for his martyrdom entirely vanishes. Innumerable holy families even at last pall upon the taste, and you turn with pleasure to the rich foliage and endless distances of Claude and Poussin. We were rather amused on entering one of the smaller palaces, at seeing an artist actively employed in clothing several ladies and gentlemen with elegant drapery, whom some of the old masters had left almost in *puris naturalibus*. I allude briefly to these palaces of paintings, knowing that to a person unacquainted with a gallery, few things can be more tedious than a catalogue of its works. What I have said before with regard to scenery, applies equally to a picture—it must be seen to be understood, and all attempts at description are merely labour thrown away.

Those who would study the last judgment of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, should arm themselves with a good opera glass. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt anything like a positive criticism upon this work; my remarks will be solely confined to my own impressions. After several attempts to admire the picture, I do not hesitate to declare that this production contributed no pleasure to me. In point of colour, it is little removed from a perfect wreck; the two most visible tints remaining are a sombre blue and a dirty brown. The figure of the Saviour is separated from the confusion of the rest by his attitude and position, which is near the centre of the picture. The expression of countenance given to the Deity is so unlike what either Raphael or Guido have delineated, that I was taken fairly by surprise: if not positively vulgar, it is sadly deficient in spirituality; in fact, it is the face of a man, rather than of a God. The whole composition is a display of anatomy, which was the favourite hobby of Michael Angelo, and I have no doubt of the correct position of every muscle, but why we should all appear like blacksmiths at the resurrection is rather incomprehensible. I confess I am almost terrified at the perusal of what I have written, opposed as it is to the opinions generally received; such, however, was my impression of this extraordinary picture. There is

rather a curious anecdote connected with this painting. A cardinal who is represented as being in hell, complained of the insult to the Pope, in hopes of receiving redress. His holiness replied, "I am sorry I can't assist you; had you been in purgatory I might have done so, but being in hell, it is quite another affair—the matter is wholly out of my jurisdiction."

The change from the chapel to the room containing Raphael's *chefs d'œuvres* was very grateful; here with excellent judgment six fine pictures are placed by themselves, which are quite sufficient for one morning. The transfiguration has suffered terribly by its visit to Paris. The French, with the idea of improving it, have restored the whole, with the exception of the figures of our Saviour and the two Apostles, to tamper with which appeared too hazardous an attempt for even French conceit. This composition has been often found fault with, from the apparent want of connection between the upper and lower parts of the picture; and yet Raphael is not to be blamed for this. A stream of water flowing down from the mountain on the ground at its base, was once the connecting link, but it has been painted out! and the French have the credit of the enormity. I trust they are able to refute the accusation. There are three other Raphaels; one of his early productions, which shows the altera-

tion of style adopted by him in his later works. His early paintings were generally ideal representations; his later were principally portraits. Perhaps in sacred subjects this is to be regretted, as something more than human excellence may be looked for in them. Opposite to the transfiguration is the St. Girolamo of Domenichino. The circumstances which led to the discovery of this picture were rather singular. The monks of a convent, in endeavouring to drive a hard bargain with Poussin for a picture, agreed, on the score of economy, to provide the canvass for the purpose. A general rummage was consequently made among a heap of old canvasses, in which the artist took a part, and from under this mass of neglected lumber the picture came to light. Poussin on seeing it, exclaimed immediately, "You can want no picture from me—here is one superior to any I could paint." Several ceilings in the Vatican are the works of Raphael, and can be admired by those who disregard a crick in the neck. I confess I found the required attitudes so painful, that I passed them over with far too slight an examination.

A Welshman feels no small pride in the fact of the principality having produced two men who, in sculpture and painting, rank among the most talented artists now residing at Rome—Gibson and Williams; both names are too well known

to need any praise from me. A work just finished by the former, which he calls the Cacciatore, bids fair to compete with anything ancient or modern; time will, however, show what value may be attached to this criticism. Nothing can be more courteous and polite than the reception given by the artists to those who visit their studios, though these visits must occasionally be most cruel interruptions. A sculptor, however, suffers less than a painter from the infliction; his model once completed, the chief part of the labour which falls to his share is nearly at an end. The principal portion of the marble work is a matter of rule and compass, and is done by deputy, so that he probably is occasionally able to afford a few hours for idleness. I was rather surprised at hearing it stated as a notorious fact, with regard to Thorwaldsen, that he rarely touched the marble in any of his later works, some of which he had never even seen after their completion. Of this the Swiss lion at Lucerne may be quoted as an instance. But to the painter, frequent interruptions are a serious evil. He has little assistance to depend upon from the hands of others. His colours may be placed upon his palette, and his brushes washed; but few like intrusting the smallest part of the design to any hands but their own.

February has proved a lamentably rainy month.

The Ripetta has been under water, and passable only in a punt; and the good people in the lower part of the town are now busily employed in pumping the Tiber out of their cellars; in fact, the Temple of Vesta was never in greater danger from inundation in the days of Horace. We had been told there were three things to be seen in Rome which claimed particular attention—the statues by torchlight, the Colosseum by moonlight, and the Pantheon in a flood. The latter is fortunately rather a rare exhibition, as, during this period, the priest's occupation is entirely gone, his church being apparently converted into a gigantic bath. The reflection of the various altars in the water, which rises several feet above the level of the floor, is very striking. An artist told me he was about to produce a representation of this remarkable scene; which, in skilful hands, would admit of the display of no ordinary effect.

Sunday.—Little difference exists, as far as the English are concerned, between a Sunday at Rome or in London. Church in the morning, succeeded by the Pincio in the afternoon. This is the Roman Hyde Park, the only difference between the two promenades consisting in grinding in circles instead of straight lines. The Pincio is a fine airy spot for exercise; and the Italians have to thank the French for this improvement in their capital; others would have

followed had they retained possession for a longer period. It was their intention to have made a creditable approach to St. Peter's, which is now only to be reached by threading some of the dirtiest streets; several houses were to have been pulled down, and a handsome avenue opened from the Piazza di Spagna to the bridge.

Various opinions are held with regard to the salubrity of the Pincio. It has a bad name for malaria, but we never found any reason for supposing it to be unhealthy. Nothing is so mysterious as this said malaria. Some places, to all appearance open and airy, as the Piazza del Popolo for instance, are invariably visited by it; the large hotel, the "Isles Britanniques," which stands in a fine open situation, is obliged to be shut up during the summer months, while not a single case occurs in those low narrow streets near the river. One side of a street may be healthy, while the fever rages over the way; and medical men go so far as to say, that it is confined to particular houses. Nos. 1 and 3 may be dangerous, while No. 2 is not even suspected, so that to draw any line of demarcation appears to be altogether impracticable; and the only guide in the selection of a residence, is the fact of its salubrity having been already ascertained. The treatment employed by Roman doctors for the cure of this disorder is bleeding; and if the patient can stand the remedy,

I believe it often proves successful, but numerous deaths have been attributed to the lancet. The vicinity of gardens is often pronounced unhealthy, and hence the supposed insalubrity of the Pincio; yet proceed to the Quirinal, where are the gardens and palace of the Pope, and you may consider yourself perfectly safe. The mystery, in fact, remains to be solved.

CHAPTER VII.

SEASON AT ROME—CARNIVAL—CHURCHES—SCALA SANTA—ST. PAUL WITHOUT THE WALLS—ASH WEDNESDAY—ORIGIN OF PIN-MONEY—VILLAS—TIVOLI—FRASCATI—RESTORATION OF WORKS OF ART—MODERN SCULPTURE—HOLY WEEK—CEREMONIES—ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S—GIRANDOLA—ITALIAN CHARACTER, &c.

ROME and Naples, like London and Paris, have their seasons; in fact, out of the numbers who flock to these capitals by far the greater part are employed in the search of pleasure rather than of health. A man may be equally an epicure both in the food he eats and the air he breathes; and he who seeks a cook in France, may be easily supposed to look for a climate in Italy. The great difference between these two luxuries consists in the possibility of carrying home with him the one, while to possess the other he must follow Mahomet's example. There can be no question

about a mild, genial temperature being much more agreeable even to robust people than fogs, deep snows, and hard frosts; the only wonder is, that the person who has it in his power to avoid a northern winter should perpetually submit to its infliction.

During the fashionable season at Rome, certain evenings in each week are selected by different families for *conversazione*. At these "feasts of reason" the body is left to take care of itself. The Italian invites you to talk, and not to eat; and it is possible to attend several parties on the same evening without even the offer of a biscuit. Routs and dances are also given without end. Those, however, who have spent their whole mornings in lionizing, can hardly feel equal to pass half their nights in dissipation, so that a moderate share of gaiety was enough for us. The ambassador's parties we attended, of course; they are, in fact, exhibitions where all the leading characters are to be seen, and in that their chief, if not only novelty consists; rooms being crowded, quadrilles danced, and refreshments demolished with little variety by all civilized people. But Torlonia's fêtes throw all others into shade. At one ball, supper was laid for 1,000 people, and diamonds and champagne sparkled in all directions. The prince not only gives an occasional ball or entertainment, but a whole series of concerts, for which

some of the leading professional singers and musicians are engaged. The getting away from these crowds is sometimes no easy matter. The police employed to preserve order among the coachmen show no favour or affection for any one. Your carriage is announced, and unless you are on the spot to respond to the call, away it goes, and you probably arrive just in time to bestow a melancholy glance upon the tyre of the hind wheel leisurely retiring to the extremity of the line. You need expect little pity from those around, as the staircase on which you stand is thronged with individuals whose senses are closed to all ideas but two—the sound of their own names, and the sight of their own equipages.

Counts and barons abound in society abroad, and the circumstances which lead to an acquaintance with these titled personages are occasionally somewhat singular. Shortly after our arrival at Rome, wishing to hire a piano, we were directed to a house in the Corso, tenanted by a German family. The lady and her sposo appeared, and after sundry eulogiums on particular instruments, one was selected and hired by the month. A few evenings afterwards, at a soirée at the Austrian ambassador's, an individual, dotted over with various orders and decorations, presented himself to me, inquiring politely after the united welfare of myself and wife. I was just on the

point of hinting at the probability of a mistake, when, from some peculiar expression of his phiz, I recognised an acquaintance who stood confessed our piano dealer of the Corso, now shining forth in all his baronial plumage as *impiegato* in the service of Austria.

French and Italian have been hitherto the languages of the fashionable Roman world, but our own tongue is now making some progress, and is becoming a favourite study of the Italians, who are exceedingly fond of sporting it occasionally; a few words "got up," are sure of being produced on the first opportunity. On taking leave of a family after a morning visit, the gentleman followed me out of the room, and politely waving his hand, called out as I descended the staircase, "How d'ye do? how d'ye do?"—meaning, I conclude, "Good morning," in a valedictory sense; probably, a misconceived translation of "*buon giorno.*" Another of our acquaintance, much struck with a young lady's fascinating manner, exclaimed in rapture, "I *do* like Miss S——; she is so artful, and so abandoned." However, I have no doubt our own attempts at Italian are occasionally equally ludicrous and *mal á propos.*

The carnival was a repetition of what we saw at Malta, the chief difference consisting in more sugar, or rather more "lime plums." Every volley of these missiles is intended as a compliment;

and surely never did any man receive greater attention of this kind than the French ambassador, who was favoured by two of his countrymen with a plateful each time his carriage passed under their window. A great improvement has been introduced in substituting bouquets of flowers for sugar plums when a lady is the object of attack. Some idea of the fire from the plum-batteries engaged in tomfoolery may be gathered from the fact of 300 lbs. weight being thrown in a morning from a single balcony.

The spirit with which the saturnalia is kept up increases rather than diminishes as the period allotted for it draws to a close. Some of the characters are ludicrous enough. One of the best, among those we saw, was a Jarvey seated on his box dressed as a woman, and fanning himself with an affectation which was really droll; but the generality are too absurd to be even comic. That a full-grown man, of thirty years of age, can derive any satisfaction or amusement from either stalking about with a small windmill at the end of his nose, or in eating macaroni out of a certain utensil which shall be nameless, exceeds all belief.

I was anxious to be present at the starting, and also at the winning post, at the horse races, in order to see how the brutes conducted themselves without jockeys; and I confess I was sur-

prised at the degree of emulation which the animals manifested. The holding them is no joke; and they nearly broke away from their grooms, one of whom was knocked down by the horse's struggles for emancipation. They make a tremendous show of rivalry at first, but this spirit very soon subsides; and by the time they arrive at the other end of the Corso their gallop has degenerated into a lolloping canter.

Many of the churches contain fine paintings; but to see them is almost impossible, from the bad lights in which they are placed. The sacristans make a harvest of the curiosity of strangers, everything worth seeing being covered by a dark curtain, the removal of which is, of course, followed by a fee; this they will take at any moment, the performance of mass not at all interfering with the pocketing of a few Pauls. The two principal churches next to St. Peter's are St. John Lateran, and Sta. Maria Maggiore; to the former we gave the preference, being much the more ecclesiastical in appearance.

Near St. John Lateran is the Scala Santa, the staircase of white marble, supposed to be the one our Saviour ascended on going before Pilate. This is never polluted by human feet; all ascend invariably on their knees, repeating a prayer at every step. We witnessed three persons engaged in the performance of this meritorious act, two

of whom were ladies. They had already arrived about half-way up the flight, when a priest commenced the undertaking, who, I conclude from being more perfect in this devotional exercise, arrived first at the summit, with several steps to spare. It is fortunate that people are allowed to go down by another flight in the usual way, as the same method employed in the descent would inevitably pitch them forward on their noses. The steps were so worn by this proceeding, that, in order to preserve them, they have been covered with a casing of wood.

Several of the Roman churches are Pagan temples and other ancient buildings, transformed into Christian places of worship. One of the principal of this class is that of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which formed a part of the Baths of Dioclesian, and was made what it now is by Michael Angelo. Some idea of the magnitude of the building may be obtained from the dimensions of the columns which remain as they formerly stood, being sixteen feet in circumference and forty-three feet high. Each of these pillars is hewn out of a single block of granite. St. Stefano Rotondo is another example of this kind of metamorphosis. It was originally a temple of Claudius. On the walls are some most extraordinary frescoes, ridiculous as to painting, but horribly descriptive of the tortures inflicted upon

the Christian martyrs. Every sort of cruelty, from boiling in oil to chopping into bits, is most faithfully recorded on the plaster of this building. Annexed to St. Gregorio, a church in this neighbourhood, is a chapel containing a fresco by Guido, representing a heavenly choir, in which angels are fiddling, fluting, guitarring, and playing on trombones, with printed music before them.

The large Church of San Paolo fuori delle Mure is about two miles from Rome. The original building has within a few years been destroyed by fire, and no labour or expense is now spared to restore its former magnificence. A part is already completed, which, though only forming the transept of the one in progress, is of itself a fine church. The marble pavement had just been polished when we saw it, and shone like a mirror. One of the few decorations rescued from the flames is a wooden statue of St. Paul, upon which they say the fire could have no effect; it is clear, however, that its removal was accomplished just at the right moment, as the apostle's legs and arms are most wofully scorched, and his mutilated remains but ill accord with the finished appearance of the site he now occupies.

The Church of St. Paolo all tre Fontane is built on the spot where the apostle was beheaded, and three springs, over which the church is erected, are reported to have issued from the ground in

three distinct spots, on which the head of the martyr after decapitation is said to have bounded. We were told that the water from each differed in quality, both as to temperature and taste; but our experience did not bear testimony to the truth of the theory, and the facts of the ground gradually falling from the upper to the lower spring, and all three being under the same roof, are pretty clear evidence of a connection existing between them all.

The ceremonies or Funzioni in these churches are interminable, but one grand day at St. Peter's is sufficient to convey an idea of all the rest. The display is much the same on all occasions; and whether candles or palm branches are blessed, the variety is altogether trifling. On Ash Wednesday there is a ceremony in the Sistine Chapel, during which the Pope sprinkles ashes on the heads of the cardinals, to remind them of their earthiness. The first part of the service seemed to be almost exclusively adoration of the Pope. Each cardinal has a servant in attendance to twist up the tail of his robes, as without this man's assistance locomotion would be impracticable.

There is rather a singular Funzione at the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, during which the Pope endows the Zitelle.

These young ladies are dressed out after a most

grotesque fashion, and so stuck over with pins as to resemble walking pin-cushions. From this custom the term 'Pin-money" takes its origin.

The unfortunate Pope is much to be pitied on these state occasions. His person being considered too sacred to be trusted on his feet, he is carried in a chair on men's shoulders; a style of locomotion which has a most unpleasant effect upon the poor old man,* producing all the giddiness and nausea of sea-sickness, and he invariably shuts his eyes during his progress.

March.—Drove to several places in the catalogue of sights, which are scarcely within a walk. The Protestant burial-ground is a pretty retired spot near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. It contains, among others, a monument to Shelly, and one also to the Rev. Augustus Hare, of whom it is remarkable, that his birth and death should both have occurred at Rome. The tomb of Scipio has served as a model for many of those erected in this cemetery.

Not far distant is the Mons Testaceus, which, considering it is composed of the debris of old potsherds and oyster shells, is a very respectable hill. One of our party was sufficiently energetic to climb to the top, and reported, on his return, the possibility of tracing the Tiber down to Ostia.

The celebrated catacombs of San Sebastiano

* Gregory XVI., lately deceased

are the counterpart of those at Syracuse. One of the most remarkable features of the vaults is their dryness; you may walk for miles in these underground passages without any apprehension of damp feet. Their exact extent is unknown, and I should imagine it would be no easy matter to find an exploring party to thread this interminable labyrinth.

From hence we proceeded to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. There can be few people who have not seen either the original or its representation, as more pencils and brushes have been worn out in delineating this subject than any other in the world; and in case paintings, drawings, and prints should prove insufficient to render it notorious, brooches, bracelets, and other ornamental jewelry are made to contain its facsimile in mosaic. It is even now extremely picturesque, but must be very unlike what it originally was; having, like the mausoleum of Adrian, been converted into a fortress. The interior is a mass of rubbish, more like a dilapidated lime-kiln than any other building. The stones employed in its structure are of immense size, and have been indented with the chisel to disguise their gigantic proportions. This spot is now one of the favourite meets of the fox-hounds which scour the Campagna during the winter. Foxes are found in abundance, and lost with great facility,

owing to the earths which exist in such numbers as to baffle the most persevering stopper. The Italians have been inoculated by the English with a fox-hunting mania, and enter *con amore* into the spirit of the chase.

In this immediate neighbourhood are several sights, to visit which is only a waste of time. Among others we saw a Temple of Bacchus, a mean-looking building, little removed from a hovel, containing a few old columns imbedded in its walls. It overlooks the valley or glen in which springs the fountain named after the nymph Egeria. Traces of a grotto-like structure still remain, in which niches are visible, where statues might once have stood, and which Juvenal alluded to as an instance of bad taste:—

> "Quanto præstantius esset
> Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
> Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum."

The only statue is a recumbent figure in a very mutilated state, evidently not intended for the nymph.

Scipio's tomb concluded a round of sights. This cemetery was the family vault of the Scipios, but has been robbed of its treasures, which are now in the Vatican; all you see is a subterranean passage, with inscriptions on its walls. Scipio Africanus, who was two generations below Barbatus, the proprietor of the sepulchre, has no

statue, column, or monument erected to his memory; the only relic which has been found relating to him in any degree is a small bust, for which I made inquiries, but never discovered in either Capitol or Vatican. This is rather remarkable, inasmuch as he was the leading character of that family—far more illustrious than all the others, from his successful struggle against the Carthaginian invader.

The neighbourhood of Rome abounds with promenades. The proprietors of villas are very liberal in giving to the public the *entrée* to their grounds and gardens. Those attached to the Borghese villa are always open; and during April, when the leaves re-appear, their shady walks are a most grateful refuge from the dust and heat of the town. There are drives for carriages, and sequestered walks for pedestrians, full of sketches of Italian park scenery, in which the stone pine and cypress contrast effectively with the horizontal lines of architecture of the small casini which stand in various parts of the grounds. The villa itself is a house full of handsome rooms, but ill calculated for the abode of anything but statues, being cold and comfortless in winter, and infested by malaria in summer. Quintus Curtius, in alto rilévo, appears to be about to precipitate himself into the hall. He is placed over a door immediately opposite the entrance, but his horse's legs

are doubled up in an extraordinary fashion—not at all in the attitude of taking a falling leap. Among other fine works in this villa are a statue of David in the act of slinging the stone, by Bernini, full of energy and spirit; and Canova's Pauline, which is now released from lock and key, and revealed to the gaze of everybody. Many of the villas near Rome have a character for insalubrity. The villa Albano, one of the best specimens of Italian architecture, is habitable only for a very few months, owing to the same pest—malaria. The gardens of this villa abound with statues and fountains, and its terraces command extensive views.

The villa Doria Pamfili is another favourite resort. Here are some of the most gigantic stone pines I ever saw. The grounds are ornamented with waterfalls, fountains, grottoes, and other artificial decorations. The lemon-trees flourish, and are trained to form a covered walk; but even in these latitudes they require shelter during the winter months, and a temporary shed of light wood-work and straw is erected for their protection. The camelias are of themselves worthy of a visit. Adjoining the house is a garden laid out in a manner, I believe, peculiar to Italy. The ground was carved out into various fantastic shapes, edged with box; and the beds thus formed, instead of containing flowers, were

filled with different coloured earths. I could not help thinking that an artificial grass plat of green baize might be in good keeping with the parterres, and not much more absurd. The only plants visible were growing in vases.

Of all architectural productions, the villa built by Torlonia is the most *outrè*. The ground on one side of the house is crammed with fictitious Colosseums, and other modern ruins of ancient temples, built, with great ingenuity, sufficiently high to exclude the only good view which the windows of the house could command. The grounds are tolerably extensive, but are sadly cut up with walks, each of which leads to some dreadful violation of taste. A tilting-ground, with lists, a grotto, a Swiss cottage, a pagoda, and a chapel, are all within a stone's throw of each other; and other works were in progress! The grotto was really well done—artificial stalactites and stalagmites in profusion. The theatre, also, is well designed; but the crowding all this together in such confusion, spoils effectually the little good which peeps out of the general concatenation of absurdities.

Two more villas, and I have done. These are the Rospigliosi and Ludovisi, in one respect rival exhibitions, from the fact of their containing the two Auroras by Guido and Guercino. Altogether I prefer that of Guido, although the drawing of the other is in some points better adapted to the

subject. In looking at Guercino's horses, you look under them, which would be their appearance supposing them to be drawing a chariot in the clouds; while those of Guido present a side view, and would do to hang on a wall almost as well as to decorate a ceiling. The sculpture at the Ludovisi is of the highest order. A figure, supposed to represent Mars in repose, is reckoned equal to anything in Rome, not even excepting the Apollo himself. The proprietor of this villa is very scrupulous about permitting strangers to see it, and entrance is not to be obtained without especial interest. The grounds belonging to it were formerly a part of the gardens of Sallust.

April.— Fine weather having now set in, which our landlord assured me was "*il tempo verameute di Roma*," we achieved a long-intended expedition to Tivoli, taking Adrian's Villa in our way. All the interior decorations of the villa have been removed, and most of them are placed in the Vatican and Capitol. The term "villa" must surely be a misnomer, unless, indeed, it can be applied to an enormous country palace, containing a theatre, temples, naumachia, barracks, and other buildings on a large scale. The ruins are extensive; and their ivy-mantled projections, disclosing themselves through masses of foliage, are very picturesque; sketches present themselves at every turn as you saunter among

the groves of cypress which, with the ilex, and other forest trees, flourish most luxuriantly over the whole domain.

Arriving at Tivoli, you have the choice of driving to a good inn in a bad situation, or a bad inn in a good one. We chose the latter alternative, and consoled ourselves with the consciousness of being next door to the Temple of Vesta. This small but elegant building is sadly disfigured by the architectural deformities abounding in its vicinity. Its situation, however, on the summit of a precipice has preserved it from being entirely surrounded by these offensive specimens of modern masonry. The course of the cascade is entirely artificial—the river having been twice diverted from its natural channel. The "præceps Anio" still retains its headlong character, and from the porous nature of its bed requires constant watching. The last diversion of its waters was effected in consequence of the destruction of no less than fifty houses; and even now I am inclined to think that the Tivolites live very much upon sufferance. Owing to the porous nature of the rock on which their houses are erected, the water percolates in innumerable directions; and I should not be at all surprised to hear of its being so thoroughly honey-combed as to endanger the safety of the whole town; the crust on which it stands becoming thinner and thinner every year. The

fall owes its beauty more to the great body of water than to the form of the cascade itself, at least judging from the spot from whence it is generally seen; but probably an explorer might discover other preferable points of view.

Claude evidently spent much of his time in this neighbourhood. The extensive views of the Campagna gave him those beautiful airy distances; one among many of the charms of his unrivalled landscapes. From hence alone we saw realized the effects represented in many of his paintings—boundless plains extending far and wide with immeasurably distant hills, whose faint outline, melting into atmosphere, is scarcely discernible from the sky itself.

On the road to Tivoli are two rather remarkable natural curiosities. A small lake, the water of which possesses a petrifying quality; and also a stream of water, resembling in colour a solution of chalk, and so strongly impregnated with sulphur as to be perceptible to the nose at the distance of a quarter of a mile. We witnessed a party satisfying themselves of the presence of this mineral by an appeal to the palate: the testimony of our noses was sufficiently strong for us to require no further confirmation from any other organ. A day at Tivoli must be a fine one. The contemplation of a waterfall under shelter of an umbrella is a lamentable affair, and requires more

enthusiasm than most people can be expected to possess.

The ruins of the ancient Tusculum, which were the object of a subsequent excursion, are situated on a hill; but with the exception of a small theatre nearly perfect, nothing remains but a complete wreck. The spot fixed upon for Cicero's retreat exhibits a series of grotto-like buildings, the original intention of which is wholly conjectural. There is a splendid view from the summit of the hill; and the drive from Frascati to Albano, passing, as you approach the latter town, through an avenue of gigantic ilexes, is very picturesque. Returning through Grotto Ferrata we saw Domenichino's celebrated frescoes. The Demoniac Boy, though unpleasant to look at, is frightfully true to nature, and is supposed to be the finest fresco in existence; but the most interesting to us was "the meeting of Otho and St. Nilus," in which the artist has introduced portraits of himself, Guido, and Guercino.

Grotto Ferrata was once a rather important town, and contained a celebrated convent; and thus we are enabled to account for the presence of these splendid paintings in a situation now apparently so wretched.

March.—We had at length nearly exhausted the catalogue of sights, and our attention was now principally confined to objects near at hand.

Artists' studios were a never-failing resort; independent of the attraction of their works, much information is obtained from the men themselves. I had hitherto no idea of the extent to which the work of restoration was carried, or of the way in which comparatively modern works were palmed off upon the public as antiques. As to sculpture nothing can be too mutilated for the science of renovation, and many instances may be quoted in which the new parts form by far the greater portion of the whole work.

The Toro, for instance, is an excellent example of the skill of this school, of which Bernini was the leader. In the whole of that large group, the only genuine antique portion of it which remains untouched is the small figure of Bacchus, and the basso round the pedestal. An inventory of the parts of the group found wanting forms rather a singular document.

Dirce had neither head, breast, nor arms. Antiope, neither head nor arms. These two, however, were much better off than either Zethus or Amphion, of whom nothing was found but two torsos and one leg. The bull fared the best, being, with the exception of his legs, nearly perfect. This they call an antique group, and perhaps it may be uncharitable to undeceive those who have seen, and believed it to be so. Few renovators can be trusted with a statue. Even Bernini him-

self has injured many by the practice of erasing and scooping out, too often adopted by him. It certainly was the readiest way of getting rid of a flaw or a notch, but invariably altered the form and character. These imperfections, instead of being cut out, should be filled up, and thus the original surface would be restored. Most museums want weeding and re-arranging; formerly, as at present, excellence was confined within certain limits; and as there are a sufficient number of really fine specimens to show the advanced state of the arts in former days, there can be no reason for crowding the galleries with huge, unwieldly masses, in which there is little to excite either admiration or interest. Among the antique bronzes at Naples, they have had the assurance to place a work of the sixteenth century—the infant Hercules strangling the serpents; and a very beautiful work it is; but why place it among those found at Herculaneum? A discovery of this nature only makes you suspicious concerning others of whose originality no real question can probably be raised. In speaking, however, of Bernini, he must have his due. That he ranks in the first class of sculptors, there can be no doubt. None but a man of most refined taste could have executed the monument to Santa Teresa in the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria. The figure of the saint about to die, and the expression of

grief and pity in the countenance of the angel ready to strike the fatal blow, is the conception of first-rate genius. In this church are innumerable small pictures representing wonderful miracles, supposed to have been performed by that saint; and the sacristan acting as cicerone reported her to us as "una santa molto miraculosa."

One of the largest works in progress during our visit to Rome was being executed in the studio of Tadolini—an immense monument to the memory of a Begum. There were no less than eleven figures in this work. The old lady, shortly before her death, had become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and had left a considerable sum to the Church. She had also bequeathed £5,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury, supposing him to be at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England. This latter part of the story I strongly suspect is too good to be true, as there must have been a host of Jesuits about her to undeceive her on that point.

The sculptor Wolf, to whom we had brought an introduction, has been much employed by Prince Albert, of whom we saw a full-length figure, besides several busts; also one of the Princess Royal, taken at nine months old—rather a juvenile sitter. The great "lion" in sculpture of the season was a group of Hagar and Ishmael, by Hoffman. The model was just finished, and was very chaste and

beautiful. Thorwalsden's studio is still visible; but little remains there in marble. The casts, however, are well worth notice. Among them is the one which served as a model for the monument in St. Peter's; and although it appears gigantic in the workshop, is quite lost in the cathedral. A story is current of a false measurement having been given him of the site it was to occupy. So much for malice among the craft. The being employed for St. Peter's is not much coveted as a great piece of good fortune, from the innumerable difficulties which are constantly arising about trifles. It is rather a curious fact, that the two angels sculptured by Thorwalsden, in order to add to the effect of his monument of Pius VII., have never been suffered to be placed in lieu of the casts which as yet represent them. Some paltry excuse has been invariably made to delay their erection; and poor old Thorwalsden, long before his death, had entirely abandoned all expectation of their ever entering the church.

Judging from the works in the various studios, I came to the conclusion, that although artists may give the preference to the male figure, as affording the most perfect model, yet the female is evidently the favourite study. For one Hunter or Warrior, I saw at least half a dozen Venuses. Probably the reverse would be the case did the artist belong to the fairer sex.

Among the painters at Rome, few are favoured with more visits than Valati, who is styled the Roman Landseer. His pictures are chiefly confined to wild boars and dogs; and being passionately fond of boar-hunting, he has had many advantages in studying the habits of those brutes, and certainly appears to have done justice to the most ferocious. He prides himself upon attention to minute details, and supplies you with a microscope to enable you to scrutinize each bristle as it stands erect; he tells you, also, that from the peculiar method he adopts in painting, he defies any one to copy his works. The animals are certainly painted with spirit; but as to ranking him with Landseer, that is quite another affair. Valati was the discoverer of a Coreggio—a duplicate of the one at Dresden. He purchased it for a few scudi, and its value is now undetermined. The Pope has issued an interdict against the picture going out of Italy. How far this can be enforced, or how they can prevent its departure in a gentleman's trunk, without mounting a sentry over it, seems rather a problem. I conclude, however, that in this case, Signore Valati would have to take to his heels to avoid board and lodging in St. Angelo.

Wherever the English are collected in any numbers, nothing can go on without dancing and hot rooms; most other things have a season pe-

culiar to themselves; these two, however, are in season all the year round. The observance of Lent threatened a serious impediment to such amusements; but a most fortunate compromise was effected between the ecclesiastical and the soirée parties. Dancing, which, to a fiddle, would have been impious in the extreme, when a piano only was employed, was pronounced a perfectly innocent recreation. The genius who accomplished this splendid piece of diplomacy, should, during his life-time, have the *entrée* of every saloon in Europe, and be handed down in marble to posterity. *Vive la bagatelle!*

As the Holy Week drew near, each day gave evidence of fresh arrivals from all quarters. Carriages, with mountains of dusty luggage, were seen creeping from one hotel to another in search of accommodation, which, unless bespoken, was no easy matter to obtain, even at the exorbitant prices usually demanded at this period. The innkeepers now make their last attack upon the stranger's purse, as their harvest is drawing to a close. After the Holy Week, the rush northward commences, and everything like business and activity slumbers till the following winter.

A minute description of the numerous ceremonies of the Church observed at this season would be at best a tedious affair, and after all give a very imperfect idea. A record of impres-

sions is all that can be attempted. First, with regard to the music. It is, I believe, now agreed on all hands, that the present state of music in Italy is at a very low ebb. Nothing can be produced equal to what our Italian Opera affords, even with reference to that one particular style alone. As to anything in sacred music like Handel, there is not even an approach to it; in fact, they call all the productions of this class "la Musica Tedesca," and allow they have no taste for it, so that they would find it difficult to sit out the Messiah. Perhaps it may be considered almost treasonable to say that many are sadly disappointed with the celebrated "Miserere." This composition is always sung at the end of a very tedious service, in a chapel crammed to suffocation, and thus, certainly, has hardly fair play; yet, allowing for the disadvantage of the circumstance, expectations highly raised will never be gratified in a corresponding degree. The few verses about which so much admiration has been expressed are beautiful, I allow; but all patience has been so completely exhausted by the apparently interminable psalms which are previously chanted, that very few would be inclined to encounter, a second time, such a crowd and such an atmosphere, to hear a repetition of the performance.

The fatigue which the Pope is obliged to under-

go must be great. His duties commence on Palm Sunday, when hours are spent in blessing palms. Monday and Tuesday are days of rest; but the five following are days of hard work, and allow him little peace from morning to night.

The principal ceremonies are the Lavatura, the Tavola, and the Benediction; to see all three is next to impossible, so rapidly do they succeed each other, and so tremendous is the crowd. The rush from the Feet-washing to the Banquet is indescribable; such tearing and racing up the stairs from the Cathedral to the Vatican, must be seen to be understood. The entrance to the pit on Mrs. Siddons' benefit must have been a joke to it. There is as little respect for persons or sex as in a mob with a troop of cavalry at their heels; and dire is the havoc among black veils, tails of coats, and other paraphernalia; when, after all, you may find yourself in the wake of a tall giant of a fellow, whose extent of back effectually precludes all chance of seeing either Pope, Banquet, or Apostles.

We were present at the Tavola. How we got there I scarcely know; however, we at last found what remained of ourselves in a long gallery-like room, on one side of which was a table laid ready for the banquet, and on the other were raised seats or boxes, in one of which we were fortunate enough to obtain a place. Twelve pale, lean-look-

ing men, representing the apostles, then seated themselves at the table, and were waited upon by the Pope. The viands appeared to be of the lightest description. Fish, artichokes and other vegetables, were the only eatables we recognised; and from the sparing manner in which the company partook of them, I strongly suspect they must have been prepared for the exhibition by a very comfortable preliminary meal. In each of the ceremonies little of the positive labour is left for the Pope to perform. The pilgrim's feet have undergone a thorough good scrubbing previous to their being submitted to his Holiness, so that a sprinkling of water, and a slight whisk of a napkin, are all that is requisite on his part; while at the Tavola, where the Pope is supposed to act the part of a servant, the plate is put into his hand by an ecclesiastic on his knees—a proceeding which entirely counteracts any idea of humiliation that might otherwise be attached to the ceremony.

The Benediction is really a fine sight. The multitude collected in the Piazza in front of the cathedral is immense. Picture to yourself a crowd of 150,000 individuals assembled in that spacious square, with its unrivalled fountains and its splendid colonnades, and paint them in almost every variety of costume, among which the uniforms of the troops and the holy-day dresses of the pea-

santry stand forth conspicuous, and you can form some idea of this rich and brilliant scene, in which glitter the gayest and most sparkling hues, varied occasionally by the movement of the countless thousands as they separate or form themselves into groups.

The most imposing part of the spectacle is reserved for the moment when the Pope arrives at the balcony from which the blessing is delivered. No sooner does he appear, than troops, peasantry, and the whole Roman Catholic mass fall upon their knees; and during the utterance of the benediction, a pin may be heard to drop in the perfect silence observed by the assembled populace.

The Church does all that pomp and processions can effect, and the whole ceremonial terminates with the illumination of St. Peter's and the Girandola. These two last exhibitions are grand in the extreme. There are, in fact, two illuminations of the cathedral. The first is effected by means of lamps, or rather lanterns, hung outside the building, following the lines of the architecture, and lighting up brilliantly each cornice, moulding, and other ornamental projections. After an interval of about an hour's duration the great change takes place. Immediately on the striking of the clock, the signal-light appears upon the cross; when, as if by magic, the whole building appears encircled with flames of fire. Flambeaus,

previously arranged over the whole cathedral, are simultaneously ignited by several hundred men stationed ready for the purpose: and those to whom is allotted the illumination of the cupola and lantern, have the sacrament administered to them previously; so imminent is the danger to which they are exposed. With a small telescope, or even a good opera-glass, the man standing on the cross is distinctly visible, and other figures may be seen climbing up the ribs on the exterior of the cupola.

The Girandola, which formerly succeeded the illumination on the same evening, is now reserved for the following day. The evening proved fine, and, from its stillness, well adapted for the exhibition. I conclude this is considered the beau ideal of pyrotechnics. As to Vauxhall, I can safely say that no comparison can be drawn between them. A friend of ours, who had seen an eruption of Vesuvius, allowed that the imitation given of that phenomenon far exceeded his expectations, and recalled the reality forcibly to his mind. St. Angelo was the centre of an exploded mine, from whence rockets burst forth in thousands, and descended in a rain of fire. Built on the margin of the Tiber, the fort stands uncrowded by other buildings, and affords an uninterrupted view of this magnificent display; while the frequent explosions convey the idea of a dis-

charge from the batteries during an assault by storm. The reflection also in the water adds considerably to the grandeur of the effect. During the reign of the French in Rome, the fireworks were exhibited in the Piazza di St. Pietro; but although they were on precisely the same scale, the effect was sadly diminished—in fact, they caused such general disappointment, that the exhibition was never repeated in that spot.

April 19*th*.—Ascended the tower of the Capitol, to take a farewell gaze at the ruins. The view from this building is one of the most interesting in Rome. The Forum with its temples are at your feet; and you may follow the Via Sacra from the Arch of Septimius Severus till it reaches the vicinity of the Colosseum,* which, with the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Baths of Caracalla, are distinctly visible; while farther on is an extensive view of the Campagna, terminated by the Alban Hills. You thus comprehend in one glance most of the principal objects of antiquity, all sufficiently near to be distinctly seen; and on this account we gave it a decided preference to the view from the lantern of St. Peter's.

* *Colosseum*—this word is written Coliseum, Colisæum, and Colosseum. I have adopted the latter, as being the nearest to Colossus, from whence all three are derived, from the well-known fact of a colossal statue of Nero having been discovered in the immediate vicinity of the Amphitheatre.

A few last parting words:

First of all, with regard to language. No one can visit Rome, after a residence at either Naples or in Sicily, without congratulating himself most cordially upon escaping from an almost unintelligible patois, and being accosted in the pure language of Italy. A wonderful reformation is soon perceptible even from the lips of the humbler classes, whose words roll forth with a purity and distinctness of utterance quite delightful. He who has made this language his study hears at last what he has laboured to acquire, which, among the lower classes at Naples, he has entirely failed to recognise.

With regard to personal appearance, Nature has decidedly favoured the male sex: little female beauty is to be met with in this part of Italy. The Neapolitan women are decidedly plain, to use the mildest term, if not positively ugly; and even Roman beauties are few and far between. Those that do exist are undeniably very handsome specimens of what an artist would call the "severe style;" in fact, a class among which he might discover a model for a Juno, but where a Venus would be sought for in vain. The men are decidedly a handsome race, and are very much what the old masters represent them to have been.

Owing to associating with the French, a considerable change has taken place with regard to

their apparel. Vulgar printed stuffs have usurped the place of the picturesque costumes of the country, which even on gala days are now frequently thrown aside, and the preference given to those recently introduced. An Italian artist, with whom I conversed upon this subject, and who had a general detestation of the French, said, "I think I can forgive them for all the other mischief they have done, but this offence is wholly unpardonable." The holy-day dresses often cost a considerable sum; and are handed down from mother to daughter through several generations.

Among the articles of female attire, hair-pins or rather hair-skewers, of gigantic proportions, appear indispensable appendages to the toilette. In some cases, a skewer, or even a stiletto, would be far too insignificant a weapon to convey an adequate notion of their size—nothing less than a dagger would do justice to them. These instruments have occasionally done such active service in a squabble, that some women who have established a character for suiting the action to the word are forbidden to wear them as decorations.

Rome, like other Italian towns, has its full complement of beggars, from whom there are few means of escape. Streets, churches, and ruins are all haunted by these objects of charity. Their methods of asking alms are numerous, and none

more amusing than that adopted by the Zampognatori or Pipers. A little urchin just able to walk, rigged out in a most grotesque fashion, rushes up to you with one hand extended, and a pipe in the other, from which he elicits the most hideous row, embodying the union of a screech and a howl, his countenance at the same time expressing such a ludicrous combination of supplication and drollery, as to constitute a most urgent appeal to your purse for the relief of a host of black-eyed picturesque-looking brothers and sisters, who stand watching the success or failure of the juvenile mendicant.

The long flight of steps leading up to the Trinità del Monte is a favourite resort of these gentry, where also you will generally meet with a melancholy tribe of hopeless cripples, on whom "sits deformity to mock their bodies"—their limbs exhibiting every form which distortion or disease can inflict.

Well do I remember, at one time on the steps of the Trinità del Monte, and at another on the Corso, a piteous-looking object seated in a carriage resembling a box on four small wheels, which he pushed along the pavement with his arms, the only limbs which he could use; his usual salutation was, "Buon giorno, Signore;" and often has he obtained substantial compassion from myself and many of my acquaintance. You need

not go to Rome to recognise this man; read the "Improvisatore," and you will know him to be that heartless and deceitful old hypocrite, "Beppo."

In all parts of Italy the same thirst for public amusements is apparent. The theatres, from the opera to pulcinella, are most liberally patronized. Their comedy seems to be fully appreciated by them; though, generally speaking, the jokes which excite such bursts of merriment would to us appear wofully lame, if not positive puerile. The management of the business of the stage is occasionally somewhat peculiar. One night, at the Vallé Theatre, when the opera of Sappho was announced for performance, they commenced the evening with a farce; this was followed by two acts of the opera; then came farce No. 2, succeeded by another act of the opera; but poor Sappho was scurvily treated, the curtain falling before the conclusion of her sad story.

The field sports in this country comprehend every description of caccia, from the ferocious boar to the timid robin. Nothing seems to be too large or too small for the game bag; and the unexpected appearance of a thrush will occasionally cause a degree of excitement worthy of better game. Snipes, woodcocks, and quails are tolerably plentiful; but to establish pheasants, and hares in any abundance, requires more money

and more trouble than, in the opinion of the Italians, they are worth.

Let no one imagine, from the indiscriminate slaughter to which I have just alluded, that the Italian sportsman is actuated by a mere wanton desire to kill. A glance at a poulterer's shop would soon undeceive him on that point. There, extended in long array, ready feathered and trussed up, sparrows, chaffinches, and robin redbreasts are laid out in tempting order, to suit the various tastes of customers.

Wherever money is to be made, there will Jews be congregated, and Rome has her due allowance. The Israelite of Monmouth Street, deprived of his triple crown of hats, differs little in appearance from one of the same race in any other part of the world. The dark penetrating eye, and the expression of low cunning in his countenance, remain wholly unaffected by climate. The residence of these people in Rome is rather circumscribed. The lowest and dirtiest part of the city is allotted them; while the streets they inhabit are at each end terminated by a gate; so that a visible as well as moral barrier is placed between them and the rest of the inhabitants.

The law in this country, as well as our own, appears fully stocked with professors of all grades; and judging from the business of the courts, there must be ample employment for hosts of advocates.

The civil proceedings in court are wonderfully curtailed, in consequence of the cases having been previously submitted in writing to the judges. I was present during the hearing of several, which consisted of a speech from the advocate of each party, without any examination of witnesses on either side. The whole was thus generally terminated in less than half-an-hour; and the opinion of the judges must be pretty well made up before they enter the court, being fully informed of all the circumstances previously. The manner of the advocates, like that of the people, is most energetic and full of action; their rapidity of utterance sometimes almost approaches a gabble, and is sadly deficient in anything pertaining to dignity; but perhaps the specimens I saw were too few to draw from them any general conclusions.

As elsewhere, respect for the laws is usually the result of fear; those, however, connected with religion often command an observance produced solely by moral influence. No example can be more striking on this point than the law of Sanctuary. A short time previous to our visit to Rome, a murder had been committed in the streets. A crowd was soon collected, among which were the friends of the murdered man. Exasperated, and intent upon vengeance, these people, in their eagerness to discover the perpetrator of the deed, were induced, upon some slight

grounds, to fix their suspicions upon a person wholly innocent of the crime. The individual thus attacked, and charged with the offence, frightened at the threats and violence of his accusers, took to his heels, and was followed by the mob, who now converted his flight into an unequivocal admission of his guilt. And had not this man reached one of the sanctuary churches, there is not the smallest doubt but his life would have fallen a sacrifice to the violence of his pursuers. Having arrived at the sanctuary, there he stood secure from present peril. The mob entered the church, and though in sight of the object of their pursuit, and thirsting for revenge, dared not advance beyond a certain line, and stood motionless, as if opposed by a visible barrier. During the interval allowed by the laws of sanctuary, the innocence of the man became manifest, and his life, which would otherwise have undoubtedly been sacrificed to the violence of the populace, was by these means preserved.

The church, like the law, is crowded with officials. The first visit of a Protestant to a Roman Catholic place of worship generally inspires him with a religious horror of what he designates as nurseries of mummery and idolatry. Accustomed to his own parish church, the bareness of whose walls is only relieved by an occasional mural tablet, on which two angels are apparently mak-

ing most painful and undue efforts to elicit sounds from pipes not much larger than a reed, he at once condemns paintings, statues, and all other decorations, as incompatible with devotion. Doubtless there are instances in which this outward show has over-stepped the bounds of propriety and good taste; but as to paintings and other works of art being associated with idolatry, no idea can be more unfounded. Their introduction into the church was effected solely with a view to bring home to illiterate persons various circumstances in Holy Writ, which their inability to read precluded them from referring to themselves. We never object to illustrations in a Bible, the chief object of which is to make a stronger impression of the particular circumstances to which they allude. A child, for instance, when shown a print of the Crucifixion, has a far clearer and more comprehensive idea of that event, than could possibly be given by the most elaborate description.

However, if the Roman Catholics have erred in the over-embellishment of their churches, we have gone into the other extreme, in the utter neglect of external appearance, and sometimes even of cleanliness itself. Roofs without ceilings, and seats without floors, are too often met with in our churches in the country; to say nothing of the vexatious proceedings by which a niggardly

pittance is wrung from unwilling hands for the purpose of necessary repairs alone.

The custom of opening their churches during the greater part of the day cannot be too highly commended. It seems thoroughly appreciated by all classes; the labourer, even in going to his work, may frequently be seen to enter, and offer up his morning prayer before he commences the business of the day.

The ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are numerous; but the strict observance of this part of their religion varies much at different places. At Malta and in Sicily processions and exterior shows are of much more frequent occurrence than even at Rome; indeed, the more intelligent part of the Roman Catholics are anxious to curtail the ceremonial, and none more so than the Pope himself; but they are frightened at the difficulty of the undertaking. "Dove comminciaremo?" is the question which remains unanswered.

The performance of their liturgy in Latin must be an insuperable impediment to real devotion. Their perseverance in the employment of this language is only one among the many instances which prove the occasionally undue strength of custom. When Christianity was first preached at Rome, no medium of communication could have been more general or more appropriate; and

having been adopted for several centuries, a reluctance was felt in the introduction of a change. Even now, I believe, the old Coptic language is used by the Egyptian Christians in the performance of their ritual, evidently from the same superstitious veneration for everything appertaining to remote antiquity.

Of the veneration of Roman Catholics for relics there can be no doubt; the only question is as to the extent to which that veneration is carried. During the Holy Week we were present at St. Peter's, when the sacred relics were exhibited in that church. A piece of the cross, a fragment of the spear, and the volto santo were severally shown; each was enclosed in a glass case mounted with silver, and produced by a sacristan at the ringing of a bell. Can these be genuine? There happened to be near us during the observance of the ceremony two Irish Roman Catholic priests, who evidently regarded them with great reverence, and who, with the rest of the congregation, fell upon their knees as each in succession appeared. Their reply to my inquiries respecting the authenticity of these relics was, that "they believed most implicitly in the reality of those in St. Peter's, as most conclusive evidence could be produced to support their authenticity; but with regard to those exhibited at other churches, they could express no opinion, being entirely unac-

quainted with their history." What was passing in the minds of these men during the time they were on their knees—whether their adoration was directed to the relics themselves, or rather to the forcible recollection produced by them of the death and sufferings of our Saviour—is known to themselves alone.

The costly and gorgeous raiment of the priests is in keeping with the internal display of the temple in which they perform their sacred office. No high priest in the days of Solomon could have appeared in more splendid attire than that in which the Pope occasionally officiates. We had a full opportunity of examining the wardrobe of his Holiness, in the vestry of the Sistine Chapel, when several of his scarfs seemed to excite the envy of some of the ladies of our party. The triple crown was also exhibited, which, like all other crowns, is more adapted for admiration than for wear.

Few parts of the system of policy adopted by the Church of Rome is less generally understood than the power belonging to the office of the sovereign Pontiff; a degree of despotism is generally attached to it, from which it is entirely free. The power of the Pope is doubtless great; but the system adopted at his election goes far to insure that this authority shall be exercised by no improper hand. Chosen by the seventy car-

dinals from their own body, his character must be well-known to his electors; while the various impediments which exist to disqualify persons from holding the office are an additional check to its abuse. Even after election, his power is not autocratic; the cardinals who constitute his privy council are, in fact, the real government. All the decisions of the Pope, with regard to ecclesiastical matters, are invariably made in consultation with the cardinals; while things of minor importance are regulated by the numerous congregations, over each of which a cardinal presides; nor are instances wanting of transactions occurring in Rome which are in direct opposition to the opinion of the Pontiff; so that all those proceedings which have emanated from the Papal Court, and which have caused so much disturbance and contention, are not to be laid solely to his charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE—TERNI—TRASIMENUS—PITTI PALACE—GALLERY—VENUS—MUSEO FISICO—DUOMO—MODERN SCULPTURE—FIESOLI—PIETRADURA—SPEZZERIA—GRAND DUKE—MEN OF SCIENCE BORN AT FLORENCE.

THE distance from Rome to Florence is six days' work for a vetturino. The time consumed in this journey of less than two hundred miles, seems rather absurd in these days of rapid locomotion, and many might possibly feel considerable disgust at the prospect of such a snail-like expedition; this is, however, entirely an affair of the mind. The man of business has only to ensconce himself in the diligence to escape the ennui of such a proceeding; and the idle man who may fancy himself in a hurry (a delusion he is frequently affected with) can order his posters and gallop through the picturesque—he will then have ample time to transact all the real business he has

to do when arrived at his journey's end, which is seldom more than to pare his nails, and look out of the window.

No day could be finer, or more enjoyable than that on which we took leave of Rome. The road to Civita Castellana, our first day's work, had not much to recommend it in a picturesque point of view, till we approached that town, where a rivulet, rushing amid rocks of an abrupt and precipitous character, formed an agreeable feature in a country generally dreary and monotonous. Our drive on the following morning was a vast improvement in point of scenery. The country in the neighbourhood of Narni is a very good specimen of Italian landscape, which, though seldom able to boast of the sublime, possesses the beautiful in an eminent degree; and perhaps, after all, that style of scenery is the most generally pleasing. A rich extensive plain, with water and foliage, properly disposed calls to its aid the idea of comfort and habitableness, of which rocks and mountains are wholly devoid. I can imagine few drives more delightful than the nine miles from Narni to Terni, throughout which

> "a sweet interchange
> Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,"

exhibits Nature in her choicest garb. From motives of security, most of the villages are happily placed, being built upon elevated spots; and thus

one house rising above another, breaks all uniformity of outline. We reached Terni just in time to explore the Cascade before sunset. Sketches and descriptions have rendered this celebrated Fall so familiar, that any attempt of that kind would be a tedious and unnecessary repetition. Like that at Tivoli, it is artificial; and I was much struck with the resemblance which the stratum forming the bed of this river bears to that over which the Anio flows—the same honey-combed appearance being perceptible in several places. Here, however, there are no houses to be washed away; so the river may, if it pleases, alter its course to its own taste, without causing much injury to property. The Fall owes its chief beauty to the irregularity of its leaps rather than to the body of water, which appeared less in volume than that of the Cascade at Tivoli. An excursion to Terni affords a fine field for the exercise of patience and philosophy. A swarm of beggars besets you from the first moment of your arrival within sight of the place. Take whatever course you may, you can get no respite. The crowd is so inexhaustible, that to purchase peace from each individual by a bribe, would be an impossibility; and even could you succeed in buying off this nuisance, then come the owners of donkeys, who, on your declining to mount their wretched beasts, follow you so closely, that a stumble on

your part will, in all probability, bring the donkey upon your heels, before you are able to recover yourself. All this is sorely against contemplation, and there appears no remedy, unless you could adopt the disguise of a gens-d'armes, or some other official, whose appearance would put the whole multitude to flight with a speed considerably quickened at the prospect of confinement in one of their loathsome prisons.

Our route lay through Spoleto to Foligno. It was to commemorate the preservation of the latter town from injury during a terrific thunder-storm, that Raphael produced his exquisite easel picture, known as the Madonna di Foligno—the most beautiful, in our opinion, of any of his works. Our host at Foligno appeared to be a bit of a naturalist. The principal ornament of his "*sala*" being a stuffed donkey—the only instance of the animal being handed down to posterity in that form which I ever saw. Our children were much taken with this specimen of zoology, which in their minds formed one of the principal circumstances between Rome and Florence.

On the following day we passed through Perugia. The approach to the town is so steep that we required the assistance of oxen to bring us into the suburbs. These animals are invaluable when a hill is to be climbed with a heavy load—the pace is slow, almost a creep; but in a case of

difficulty, the confidence their immense power inspires fully makes up for their want of speed. Many of the hills which we had to surmount suggested the truth of Lord Eldon's favourite motto: "*Sat cito, si sat bené.*"

Few situations can be more commanding than Perugia—so thought Hannibal, and declined having anything to do with it. We halted at night on the borders of the Trasimenus; which, in addition to its beautiful scenery, has the interest attached to it of having been the scene of Hannibal's victory over Flaminius, who, in placing his troops on a plain, surrounded by mountains and an unfordable lake, gave little proof of his skill in the art of war. The best rooms in our hotel were unfortunately undergoing repairs; and the plastering having just arrived at that intermediate state which exhibits an ornamental diamond pattern, the sure indication of moisture, did not hold out the most comfortable prospect, so we preferred taking up our quarters in a less distinguished part of the building, which had remained undisturbed. The landlord spoke highly of the fish of the lake, and gave us some delicious eels, served up in an envelope of bay leaves, which fully answered his eulogium.

At a few miles' distance from the Trasimenus, we crossed the Papal frontier, and entered the Grand Duke's territory. Here our baggage un-

derwent a formal examination; but the usual fee was sufficient to prevent any annoyance; in fact, a dollar may be set down as the established price for civility at a Dogana. A manifest change was apparent both in the country and people. The scenery did not strike us as so fine as that through which we had hitherto passed; but the people looked cleaner and better fed, and there is certainly a show of greater neatness in their dwellings than is generally apparent on the states of the Pope. Our sleeping place at Rimaggio must, however, stand as an exception; and we were delighted to escape from its abominations at an early hour the following morning, which enabled us to reach Florence in the afternoon. The doganiere at the gate presented so important an appearance in his handsome uniform, that I felt considerable hesitation as to the person who was to receive the bribe. My doubts, however, were soon removed by the gentleman himself, who, seeing my uncertainty, addressed me with "Qui Signore, qui," and thus at once relieved me from all embarrassment.

Our journey was on the whole prosperous, though, like most others, it had a few little *contre temps* to relieve its monotony. On one occasion our leader thought proper to turn suddenly round, and peep through the window, and the snapping of the pole was the result of his curiosity; and on

another, a trace broke on ascending a hill, which caused a retrograde movement; but, another party following closely in our rear, were induced, in their own defence, to exert themselves in arresting our backward descent. The terms of agreement with our vetturino, allowing for the difference in point of distance, were, in every respect, much in the same proportion as on our previous journey from Naples to Rome.

Our first impressions of Florence were most unequivocally in its favour; indeed, I know no place which won so instantly our unqualified approval. A stroll on the Lungo l'Arno on an evening, such as that which welcomed our arrival, few could fail to enjoy; the handsome buildings running parallel with the river on either side, and the reflection of the bridges in the water, with a distant view of the country, formed a most agreeable union of nature and art.

As at most other places, statues and paintings are the chief attraction. The Pitti Palace can certainly boast of one of the finest collections in the world. Raphael, Rubens, Coreggio, and Salvator Rosa, are of themselves sufficient to establish the character of this gallery. The paintings appear to be in much better preservation than many of those in the galleries at Rome. Whether this is owing to care alone, or whether judicious restoring has given a helping hand, the result is

decidedly satisfactory; for really in some cases, damp, neglect, and ill-usage, have left such melancholy traces of their ravages, that the picture has become little better than a wreck, valuable only from its being an original, and therefore a curiosity, but very imperfect as a work of art.

Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican are an example of what time alone can do, and though in a very superior state to the Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, which may be now pronounced almost extinct, are still in a very different condition to what Raphael must have hoped they would have been in the nineteenth century. The two fine marine pieces, by Salvator, in the first room in the Pitti collection, are an exhibition in themselves; these, with two large battle pieces, are proofs of his power of excelling in subjects as opposed to each other as bustle and repose can well be. He certainly was fully alive to the powerful effect of poetry in composition—a quality so rarely met with in modern artists. Our landscape painters, even the most eminent, are chiefly representers of natural scenery, which, though beautiful in itself, when reduced to canvass, requires an imaginative effort to give that charm which taste and skill can alone impart. Nature gives materials, but genius is required to work them up, and give them pictorial effect. Turner's reply, after all, was not so absurd as it might at first have appeared to be—who, on a

person admiring his picture, but lamenting it was not a little more like Nature, said: "Don't you think it's a pity Nature is not a little more like this?" It is no easy matter to define clearly what is meant by the poetry of composition. Let, however, a person look at even the print of Salvator's John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, he will then have an explanation before his eyes far better than any which words can convey —here, without any palpable exaggeration or approach to *outrè*, all parts of the composition, from the figures down to the foliage and other minuter objects, show the imaginative effort of the painter to render every part of his work in keeping with the subject.

The Madonna della Seggiola is a charming picture. Raphael has indulged in gayer colours in this than are generally visible in his other paintings of the same subject; but the expression of meekness and feminine delicacy in the features of the mother silences all criticism at once.

So much for pictures for the present.—I do not admire the gloomy architecture of the old Tuscan school. Its massiveness is something extraordinary. I had fully intended taking the dimensions of one or two blocks in the Duke's Palace; they are enormous. The general effect, however, is what the French would style *triste*,

and I confess put me a little in mind of the front of Newgate.

The gardens belonging to the Pitti Palace are of considerable extent, and are laid out in the old style, abounding with fountains and statues. Why some of the latter decorations should be covered with a coat of lead colour, does not seem clear. The poor figures have the appearance of being martyrs to cholera.

The Fabbrica degli Ufizi is the "Gallery" of Florence; there rests the goddess before whom

> "We stand, and in that form and face behold
> What mind can make when Nature's self would fail."

There she lives in marble, the emblem of purity, modesty, and innocence, far more pure, far more modest, and far more innocent than her sea-born prototype. Everything must have certain limits; and where grace, elegance, and beauty are fully displayed, as they are in the Venus, then design may be said to have reached its ultimate perfection. I do not admire the taste which has decided upon the position she occupies in the gallery: forming part of a circle of statues, she is placed in an apartment whose walls are hung with paintings, and among them are two immense pictures by Titian, in which the Goddess of Love is depicted with a warmth of colouring, and a truth to nature, which sets all decency at defiance. These not only distract the attention from the

statue, but also engender a feeling of disgust at the idea of anything approaching to sensuality being permitted to venture into its presence. How much better is the arrangement in the Vatican, where the Apollo, and the other *chefs-d'œuvres*, have each a cabinet allotted to themselves! The Venus, like other treasures of antiquity, has met with her disasters. She was discovered with both arms broken, and the person who mended the fractured limbs deserves no thanks for his surgical skill; they are very badly restored, and I suppose it is too late to remedy the defect. The other three statues, the companions of the Venus—the Wrestlers, the Apollino, and the Slave—are all excellent specimens. This gallery possesses also a first-rate bronze, of modern date, the Mercury of Giovanni di Bologna—"the Flying Mercury;" it really seems to tread on air—in fact, "to fly." I should think it may be pronounced the finest bronze in the world.

The great difficulty of design is undoubtedly to avoid caricature, and of this rare quality the antique statues are examples. Indefatigable in the study of Nature, the Greek sculptors discovered that, in the display of her perfections, she seldom if ever united them in one individual alone. It remained for them to collect those scattered beauties, and by a judicious union of the parts, to create a perfect ideal form. Hence those

triumphs of art; the Apollo and the Venus, which yet remain the models for modern sculptors; and had former artists kept them more constantly in view, those studied attitudes, apparent even in the works of some of the first masters, would most probably have been avoided. It is disappointing to find such men as Guido and Michael Angelo not entirely free from this error, of which the Michael and Satan of the former, and the statue of Christ in the Church of Santa Maria at Rome, may be quoted as examples. Poussin did not allow even Raphael to be an exception, of whom he is reported to have said, "That among the moderns he was an angel; but when compared with the ancients, he was an ass." This may be going too far, yet the generally recognised opinion of the superior beauty of the ancient sculpture is manifest even in some of our commonest expressions. A fine man is compared to the Apollo, and a beautiful woman to the Venus, but you never hear a simple conversion of the comparison; thus clearly establishing that perfection exists in ideal beauty alone. Among the pictures in this gallery are some of the best specimens of Coreggio, Titian, and Carlo Dolci. The Duke of Urbino, by Titian, is the beau ideal of a portrait. He was a capital subject, and the artist has done him justice. This picture, and the Flora, also by Titian, were surrounded by copyers.

—Among those of the Flemish school is the head of an old man, with a fur cap, by Denner—one of the most highly finished works I ever saw.

The admirers of Carlo Dolci should not omit a visit to the Corsini Palace. Here are no fewer than twelve paintings by that master in one room. Like some other artists, he has given to the world too many editions of the same face. His wife was generally his model; and being a beautiful woman, I suppose he thought he might go far and fare worse in his search for a Madonna. Among all his highly finished productions, I give the preference to that lovely picture at Blenheim, not even excepting the one in the Borghese collection at Rome.

A long morning was devoted to the Museo Fisico, which, among its other curiosities, contains one of the most extraordinary and extensive collections of preparations in wax. Madame Tussand, with all her finery, and all her horrors, must here hide her diminished head. Several rooms are full of anatomical preparations in wax, exhibiting the human body dissected and jointed in every possible shape. You may almost fancy yourself walking through a set of butchers' shambles. It requires, of course, a knowledge of anatomy to form an opinion of the merit of these preparations; and a most unequivocal one has been given by Sir Astley Cooper, who expressed himself as being

perfectly astonished at their accuracy. Each preparation is under a glass shade, which prevents their being touched—the only test at all likely to undeceive a spectator unacquainted with the deception. One room contains a representation of the plague—awful to look at though in miniature; were it like the rest, of the natural size, the sight would be too horrible. This apartment is kept locked, and the custode, under whose care it is placed, informs strangers of the nature of its contents previous to their entering, that they may not be taken by surprise.

Equally wonderful, and far more pleasing, are the imitations of plants. You may fancy yourself in a conservatory surrounded by beautiful flowers in bloom. One specimen of a fuschia in blossom almost deceived us, in spite of our being prepared to detect the real material of which it was composed. The fungi are imitated with similar accuracy, Part of this museum is devoted to ornithology, zoology, and other branches of natural history.

Attached to the museum is an observatory, the scene of Galileo's labours. Poor man, he had to thank anything rather than "his stars" for all the good which befell him in this life. The Inquisition, though it made him eat his words, was unable to stifle his conviction that Copernicus was right. Had he been condemned to death,

his last words would have been—"E pure si muove."

Though in the Churches at Florence, as in other Roman Catholic towns, attention has been paid to decoration, yet, compared with those at Rome or Naples, the outward show is on a very limited scale. In one or two chapels—that of the Medici, for example—the marbles are fine; but the generality of churches gave to us, just fresh from Rome, almost an idea of meagreness as to ornament. The Duomo is cased all over with black and white marble, which even at first, when unsoiled by damp and weather, must have had rather an extraordinary and doubtful effect, and it now gives an idea of the whole edifice being constructed of inlaid wood-work; so that an immense outlay might have been saved without detracting from the appearance of the cathedral. The Campanile is a singularly elegant building; but to what style of architecture it belongs I do not pretend to say, as the architect appears to have helped himself to every order with the greatest impartiality.

The Baptistery, which completes this singular architectural group, recalled to our minds the Pantheon; the foliage, in bronze, encircling its celebrated gates, is a beautiful piece of workmanship.

Among the sculptors residing at Florence, a

young artist of the name of Duprez has created a great sensation. He has executed a figure representing Abel after death. The Grand Duke was so surprised at the extraordinary talent displayed by so young a man, that, to convince himself of the sculptor's merit, he gave him an order to execute a figure of Cain, descriptive of the anguish and despair consequent upon the Almighty's curse. His Abel is so true to nature, that I should imagine he must have modelled the figure from a corpse. Duprez is evidently a natural genius; he is reported as being a poor workman of such slender means, that when employed about the work to which I have alluded, he made a stable serve as his studio, being too poor to rent any other tenement.

Power, the American, ranks in the first class of sculptors. He had just finished two beautiful figures—a Grecian slave, and Eve hesitating previous to tasting the forbidden fruit. Both these belong to the Venus school, and possess much of the beauty and delicacy of that charming statue; but whether the Americans will be able to look at them undraped is another affair. On my venturing an observation upon the probability of an objection being raised on the other side of the Atlantic, he said, that he "trusted that his countrymen would, at all events, see the absurdity of clothing our first parents, and thus be reconciled

to what they would, under other circumstances, consider an unpardonable outrage. At his studio we were shown busts of all the great American heroes; and such a set of hard-featured, long-headed fellows I never witnessed. General Jackson, the whipper of the Britishers, is the most extraordinary-looking being that ever was "raised." He might have been a very good sort of man, but his bust gives evidence of anything but a pleasing cast of countenance. We were much gratified by our visit to Mr. Power, one of the most courteous and gentlemanly Americans we had yet had the pleasure of meeting, and like all other men of real genius, perfectly modest and unassuming.

The neighbourhood of Florence abounds in walks and rides of lengths suitable to all constitutions; and the ground rising in several directions round the town, affords many picturesque views. The road to Fæsoli, during the spring, is most enjoyable; independent of its natural scenery, you pass through an atmosphere fragrant with the perfume of roses and other flowers. The fashionable promenade for pedestrians and carriages, in fact, "the park," is in the grounds belonging to the Cascini, where fetes are occasionally given. The building in which they are held has little to recommend it externally; what its interior may be we had no opportunity of judging. Here, as in the streets, you are beset by flower

girls, who, on refusing to purchase their bouquets, throw them into the carriage, or push them into your hand; and unless they are paid for on delivery, you may expect a bill brought in previous to your departure, denoting a most profligate expenditure in roses, lilies, and violets; and you have little chance of giving them the slip, as all the necessary information is extracted from your courier or vetturino.

Madam de Stael, in speaking of the Florentines, says, "They spend their mornings in lounging on the Lungo l'Arno, and their evenings in asking each other whether they have been there." This is no compliment to their intellectual propensities, which, I dare say, after all, are much on a par with those of other people who live under a blazing summer's sun. A lounge, or a drive, with a wind-up at an ice-shop, are, during the hot months, no despicable recreations, and may be considered as a very tolerable average day's work.

Florence, like Rome, has its own peculiar depositories for loose cash. While at the latter place marbles, bronzes, cameos, and mosaics lighten the purse considerably, it is reserved for Florence to clean it out entirely by means of straw bonnets, alabasters, and ornaments in pietra dura. Bonnets and alabasters may be indulged in to a moderate extent without any serious damage; but the Florentine mosaic, or

"pietra dura," is bankruptcy itself. The materials employed in this workmanship are chiefly pieces of very costly marbles and precious stones. Their effect, when arranged to imitate flowers, is very beautiful; and we saw brooches, and drawing-room tables which exhibited most tempting specimens of the art. The pietra dura is a grand improvement upon the Roman mosaic, which always looks like what it really is—an infinity of small stones stuck together; whereas this gives you the idea of an exquisitely painted flower. Among the best imitations of Nature was a lily of the valley, which resembled a water-colour drawing. Some idea may be formed of the expense of the style of work, by the fact of a table now standing in the gallery costing 40,000 sequins—just about £18,000!!! The alabasters are very pretty, and reasonable in price; though few are to be found which can be called exact copies of the different statues. The action and even figure of the original is imitated pretty successfully, but the features and expression are generally a failure. They will do very well to show to your friends at home as the Apollo and the Venus, but they will not deceive yourself who have seen the originals.

May 21*st*.—Drove to the Spezzeria of the Convent of Santa Maria Novella. Here the monks have an extensive laboratory and distillery, where the rich may be supplied with perfumes and the

poor with physic. The bottles in which some of their preparations are sold are about the size of an ordinary thimble, and require an equal share of judgment and force to open them.

The Grand Duke lives in all the state to which his title can lay claim. Our window commanded the street down which his equipage generally passed, and a very splendid turn out it is. It put me very much in mind of some of the prints in old histories of counties. The children never went out airing with less than six horses, and two or three outriders, bedizened with gold lace and every description of trapping, not forgetting long jack boots. The present monarch, which, I conclude, the Grand Duke is, to the full extent of the word, seems very popular. His policy is certainly of a much more liberal character than that of either the Pope or the King of Naples, who, by their decided opposition to all societies of the "savans," appear to consider literature and rebellion as synonymous terms.* His duties on English goods are very trifling, compared to those levied at either Naples or Rome, where, on some articles, they almost amount to a prohibition. This, of course, influences considerably the expense of living at these different places. House rent, provisions, and clothing, are here all to be obtained

* The Neapolitan Government have withdrawn their opposition to scientific meetings.

on very reasonable terms. At this season, which at Florence is the choice part of the year, as far as climate is concerned, very good lodgings for a small family may be procured for about eight pounds per month, which at either of the other capitals could not be had under twelve or fourteen. The town itself is too hot for the summer, but many situations may be found in the country not at all uncomfortably warm. Everything, including education, is obtained at Florence on terms so much more moderate than in England, that in the case of a large family with small means, absenteeism ought not to be considered a crime. Single men living abroad should be shown no mercy; but let families, in which children are plentiful and guineas scarce, be allowed every indulgence.

Tuscany has distinguished itself above other Italian States as the nursery of men of science. Painting, poetry, history, architecture, philosophy, and mathematics, have all found their several eminent professors; and that their talents have been duly appreciated by their countrymen a visit to the Church of Santa Croce will show; where, among the numerous monuments contained in that building, those bearing the names of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, and Machiavelli, stand forth as handsome tributes erected to the memory of departed genius.

CHAPTER IX.

APENNINES—BOLOGNA—FERRARA—APPROACH TO VENICE — ACADEMIA — ST. MARK'S PLACE — DUOMO—DUCAL PALACE—GONDOLAS—REGATTA —PADUA—VICENZA—VERONA—LAGO DI GARDA —MILAN—CATHEDRAL—PICTURES—LIBRARY— NAPOLEON — COMO—LAGO MAGGIORE—BORROMEAN ISLANDS—SIMPLON.

VENICE was now our destination. The vetturino who conveyed us from Rome being at the time disengaged, we gave him the preference, as an old acquaintance, and arranged matters for our journey; so that when the same carriage, horses, and man, drove to my door, I could almost fancy myself the proprietor of the whole "turn out." The first day's drive from Florence to Bologna requires a large share of patience, and a strong team. The Apennines are to be crossed, and extra horses are necessary throughout the greater

part of the ascent. This road in winter must be perishing; even in May the wind, as we approached the summit, was extremely cold, and blew great guns. The Grand Duke has built a wall on the most exposed part, as a protection against the violent gusts, by which carriages have frequently been overturned. We slept at an inn in the middle of the mountains, which, perhaps, some years ago, might have suggested the idea of banditti; but as there were no fewer than six parties besides our own in the house, we felt little alarm on that score. The Apennines on the Florence side are unmarked by any peculiar feature. They are not unlike a great part of the Welsh hills, and put me much in mind of the road from Rhayder to Aberystwith. The descent on the side towards Bologna is of a character more rocky and precipitous.

A post-boy, who drove the leaders which assisted us during part of the ascent, exhibited more enthusiasm than prudence, and seemed fully bent upon breaking our necks. No sooner did a carriage appear in sight than his spirit of emulation became roused, and whip and spur were in full employ. A gallop on plain ground was merely a little excitement; but in descending a steep pitch, the affair became serious. However, the quality of the surface never seemed to enter the calculations of this youth, who turned a deaf ear

to the united remonstrances of myself and the vetturino. We at last became alarmed, and only succeeded in checking his headlong career by threatening to cut the traces, and turn the lad and his horses adrift without a sous. Our subsequent inquiries showed ample cause for the fellow's eccentricities. The man was mad! Had an accident occurred, the consolation afforded to the survivors, by a knowledge of this fact, would have been much of the same description as that felt by my uncle Toby, who was told by the surgeon, "that the injury he received from his wound was more owing to the gravity of the stone itself than to the projectile force of it, which," he would often remark, "was a great happiness."

Our second day's journey brought us to Bologna. Here we were to remain two clear days, during which period we were not idle. Before three o'clock P.M., of the first, we had "done" three churches, two galleries, and a museum. Our appetite for paintings, from a succession of visits to gallery after gallery, at length began to flag, and many which deserved a patient study, met with a very unworthy examination; sufficient, however, to convince us that the Academia delle Belle Arte contains a first-rate collection, among which are some of the finest specimens of Guido Reni. On the following day a grand pro-

cession took place, in honour of San Petronio, in which the head of the saint was paraded through the town, and on returning to the church, "it" (*i.e.*, the head) pronounced a benediction upon the people. The town of Bologna is, of itself, worth seeing: almost every street has its colonnade on each side, the effect of which is very picturesque, while it renders the inhabitants independent of both sun and rain. I cannot say much for the tower, which, from its inclined tendency, may be a curiosity, but can have no pretension to anything like elegance. In fact, I don't hesitate to call it an ugly, ill-contrived mass of brickwork, the toppling down of which would be a grand improvement to the general appearance of the place.

Ferrara was our next halt. Here are Tasso's cell and Ariosto's inkstand. The former is considerably altered since the poet's days, when we were told it was a tolerably comfortable study, furnished with a sash window. That, however, has now disappeared, and in its present state it is very well adapted for a felon.

The Po and the Adige are crossed on "pons volants." There is little difference in the character of either of these rivers. The Po has the advantage in point of size; but low banks, muddy water, and uninteresting scenery are common to both.

After a long and tedious day, during which we were jolted over upwards of thirty miles of execrable pavé, we arrived at Padua, once the "alma mater" of the learning and genius of Italy. On the day following we proceeded to Mestrè, where we embarked, and floating down to Venice, established ourselves at the Hotel d'Italie.

The approach from Mestrè fails entirely in conveying a true idea of the insular position of Venice, which appears to rest on a projecting tongue of land; the best, indeed the only good point of view which commands the whole town, is the summit of the Campanile in St. Mark's Square.

The site on which the city is built is a portion of what has been described as a great mud estuary—the deposit brought down by the Po, Adige, Brenta, and other rivers, as they find their way to the Adriatic. This immense bed of sand and mud extends for upwards of twenty miles, and is covered with water scarcely more than two feet in depth. In those parts alone where the rivers have cut their channels, or where artificial means have been employed, is there sufficient depth for navigation; so that an accurate knowledge of the position of these channels is essential for piloting a vessel of any size. Various small islets are scattered over the lagoon, the soil of which is tolerably firm. On se-

veral of these the Venetians have erected their apparently floating city, and

> . . . . . "like the water-fowl,
> Have built their nests upon the ocean waves."

Art is now busy in converting the island into a peninsula. Piers are already constructed in the sea, over which a railroad is to be carried, and thus form a connection with the mainland, bringing Padua within an hour of the floating city. The true lovers of the romantic consider this a most barbarous intrusion.

To glide smoothly and without noise over the unruffled surface of a canal, after five days' jolting in a carriage, is doubtless an agreeable change, and yet the charm of this mode of locomotion does not last long. There is something overpowering in the silence of Venice which soon causes a reaction. There is no lack of movement or traffic, it is true; but this ghost-like activity, this constant noiseless going to and fro, appears unnatural, and eventually induces a kind of dreamy listlessness, if not positive depression, which nothing but a good bustle will shake off. Poetry has done her due to Venice. She has painted her as beautiful, and with justice. All must admire her as a picture; but few could, I think, be so enamoured of her fair towers as to desire to pass their days in such a sepulchral calm.

The gondola has been peculiarly the poets'

bark; and perhaps it may be deemed profanation to say anything in its disparagement; but I confess that my first trip on the Adriatic did not realize the fascinations which have been so often set forth in verse. To see the town, boxed up in a covered machine of this description, is a perfect farce; you would have almost equal opportunity for observation floating in a water cask, and peering through the bung-hole, to say nothing of the discomfort of your prison, the roof of which is too low to permit you to sit upright. A gondola may do very well for invalids, who are obliged to observe a recumbent posture; or still better for a corpse, to which it is eminently suited —its external appearance being a *fac simile* of a floating hearse. I am afraid I outraged decency in preferring an outside place in the bow of the boat. Had I not done so, I could have benefited little by my cruise in gaining any knowledge of the place; and whether I floated in this kind of semi-obscurity along the Grand Canal or the Grand Junction, I should in either case have been equally edified.

Palaces and churches are, as usual, to be explored; though, as regards the latter, visitors have been spared much trouble by the French, who destroyed no fewer than three hundred, among which were some very fine buildings; there are, however, plenty remaining to satisfy any

ordinary appetite. The Academia contains the principal gallery of paintings. Here Titian appears in all his glory. A Presentation and an Assumption by him in this collection were more to our taste than any other specimen of that master. But where are all Canaletti's works? His paintings appear to decorate all galleries, save those of his own favourite Venice. At Naples, one room alone in the Museo contains no fewer than twelve, while only two are to be seen in the Academia. Some may probably be found in private collections, but he appears certainly to have been either sold or discarded by the public.

The architectural boast of Venice is the Piazza of St. Mark. Emerging from one of the narrow alleys (the only streets in the town), the appearance of the square is most striking—it possesses so many essentials necessary to grandeur. Its buildings are rich and massive, its projections bold; and though in parts highly ornamented, the decorations do nothing more than assist the general effect, without assuming too prominent a part in the design. In building the Church of St. Mark, the Venetians seem not only to have brought a great portion of the decorations, but also of the style, from Constantinople. A great part of the plunder of the Mosque of Sta Sofia has ornamented this cathedral. The floor is a mass of agates, lapis lázuli, jaspers, and other

precious stones; and they show you four columns of Oriental alabaster, which they tell you once belonged to Solomon's Temple.

This church has had its detractors, who have pronounced its interior as too dark and gloomy for a Christian place of worship; but critics have differed on this as on most other matters. One writer says, "There is no wonder in Venice superior to the Church of St. Mark. Canaletti may show you what it is without, but a Rembrandt only could give you an idea of its interior."

The transporting the bones of St. Mark from Alexandria required some little manœuvring. Their power of working miracles was so thoroughly believed by the people, that they were obliged to smuggle away the remains of the saint in a hamper of pork chops!! The religious horror entertained by the Mussulman of the unclean animal proved a sufficient protection against any prying curiosity attending the embarkation of the relics; and they were no sooner on board than they were wrapped up in a sail-cloth, and hoisted into the shrouds, where they were safe from any further scrutiny.

The bronze horses are very unlike the present breed of that animal; and even Pr. Winkelman, their admirer, must have had some difficulty in discovering their good points. These creatures, however, notwithstanding their deformity, have

always been much coveted. Augustus, after his victory over Anthony, took them from Alexandria to Rome, where they decorated several triumphal arches in succession. Constantine then transported them to Constantinople, from whence they were whipped off by Dandolo to Venice. Napoleon then took them on a short excursion to Paris, and they were finally restored by the English to their present position.

The Ducal Palace, even in its present state, conveys some idea of the splendour and magnificence of by-gone days. Here are pictures again, and splendid ones too. Queen Catherine resigning the crown of Cyprus to the Doge, is the only Paul Veronese which ever gave me much pleasure—the best criterion, after all, of merit existing in the art. Study may be necessary to understand its principles, but to judge of its results, a correct taste is of itself sufficient, even though no opportunity may have occurred of witnessing either "the grace of Raphael, the purity of Domenichino, or the Coreggiescity of Coreggio," and other qualities, existing in the vocabularies of picture dealers and critics. As Mr. Shandy says, "of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." The ceilings in several of the apartments are beautifully painted, and well worth

studying by those who do not fear spinal dislocations.

The pictures of the Doges in their ducal robes bring to recollection the palmy days of the sea-girt kingdom. The energy and courage which gave birth to this powerful and extraordinary republic, has been equalled only by the apathy and cowardice which characterized its fall. It yielded to a force of little more than five thousand men, who entered and took possession of the city without any opposition; in fact, the facility of the conquest astonished the French admiral himself, and

> . . . . . "Venice, lost and won,
> Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
> Sinks, like a sea-weed into whence she rose."

To accept the office of Doge required no ordinary resolution. Out of the first thirty-nine of those functionaries, four were assassinated, eight deposed, several of whom had their eyes put out, and five chose rather to quit their posts than run the risk of such treatment.

Crossing the Bridge of Sighs, we explored the state dungeons, which, for damp and darkness, will match any other prisons in the world; and being visited by us just fresh from the Palace, had all the benefit which could be given by contrast.

Wherever the French established themselves, gardens and promenades were among their first

improvements. We embarked this morning in a gondola, to see the horticultural attempt made by Napoleon at Venice. A gondola in a canal is bad enough, but in an open sea, with a head wind, and one gondolier only, is a truly lamentable machine. After drifting and wriggling about for a considerable time, we at last effected a landing, and discovered that there was little or nothing to repay us for our trouble. A small islet has been planted with forest trees and shrubs, among which is a promenade. The affair has been managed as well as the situation would permit; but the field is too confined to allow of any great display of taste.

The Grand Canal and the Piazza di San Marco are the real boasts of Venice. Both are unique and magnificent; but once diverge from either into the small canals, or the confined alleys, and mouths of sewers, floating cabbage stocks, and noisome effluvia, soon put an end to your poetry and romance.

A regatta of gondolas was about to take place, which, like other fêtes, had attracted hosts of people. It proved one of the gayest spectacles we had hitherto seen. Every gondola in Venice was in motion, freighted with its population in their holy-day attire. Galleys, with their crews in fancy costumes, received cheers, as they passed in procession through the floating masses, in admi-

ration of their brilliant display. Tyrolese, Greeks, Venetians, and Highlanders, had each their separate boats, which, covering the surface of the water with every variety of tint, resembled a superb, gigantic carpet, woven in every form and hue of the kaleidoscope, extended across the Grand Canal. The scene was altogether bright, glittering, and festive; and the costly draperies of crimson damask, flowing gracefully from the balconies on either side, completed this gay and sparkling picture, which reminded us of the rich and gorgeous productions of the old masters of the Venetian school. The racing gondolas were built on as diminutive a scale as a boat intended to contain two full-grown men could well be constructed—about the size of an Oxford skiff, made more in the shape of a canoe. Their dimensions appeared so Lilliputian, that the gondoliers bore to their gondolas much the same proportion as the fishermen bear to their boats in Raphael's cartoon. The prizes were somewhat of the same class as those contended for at a wake, where sacks are jumped in and greasy poles climbed. One was a pig, who seemed quite alive to the festivities, and in a fit of enthusiasm escaped from his thraldom, and jumped into the canal, causing shouts of laughter and merriment from thousands who, on an ordinary occasion, would have witnessed a similar porcine prank with muscles

undisturbed. So much for time and opportunity, which now favoured the animal. The whole festa went off well, nor did anything occur in the way of either brawls or stilettoes.

We quitted Venice with our old vetturino, who was to land us at Milan, and cater for us *en route* for sixteen Napoleons, and we now had that confidence in each other that no written agreement was thought necessary on either part—a greater compliment, I fancy, than is usually paid to vetturini. A custom-house officer is to be bribed on leaving Venice. The port always having been free, the Austrian Government, with an appearance of lenity, have compromised matters, by permitting articles to enter without duty, and levying a tax upon exports. On approaching the Dogana, our boatmen were occupied most zealously in the praiseworthy attempt to defraud their own Government. Their pockets appeared to possess the same capacity for stowage as those of a clown in a pantomime. Innumerable packets of sugar vanished into temporary concealment, causing their persons to exhibit such palpable protuberances that a mere tyro in the custom-house could not have failed, had he been inclined, in detecting the smuggler.

We arrived at Padua sufficiently early to make a "*piccolo giro*" of the town. At the Palazzo Papavere we were shown a most curious piece of

sculpture, representing the expulsion of the angels from heaven. This work of art contains no less than sixty figures, all sculptured from a single block. The angels appear to be turning and twisting in every imaginable attitude, and present a most mysterious confusion of legs and arms.

The following day, on passing through Vicenza, we saw the Olympic theatre, built by Palladio—a close imitation of antiquity, little calculated for the modern drama. Our quarters at night were very uncomfortable. We had made a grand mistake in our division of the plains of Lombardy; Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Brescia, are the only places, with the exception of the village on the Lago di Garda, in which any decent accommodation can be found. By remaining the first night at Padua, we got out of the regular train. Vicenza was too near, and Verona too distant for our next day's progress. The amphitheatre at Verona is in better preservation than most others in Italy; its seats remain nearly perfect, and serve as a key to the interior of the Colosseum.

Like all other travellers, our interest in poor Juliet took us to her tomb, where we anticipated a sequestered spot characterized by a cypress or a weeping willow. I will not explain our disgust at being shown into a garden-shed, where, among rakes, spades, and rubbish, lay what appeared to be a stone cistern usually placed as a receiver un-

der a pump; and this was the tomb of one of the Capulets! May the shade of Shakespear remain in blissful ignorance of the profanation! We slept at Dessenzano, on the Lago di Garda—a charming spot. The Alps descend to the water's edge. In this neighbourhood a change of dialect is perceptible; *c* being often pronounced as *s* instead of *ch*.

The next night at "Calze" was one in our catalogue of horrors. Throughout Lombardy the propagation of the silkworm appears to be the predominant idea; and to this creature's comfort, cleanliness and health are comparatively secondary considerations. The best rooms in our hotel were given up to the cocoons, which were swept out for our accommodation; and the stench proceeding from these insect nurseries, no attempts at ventilation could remove.

We reached Milan early in the afternoon of the fifth day's journey, and quartered ourselves at the Croce di Malta—a most comfortable and reasonable hotel, where we were favoured with that triumph of culinary skill, the "Cotelette Milanaise," the fame of which production has rendered notorious the cuisines of this capital.

As far as country is concerned, excepting the immediate neighbourhood of the Lago di Garda, the whole journey from Venice showed little variety. The poor mulberry trees, stripped of their

leaves, disclosed their stunted trunks, resembling artificial framework to support the vine. The flatness of surface is remarkable; and our journey of upwards of 160 miles, with scarcely any variety of level, convinced us that few years will elapse without an attempt to unite Venice with Milan by a rail. The country seems made for steam locomotion; and a road might be formed throughout the whole distance at an expense comparatively trifling, tunnels and deep cuttings being quite unnecessary.

We passed a great part of our first evening at Milan in its noble cathedral, the most ecclesiastical building we had hitherto seen. The Gothic is most unquestionably the style best adapted to sacred edifices. It possesses a grandeur and sombreness which harmonize with devotion. This, I conclude, is the finest Gothic cathedral in the world; and although much prejudiced in favour of Westminster Abbey from old associations, I was compelled to allow Milan the superiority. It contains no less than five handsome aisles, and no expense has been spared in producing richness of effect. How those abominable front windows, and the equally abominable doors, ever found a place in the church it is difficult to imagine; these might surely be removed, and others substituted, to accord with the architecture. The spire is too small for the mass from which it springs; and I

believe considerable doubts exist as to its having been intended as a permanent spire, the erection of which a deficiency in the funds compelled them to postpone. We subsequently explored the cathedral from its base to its summit, commencing in a chapel underneath the church, and finishing on the roof. The silver bassi on the ceiling of the chapel are a striking proof of the possibility of spending a great deal of money to very little purpose, being quite invisible, unless exhibited by torchlight. The ascent to the roof should never be omitted. It is the only means of doing justice to the beautiful workmanship of the exterior; and you are also rewarded with a glorious view of the Alpine range, with old Monte Rosa towering above its gigantic brethren. Our cicerone was a most loquacious character, and fully possessed with the Napoleon mania, now so prevalent throughout Italy; a clear proof of the disgust of the people to the Austrian Government. This man's adoration of Napoleon was caused in a great measure by one of his first orders being to complete the cathedral, which, through want of means, remained imperfect; and our friend, from having been identified with the church as a custode for so long a period, felt quite an affection for the building. "He has given us a road over the Alps and a cathedral," he said; "can we expect more from one man?" The Arco della Pace is

another work of anticipation left by Napoleon intended to record his triumphs. A figure of Victory which surmounts it appears well conceived.

The Emperor's general character being that of selfishness and want of feeling, now we are at Milan where an instance occurred in which his kindness and consideration stood forth in strong relief—let the First Consul as well as the reader have the benefit of it.

After the battle of Marengo, when the French army of Italy was advancing on Milan, and expected to besiege it, if defended, or else to take military occupation, an English gentleman of the name of Hare presented himself to the French outposts, and desired to be taken to the General. Being confronted with the redoubtable Boney, he represented that he was on his pacific travels with his family, his wife far advanced in pregnancy—expecting daily, &c.; and that he was most anxious for her removal from Milan previously, and requested a pass or some letter of protection from the General, which might enable them to proceed to a place of safety through the French lines, and secure them from molestation by any parties of military they might fall in with. Napoleon said he would do whatever Mr. Hare wished; but recommended, that instead of exposing his lady to the dangers of travel, Mr. Hare should leave with him a description of his resi-

dence, the quarter of the city, &c., and he might be perfectly assured that, in any event, his family should not experience any disturbance. Well; all passed off quietly, and Mrs. Hare was as well as could be expected after giving birth to a fine boy. The lad's destination was India, and, touching at St. Helena in 1817, he was very desirous to see its illustrious exile; had an animated interview; Boney perfectly recollecting the circumstance, and expressing his satisfaction in the part he might have contributed in preserving to the world so promising and pleasing a youth.

Milan has its galleries. At the Palazzo Brera are several fine paintings, and among them a beautiful group of flowers, on porcelain, executed at Vienna, and presented to the Milanese by Ferdinand the First. The celebrated Leonardo da Vinci in the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie is, as I said before, a miserable proof of the effect of damp and ill-usage; most parts are completely annihilated, and the imagination is severely taxed to form anything like a correct notion of this celebrated work. There is a very inferior copy in oils, on a reduced scale, in the Ambrosian Library; but it gives little assistance in conveying an idea of the original. This library is well worth a visit. Besides its books and some very curious manuscripts, it contains a gallery of paintings, and among others the original

sketch from which the School of Athens was painted; also a sketch of parts of the Last Judgment. The most curious of the manuscripts is an old Samaritan Pentateuch. We saw also a Josephus on Papyrus, and an old Virgil, with notes in the hand-writing of Petrarch, and a most primitively-coloured illustration of Tityrus under his beech.

I have heard Milan described as "such a gentlemanly place"—a phrase for which it would be difficult to find an accurate definition. The streets are clean and handsome, and the town has altogether a habitable appearance. The public gardens are an agreeable lounge, and it possesses the usual theatrical attractions of an Italian capital. Its opera-house, La Scala, like San Carlo, is too large for either comfort or music; any voice less powerful than La Blache's being almost lost before it can reach the audience.

I was now employed, though reluctantly, in the search after a respectable vetturino—a *rara avis* of the first class. Our friend, Devoto, who had conveyed us the whole way from Rome, seemed little disposed to cross the Alps: unacquainted with French, he anticipated difficulties and embarrassments on the other side the frontier; and having never crossed by the Simplon, we felt rather shy of placing ourselves under his guidance. The poor fellow seemed sorry to part; and took quite an affectionate leave of the children,

who had on every opportunity made him a sort of play-fellow. We were thoroughly satisfied with his conduct throughout the whole journey; and our good opinion of him induced us to take his recommendation in the choice of a successor. Devoto, though a Genoese, was an exception to the rule supposed to be applicable to people of that country, who are so conscious of the opinion generally entertained, that a Genoese when asked where he comes from, previous to acknowledging the place of his nativity, often prefaces his reply with "In ogni paesi vi sono i buoni ed i cativi;" meaning thereby to insinuate his personification of an exception to the general character; in fact, he stands before you a kind of prodigy—an honest Genoese.

In our agreement with our new vetturino, we were to be conveyed over the Simplon to Geneva, *viâ* Como, and to be lodged and fed *en route* for twenty-six Napoleons. In changing our equipage we descended in the scale of style, being reduced from three horses to a pair. Our speed, of course, underwent a proportionate reduction; and our Jehu had occasionally to exercise considerable ingenuity to elicit a pace at all worthy of a carriage. His address to his team comprehended a variety of forms of speech—encouragement, command, and entreaty were all tried in their turn. It commenced generally with, "Andiamo;" if no effect,

then "Andate;" but the most powerful by far was, "Volete andare?" This generally proved effectual, as the brutes knew well that the whip came next in order. If the road was very bad indeed, they were spared, and the contest given up with "Non volete?" "bene." Our first start did not promise well; it had rained throughout the preceding night, and heavy roads were taken advantage of as an apology for being five hours in reaching Como, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Pictures of towns never do justice to their dirt, and so Como appears to great advantage in a print. A steamer, which plies daily on the lake, took us to Candenabbia, which is about midway between the two extremities, and in the heart of its most beautiful scenery. The view from the terrace of the Somma riva Palace is like what fairy-land may be supposed to be. I had often fancied that the views of this lake in the annuals had rather an unfair allowance of poetry to augment their beauties; but nature needs no assistance here. Standing in a garden luxuriant with roses, geraniums, and flowering shrubs, the lake, now irregular in its form, shines like a glittering mirror at your feet; while the mountains, rising abruptly from its waters, reflect their rugged outline in every variety of colouring. This palace, besides other pieces of sculpture, contains Thorwalsden's triumph of

Alexander, which Napoleon intended for the arch at Milan. It is a most extensive work, reaching nearly round the whole of a very spacious apartment.

There is no end to sketching in this neighbourhood; and I should imagine there must be fishing too, as several good-sized trout rather interrupted the efforts of my pencil, by jumping out of the water within reach of a fly. A steamer is rather too fast for the picturesque, but it enables those who are *en route* to see in one day what three would scarcely be sufficient for in a rowing boat. One of the chief beauties of Como is the appearance of the hills dovetailing themselves into each other as they rise on either side the lake, thus forming an imaginary obstruction to the passage, which, opening gradually as you advance, unfolds new scenery, like a moving picture in a diorama.

The rain descended in torrents as we quitted Como. Our vetturino rejoiced in the name of "Bellaria," an appellation little in harmony with the weather, and one which gave rise to a series of witticisms, as we arrived in a dripping state at the different inns. At Sesto we crossed the Ticino on a pont volant, and passed the Sardinian custom-house. Woe to him who, arriving here from Berne *en route* to Italy, has neglected to procure the signature of the Sardinian consul! The

police are inexorable and incorruptible on this point, and the traveller is sent back to Berne to procure the necessary signature—his purse as well as his temper rendered "beautifully less" by the unexpected addition to his contemplated travels. We slept at Arona. At a little distance from the town, on an elevated spot, stands a colossal statue of Carlo Borromeo, the sainted patron of the place. It is sixty-six feet high, and its pedestal forty, which will give some notion of its gigantic dimensions. Having no particular desire either to climb up the interior of his stomach, or seat ourselves inside his nose (both feasible matters), we were satisfied with a view from the road, from whence, though at a considerable distance, the proportions of the figure appear enormous.

The drive along the shore of the Lago Maggiore fully answers all descriptions of its scenery. At Stresa, about two or three miles from Baveno, we quitted our carriage, which continued its route to that village, and hired a boat to visit the Borromean Islands. The criticisms passed upon Isola Bella are a most clear demonstration of the proverb, "*Quot homines tot sententiæ.*" By some it has been styled fairy land, by others little better than a Cockney creation. The "*magnifique caprice*" of Saussure comes perhaps as near the truth as any attempt to describe the nature of

the place. It struck us as being far more satisfactory to look *from* than to look *at*. The views of the lake from its terraces are very beautiful; any person of taste, however, cannot fail to remark that the whole affair admits of a much more judicious arrangement than that adopted by the owner of the property. The house or palace is a square roomy building, but its elevation has little pretension to beauty, nor is it in the least degree in harmony with the situation. Like other caprices, it can only be considered as a toy, which, like all other toys, has after a time ceased to be attractive. Its possessor seldom favours the place with his presence, and has let out the gardens to a nurseryman, who pays his rent chiefly from the douceurs he receives from visitors. The climate of this island is most remarkable, and presents the anomaly of tropical plants flourishing in the open air within sight of perpetual snows.

Isola Madre, a mile distant, is far the fairest of the sister islands, and only wants the assistance of an architect to design a small villa worthy of that beautiful spot to render it perfect.

Parts of the road from Baveno to Domo d'Ossola, as it winds among the hills, are very picturesque. One of the chief décorations of an Italian landscape is the luxuriant growth of its flowering shrubs, among which the Judas tree, with its gay pink blossoms, gives a richness of effect to

which the views of our northern climate can never attain.

We were most fortunate in having a brilliant day for the Simplon. The regulations adopted by the Government with regard to the ascent on the side next Italy are most stringent. No vetturino is allowed either to drive his own carriage or employ his own horses—posters must be taken, their number regulated in proportion to the style of carriage and size of party. This arrangement, although it increases the expense of the ascent, insures you against accidents, so no complaints can be made. On many parts of the Italian side much damage has been done to the road, which has been repaired in such a slovenly manner, that an experienced driver and a horse well used to the work are essential.

When one pass only is to be crossed, the preference is generally given to the Simplon. Such a triumph of art over natural obstacles is not to be seen elsewhere. Had Napoleon commenced the work in 1840 instead of 1800, the only difference in his plans of engineering would have been that, instead of the road going *over* the Alps, it would, in all probability, have gone *through* them, establishing a level between the valley of the Rhone and the Val d'Ossola; a small undertaking which, I have no doubt, Mr. Brunel would be most happy to superintend.

We had four fresh horses at Isella; these took us to the village of Simplon, where our vetturino had arrived some hours before.

The frontier is passed, and the scene changes. There is an end to deep blue skies, and to soft and balmy air; an end to the moonlight dance, and song; no village with its convent belfry, perched on the shelf of the projecting eminence, now sparkles in the sunshine; vineyards no longer hang in rich festoons, suspended from tree to tree. The aspect of the towns is changed; there is an end to narrow streets, with their awnings and colonnades; an end to avenues of macaroni; an end to dark-eyed women with mantillas, and to lazzaroni with their sun-burnt, umber faces, pictures of laziness and good humour; in fact, there is an end to Italy: the mountains, like a curtain, shut out the southern world, and new men, new tongues, new skies, and new associations, force themselves into notice at every step.

The Sardinian posters understand their business thoroughly; and well they might, as their drivers were frequently amusing themselves in picking strawberries, and other botanical recreations, at some distance from their team.—The pine tree flourishes in these elevated regions growing in situations where vegetable matter can scarcely be supposed to accumulate sufficiently for its support. On rocks so precipitous as to

be almost perpendicular, these trees appear to thrive; the pine and the rock from which it springs forming lines so nearly parallel with each other that you can almost fancy artificial means to have been employed to fasten them in the clefts in which they grow.

The Swiss Government shows every disposition to facilitate the communication which this pass over the Alps affords. The road from Simplon to Brieg is in perfect order—a great contrast to the ascent from Domo d'Ossola. Indeed, the Government of Sardinia, from the utter indifference with which it regards the gradual destruction of this splendid road, appears to pursue a totally different policy. Whether this arises from a feeling of jealousy in the interference of strangers, or whether a want of funds may be the cause, the result, in either case, will be, that a very few winters will cause such extensive injuries to the road, as to render it quite unavailable for travelling or any other useful purpose.

CHAPTER X.

MARTIGNY—TETE NOIRE—CHAMOUNY—MER DE GLACE—MONT BLANC—SALLENCHES—GENEVA—JEWELLERS—GENEVESE CHARACTER—TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND—LAKE OF GENEVA—LAUSANNE—CURRENCY—CASTLE OF CHILLON—SCENERY IN SWITZERLAND—FREYBURG—BERNE—THUN—INTERLACHEN—GIESBACH—STAUBBACH—LUCERNE—RIGHI—BAY OF URI—ZURICH—BASLE—RAILROAD AND RIVER—COLOGNE—ANTWERP—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

THE Alps once crossed, a man deserves little credit for arriving at Geneva. The road, with a few insignificant exceptions, is nearly all down hill, running most of the way parallel to the Rhone. Our journey from Domo d'Ossola to Geneva occupied five days of actual travelling, halting at night severally at Brieg, Sion, Martigny, and Thonon, and reaching Geneva on the afternoon of the fifth. But an excursion to Chamouny detained us two days *en route*. Arriving at Martigny about mid-

day, we established our children at a very comfortable inn (*Le Cigne*); and mules and a guide being procured without delay, A—— and myself, with a most limited wardrobe, started on our mountain ride. Any person who has ridden a mule for eight hours in succession will be ready to render all due credit to a lady for performing a feat of this description. The generally entertained notion of the safety of this animal is one of those extraordinary delusions which, in defiance of daily experience to the contrary, have gained universal credit. A young mule, I grant, may probably answer to the character; but the plunges, and almost irrecoverable stumbles made by those poor worn-out brutes which are generally allotted to the tourist, although they may add to the excitement of the ride, interfere sadly with contemplation, causing what is termed in the medical profession a profuse determination to the skin. As to the possibility of any skill in horsemanship preventing these creatures tumbling on their noses, should they be so disposed, the idea may as well be abandoned altogether; a mule's mouth and a gate-post possessing an equal degree of sensibility.

The Tête Noire is all that can be imagined from the happiest combination of rock, precipice, and waterfall. This may possibly be thought a cool method of getting over a description of one of the

finest passes in Switzerland; it, however, possesses one good quality—it will not mislead; and if the reader will only bear in mind that the rocks are to frown, the waterfalls to foam and roar, and the precipices to make him dreadfully giddy, he will perhaps be as well prepared for what he is to expect to see, as if I had attempted a more detailed account, and had told him how *here* the paths winds through the gloomy recesses of the forest, or how *there* the beetling crag impends over the yawning chasm, &c., with other expressions hunted out of the nomenclature of natural scenery, which would be tedious to write, still more tedious to read; and after all, convey a very imperfect notion of this unrivalled scene.

We reached Chamouny about seven o'clock P.M., and were not sorry that dining and sleeping were the only two things remaining to be accomplished on that day. The following morning we ascended the Montanvert, and walked on the Mer de Glace. The sea which this glacier is supposed to resemble, is most stormy, and the waves gigantic; it is one of those scenes which art is wholly unable to represent: besides form, magnitude must also be done justice to, and all the attempts I have seen to transfer the phenomenon to paper have been sad mockeries of the original. In fact, to stand in a position commanding a view of the glacier, is not sufficient; you must walk

from wave to wave to acquire a true idea of its vastness. Much attention appears to have been bestowed lately upon the subject of glaciers, and some of the conclusions at which scientific men have arrived are rather astounding. For instance, they tell you that the Mer de Glace advances one foot every twenty-four hours. In this case, the valley of Chamouny will stand a fair chance of being soon blocked up.

Like many others, we were unfortunate in our expedition as to atmosphere. The weather, though dry, was so cloudy in this high elevation, that the summit of Mont Blanc was visible for five minutes only during our visit to Chamouny, and we were obliged to console ourselves afterwards with a distant view of the Alpine monarch from Geneva.

I had hitherto no idea of the expense attending an ascent of Mont Blanc. Each individual of a party is obliged to take six guides, whose fees, added to the necessary expenses attending preparations, bedding, provisions, &c., amount to very nearly £40. The guides' fees are high; but they deserve their pay, as some expeditions prove most disastrous. On one occasion no less than five guides were lost in the snow—some of whom were married, and left families. The risk of the ascent has of late years been much diminished; a new route having been discovered, by which the danger incurred formerly by avalanches no longer exists.

These overwhelming snow-slips do the work of destruction in a most masterly manner, and we saw evidence of sad havoc among the chalets as we retraced our steps to Martigny; and yet the Swiss evidently entertain the same contempt for the snow which the inhabitants of Torre del Greco have for the lava. No catastrophe, however sweeping, seems to indicate the propriety of moving their dwellings to a less dangerous site; the new house rises from the wreck, in a sort of spirit of defiance, ready for another gigantic snowball, which sooner or later comes thundering about the ears of the inmates, carrying everything before it, and leaving them a clear stage for any future architectural experiments they may think proper to undertake.

Martigny still bears evident traces of the awful inundation caused by the blocking up of the Drance. A great portion of the old town remains unrestored, and the inhabitants retain a most vivid recollection of the event. Marks have been placed on various buildings, showing that, even in that part of the town which stands in the open valley, the water rose to the top of the lower storeys.

June 27th.—Left Martigny at an early hour, and saw the Sallenches *en passant*. I confess I expected the water to do more, and was rather disappointed; but we must not be too hard upon the waterfall, as its effect has been much impaired

by a miller, who, in making it serve his purpose, has not considered the picturesque. The scenery throughout the valley of the Rhone is generally pleasing, though it cannot boast of much variety till you approach the Lake of Geneva.

The goitres, the *tumidum guttur* of the Alps, and those other protuberances which have been always rife among the population of this valley, are, I should hope, becoming gradually less prevalent. You may occasionally encounter a monstrous throat, but none of those crowds of deformities and idiots which have been so often described. Snow-water, damp marshy ground, bad food, and dirt, have severally been accused of fostering the disease; its origin, however, appears a mystery; but should either of the two last evils have contributed to its existence, civilization and an improved system of government may do much towards its eradication.

We arrived at Geneva in pouring rain, and drove to the "Couronne," from whence, on the following day, we removed into very comfortable lodgings, our windows overlooking the botanical gardens.

Next to the Lake and the Rhone, trinkets and watches are the chief lions at Geneva. The Genevese have no excuse for failing in punctuality. Nearly every room in every house has its time-piece; and watches are made at so low a price as

to be within reach of a very limited purse. Our servant purchased one for thirty francs, which has done its duty very well for nearly two years. The situations of the jewellers' shops are rather peculiar; very few are on the ground-floor, and you are sometimes obliged to mount up to the garret storey. Watchmaking is evidently the peculiar gift of these people; and judging from the numbers employed in the trade, every watchmaker's child must, like those of the Egyptian heralds, musicians, and cooks, have followed his father's profession from time immemorial, as the population of all the villages for miles around are skilful mechanics in every department of the business.

A visit to Rome generally entails a visit to Geneva. To do justice to cameos and mosaics purchased in Italy, their setting should be reserved for the Genevese, who, by their superior workmanship, and the greater purity of their gold, have acquired a well-earned celebrity; the charges are also far more moderate than either at Rome or Florence.

Geneva is represented as being a very agreeable place for a residence, and its society good—facts which I wont dispute. No one, however, can fail to remark a decided change, in manner as well as climate, from what he has experienced in more southern countries. All that alacrity

and desire to oblige, so characteristic of an Italian, is considerably toned down by these people into something very like a sullen resolution of consulting number one, previous to committing themselves. Modern democracies are but sorry promoters of good breeding or civilization; the imaginary importance which people are apt to attach to their own individual positions, too often fosters a selfish feeling of independence—a kind of care-for-nobody state of mind, which effectually places all Christian humility in the background.

One of the most peculiar traits in Genevese society, is the extent to which their intermarriages are carried. We heard of one instance of seven brothers marrying seven sisters, all of whom were previously cousins.

Our vetturino, though always abusing the people and language, which he styled "bruta gente," "bruta lingua," was nevertheless exceedingly anxious to convey us to Basle, and we came into his terms. His carriage was much larger than the generality of those used in Switzerland, and contained our party with all our luggage. The steamer on the lake has put an end to vetturino communication between Geneva and Lausanne. Who can be expected to submit to a tiresome jumbling in a calêche, when he has the opportunity of accomplishing his object in less than half the time by water, converting what in

the one case would be a fatiguing day's work, into a pleasant excursion of a few hours?

We left Geneva for Lausanne on a real summer's day. The placid Leman, though unable to boast of the beauties possessed by the Italian lakes, has its own peculiar charms; and as we glided over its clear transparent waters we had an uninterrupted view of Mont Blanc, whose snow-clad summit contrasted beautifully with the rich verdure of the margin of the lake. The shores near Geneva are not unlike the scenery of the Thames at Richmond. Several villas are built in the immediate neighbourhood, the grounds of which appear to be laid out with taste, and extend to the water's edge. We were almost sorry, on arriving at Ouchy, to find our voyage at an end; here an omnibus was waiting to feed the hotels at Lausanne with passengers from the steam-boat.

One drawback of steam locomotion is the perpetual hurry which appears always to attend every movement connected with it. To get on board from any place between the termini of the lake is no trifling matter; as the steamers do not touch, so you must push off in a boat and take them flying. The paddles cease to beat for a few seconds, but the acquired momentum keeps the vessel continually on the move; and then comes the bump of your boat against the side, which probably brings your head in contact with the

mouth of your *vis-a-vis;* or, perhaps, when in the act of making your spring, the boat slips away prematurely, leaving you clinging by one arm, like a bat to a projecting balustrade, with full permission to find your way on deck in any manner most agreeable to yourself. So much for the getting in. The going out is no better. The paddles are stopped as before, and then comes the tug of war; such a scraping and jumbling together of trunks, boxes, and carpet-bags, was never seen elsewhere. This, added to the extreme anxiety of all connected with the vessel to get rid of you with the least possible loss of time, renders it a matter of uncertainty whether your baggage is pitched into the boat, or whether it be sent on a little floating excursion, to be fished out at leisure in a state likely to satisfy the most enthusiastic hydropathist.

Lausanne is one of the most up-and-down places that can well be imagined; it will puzzle any person to discover twenty yards of uninterrupted level in the whole town, save where it has been formed by the pick-axe and spade. Its high situation commands a fine view of the lake, which you may contemplate *ad libitum* from the windows of your sitting-room.

On our arrival at Geneva, we were rather embarrassed by the change in the currency; there is no end to the different species of coin met with

at that place. Francs are current, but you cannot help an occasional traffic in the coin of the country; and a stranger on effecting an exchange of money is invariably a loser; indeed, they tell you that a person commencing the exchange of a franc at one end of the town, and proceeding through all the different currencies till he arrives at the other, will at last discover that he has little or nothing remaining. Exchange in this case can scarcely be said to be no robbery. However, having mastered the new system of money, we fancied our troubles throughout Switzerland at an end; judge, then, of our astonishment on finding that the people of Lausanne turn up their noses at the money which is current at the other extremity of the lake. The idea of independence, I conclude, is so all-prevalent that in a short time, perhaps, not only each town, but each individual, may choose to establish his own private mint.

July 7th.—Steamed to Villeneuve. The scenery at this end of the lake is incomparably the most pleasing, and is of a much bolder character. The banks, instead of sloping gradually to the water, rise abruptly from its margin. We did not visit the dungeon of the prisoner of Chillon; its present state will not, we were told, bear out its description in poetry. The castle itself appears to much greater advantage in an Annual than in its real

site. It is a dull, gloomy-looking mass, with little to admire in its elevation. A French valet, who declined accompanying a party to see the prison, on being asked his reason, replied, "*Ce n'est pas gaie*"—which was quite enough for him.

There was a Yankee on board the steamer, who talked largely of "*Mount Blank*," and was holding forth to some "gonies" who appeared to have most capacious swallows for the feats of this Transatlantic Munchausen. The manner in which he climbed over precipices, and bounded over crevices and chasms, would have been a *caution* to a chamois; and he was, of course, as much at home on a glacier as on a gravel-walk. In fact, avalanches and fissures appeared to present to him such trifling difficulties, that I was only surprised that this scion of the land of Liberty and Slave-labour should have condescended to seek the assistance of a guide during his rambles among the Alps.

Pouring rain and a falling barometer attended our departure from Lausanne for Freyburg, *en route* to Thun. This journey, if you are pressed for time, is rather tantalizing; two long days are required to reach Berne, where you find yourself very little nearer to Thun than before you left Lausanne. The mountains are an effectual barrier to any direct communication with a heavy carriage, and render necessary this wide detour.

The road has little interest in point of scenery. Every pudding has its plums; and he who expects precipices and waterfalls throughout Switzerland, will be as much disappointed as the sportsman who, going into Norfolk, promises himself a partridge under every turnip; yet there is abundant occupation for a long summer in the finer parts alone for the most enthusiastic tourist.

The chain, or rather wire bridge at Freyburg, is well worth seeing. Its length greatly exceeds that of the Menai. According to Mr. Murray's book, the dimensions of either bridge are as follows:—

	Length.	*Height.*	*Breadth.*
Freyburg, ...	905 ft.	174 ft.	28 ft.
Menai, ...	580 ft.	130 ft.	25 ft.
In favour of Freyburg,	325 ft.	44 ft.	3 ft.

Coils of wire are used to suspend it instead of chains, and it is therefore much more easily preserved from the effects of rust. The friction in the Menai Bridge of every link against its neighbour renders the constant attention of a painter necessary; whereas the only friction on the coils of wire is on the spots where the perpendicular rods are attached. The bridge reaches across a valley into the heart of the town, which, previous to its erection, was only to be entered by a tedious ascent of nearly three quarters of an hour.

Like other travellers, we heard the celebrated organ. On entering the church we observed

several persons, who had arrived from the same motive as ourselves, gazing most intently at the pipes of the gigantic instrument, apparently anticipating to see as well as to hear some unusual performance. The organist attended by appointment, and played several pieces of music, in which various effects were introduced. Among the most remarkable was the imitation of the human voice: you might almost imagine you were listening to a choir of voices singing in unison. The whole performance concluded with a chaos of sound which might be supposed to partake of a thunder storm and hurricane, with a spice of an earthquake. Such a roaring, crashing, snorting, and squeaking was elicited from the bowels of the instrument, that I really began to fear that the monstrous creature would burst from the unmerciful exertions it was compelled to make for the edification of the assembled company.

Berne is evidently considered the most important capital in Switzerland. Consuls from all quarters reside there, and your passport is favoured with half-a-dozen signatures at least. We did not see the bears which hold a sinecure place under Government. This, I am afraid, was an unpardonable omission.

There are few parts of Switzerland more strikingly beautiful than the neighbourhood of Thun. The rich woodland scenery which encloses

the tranquil lake, and the bold Alpine background rising with its abrupt and lofty peaks, present a combination of the "sublime and beautiful" which nature rarely exhibits in one view alone.

The Belle Vue at Thun is situated in the midst of a garden and shrubberies, and is so unlike an hotel, that you may imagine you are driving up to a private house. The landlord is an enterprising man, and had just completed another establishment, which was to be conducted on the pension system. He is also the proprietor of the steamer which plies on the lake; so he has it all pretty much in his own hands.

Most of the Swiss lakes have now their steamers; and there are two of no mean pony-power, which smoke and fiz daily through the picturesque on the Lake of Thun and on the Brienz. We arrived at Interlachen just in time to step into the Brienz boat; and the anxiety displayed by the little captain of the little craft to start to the minute on his little voyage, would have done honour to the bearer of the Indian mail.

The Giesbach, which falls into this lake, can hardly be called a waterfall; it is rather a succession of cascades, which, rushing and foaming from a great height through a wild and romantic forest, are lost at intervals among the dark and sombre shadows of the pine, only to disclose themselves with increased beauty as they hurry on

through groups of trees and brushwood, and plunge into the Brienz.

Interlachen has been well selected by tourists for their favourite head-quarters; as every walk for many miles around leads you among Alpine scenes of unusual grandeur. The Valley of Lauterbrunnen has much of the wildness of the *Tête Noire*. We followed its winding passes to the spot where the Staubach falls from a height of 900 feet in a graceful veil of spray. This waterfall justifies its name—its thin transparent rain resembling a shower of dust from a rock of sparkling minerals. Like many other falls, it is not benefited by an accession of water, as its character then becomes changed, and is reduced to that of an ordinary cascade.

During our drive we were frequently assailed by the Ranz des Vaches, and wooden knives and forks—the established system of begging in this country. The music generally proceeds half from the throat and half from the nose of some female mountaineer, with a head of hair as dishevelled and as innocent of comb as the locks of Medusa; and the fair songstress is usually accompanied by a train of small brothers and sisters, resembling so many animated bundles of rags; each bundle armed with a colossal fork or spoon, which you had better purchase at once as the only means of attaining a release, and sending them in search

of some other unfortunate tourist who may be just on the point of settling himself down for a quiet contemplation of the picturesque.

Our hotel at Interlachen had its full complement. A school on a pedestrian excursion, with knapsacks and alpenstocks, had just arrived from Lausanne, buoyant with the prospect of crossing the Wengern Alp. Poor fellows, I pitied them as they cast many an anxious look at the barometer, which proved too true a prophet of ill, and determined their master to abandon the expedition.

The rain had caused a general grumbling among tourists and inn-keepers; both of whom protested, as usual, that they never remembered such a season before. Precipices and waterfalls certainly lose their poetry when pattens and umbrellas become necessary for exploring them. The only plan to see Switzerland thoroughly, is to give up a whole summer for the purpose, regulating your movements by the barometer.

From Thun to Lucerne is the work of a day and a half for a vetturino. The people were busy at their hay-harvest; the women apparently much more busy than the men. Practical agriculture is certainly not conducive to female loveliness, judging from the specimens of that sex which a traveller sees *en passant*. The complexion of the women has the texture and appearance of

antique parchment; their hands and feet become spread out into gigantic proportions; and the whole figure exhibits a clumsiness which materially detracts from all juvenile appearance. The pictures of the Swiss costumes are excellent examples of the poetical liberties taken in representations of nature; the dingy-looking dresses worn by the peasantry have as little resemblance to those emanating from the artist's studio, as the sun-burnt hair and swarthy countenances bear to the elaborate toilette and rosy cheeks which belong to the Swiss peasantry of print-shops and fancy balls. However, though not possessed of "the ornamental," no one can accuse them of being deficient in "the useful," being equally at home in everything from the pig-stye to the plough tail.

Immediately on our arrival at the hotel at Lucerne, the ringing of a bell announced to us that in less than a quarter of an hour the steamer which plies upon the lake would be under weigh. The day seemed made for a Righi expedition; its arch of clear blue sky proclaiming an assurance of a glorious sun-rise on the morrow. No time was to be lost; a few minutes sufficed for preparations—carpet-bags were packed—and we were soon steaming down the lake to Weggis. There we found other parties bent on the same purpose as ourselves; and the neighing of horses,

the cracking of whips, and the shouting of guides, made the court-yard adjoining the inn a perfect Babel. At length all were ready for a start—the whips gave one premonitory crack, and off we set, with our numerous cavalcade, to clamber up the Righi.

Precipices seem to exercise an extraordinary magnetic influence over ponies and mules; pull them into the middle of the road as often as you will, a lateral attraction is continually at work, which is sure to bring you back again to the brink, with your leg dangling over a ravine of several hundred feet. I had for some time observed one of the animals in our train shaving very closely, till at last the ground at the edge crumbled away under his feet, and his hind legs went over the abyss, and a prettier opportunity for a man to break his neck it would be difficult to conceive. An affair of this kind must soon come to a crisis; there was a scuffling and a floundering for some seconds, during which the rider, by a dexterous manœuvre, threw himself off, and scrambled into the footpath; and the pony after a good deal of dragging and pulling at his head, was rescued from his perilous position. The event, however, served to damp the equestrian ardour of several of the party; and one lady (a Milanese) dismounted, and climbed to the summit on foot, with an apparent determination to rest satisfied with

her own flat plains of Lombardy for the remainder of her days.

No fewer than seventy persons sat down to the table d'hote at the Culm. The cookery was German. There was something greasy, then there was something sweet, and then there was something sour; but it was "dinner," and mountain fare must not be criticised; so with the assistance of a strong imaginative effort, we persuaded ourselves that we had dined. As to how many of the party had beds, or to what premium sofas and dining tables might have arrived, I do not pretend to say; we considered ourselves highly fortunate in obtaining a room in a building which had been converted from a cow-house into a dormitory, and there we slept as well as could be expected amid an indescribable concatenation of noises and smells.

The sun never rose in a more cloudless sky, than on the morning on which we stood on the summit of the Righi, and gazed on the Bernese Alps, roseate and blushing as they announced his re-appearance.

Looking at the group assembled on the mountain, shivering in cloaks, counterpanes, and blankets, you might fancy they had left their beds from a sudden alarm of fire. There were several Germans among the party, and I had promised myself the treat of seeing a gentleman smoking in a blanket; but, alas! so great had been the

hurry, that even the pipe, the usual inseparable, was for once forgotten.

All eyes are turned towards the horizon; at length a glowing streak is seen in the eastern sky —the harbinger of sun-rise; a peasant raises to his lips his long, straight wooden horn, which pours forth its wild Alpine notes, while each snow-clad peak becomes tinted with a crimson hue, as the large red orb mounts higher in its course.

The view from the summit of the Righi has the same drawback which attends all other bird's-eye views. There is little satisfaction to me in being informed that a piece of water, apparently no bigger than a horse pond, is really a lake of some considerable size; nor can I ever derive any pleasure in straining my optics to assure myself that a little white speck in the horizon constitutes a fragment of a town. Telescopic prospects, visible only bit by bit, according to the dimensions of the lens employed, were never to my taste, and I much preferred the view shortly after the commencement of the ascent, where the Lake of Lucerne is not too distant to permit its beauties to be distinctly visible to the naked eye.

Breakfasting at six A.M. we were able to return to Weggis in time for the steamer to land us at Lucerne by twelve o'clock. We accomplished the descent on foot, which is much the most satisfactory method; the slipping and sliding of a horse

causing much more fatigue than a quiet walk of two hours down hill.

Lucerne is incomparably the finest and most varied lake in Switzerland; possessing wildness, grandeur, and repose in their most attractive forms. Embarking at the town of Lucerne, where the scenery is of a tranquil character, you are gradually introduced to a bolder landscape, till entering the Bay of Uri, the sublime reigns triumphant—rock, precipice, and mountain, frowning as Alps alone can frown, apparently indignant at your intruding upon their solitude.

The Telleu Platte is the only relic of the struggle for independence; and it may perhaps be thought remarkable, that during the recent religious disturbances, the canton of Uri was prominent in resisting all attempts to exclude the Jesuits.

English and German travellers preponderate in Switzerland, and the mountain air appears to agree with both. Our own countrymen can occasionally play a tolerable knife and fork, but their powers sink into insignificance in a German's presence. The good things of this life never come amiss or too frequently to these people, and I believe they have more names to express different meals than any other nation in the world. A party with whom we breakfasted at the Culm, regaled themselves afterwards at Weggis, and

were ready by twelve o'clock for dinner at Lucerne. Steaming to Fluellen in the afternoon, their exhausted nature demanded a fresh supply, which was readily furnished them on board, and they were thus enabled to return to Lucerne in good order for an eight o'clock table d'hote. To the meals which were afterwards discussed, we can bear no testimony—we only account for five, all of a good solid character, entirely removed from anything approaching to a "snack," or any other contemptible "by-bit." But it is hard to find fault with a man for being hungry; so let us hope that "good digestion always waits on a German appetite."

Much has been said and written upon the eating and drinking, and table d'hote peculiarities of our continental neighbours; but the picture, if my own experience is worth anything, has been generally overdrawn. Undoubtedly, in some matters, a Reform Bill might be desirable; and schedule A should rigidly prohibit any knife from unfairly usurping the office of the spoon, to the imminent danger of the throat; and all wipings and polishings of plates at table with bread should be strictly forbidden by another clause; to say nothing of an undue employment of the tooth-pick. That such failings call loudly for a small revolution, I wont deny; but the feeling of offended virtue, with which our notices of

them are usually marked, shows at once that we consider ourselves a pattern to the world in all questions of propriety; a slight mistake, which a little observation would very soon set to rights. Have you ever dined at a public ordinary? if you have, you must have seen what frequently takes place immediately before the removal of the cloth, when tooth-picks, and water-glasses succeed Stilton cheese and pale ale. No dental examination, in either France or Italy, could exceed what I have witnessed in our own land; and the sputterings and rinsings of mouths were clear evidence that the introduction of water-glasses was no idle form; while a gentleman may occasionally have been seen to turn up the cuffs of his coat-sleeves and prepare himself at leisure for a systematic wash. All this might have been lawful previous to the age of knives and forks; but now that the duty of the fingers is done by deputy, such ablutions should be performed in private, with a few other eccentricities, sufficient violations of good breeding to prove that our own code of civilization, for the most part so admirable, may yet be improved by a few more finishing touches.

The great, and I may say the only, "lion" at Lucerne, is the Swiss one, which is sculptured in the solid rock from Thorwalsden's beautiful model, in memory of the Swiss who died in de-

fending the Tuileries. I had imagined that this piece of sculpture was intended to record some act of patriotism: I was, therefore, considerably disappointed on finding that those who fell, were fighting as mercenaries; there are deeds, however, of the Swiss patriot, which will live through future ages without the aid of marble. It is rather singular, that Thorwalsden is reported never to have had the curiosity to visit this work.

The country round Zurich is more cultivated than that of the southern cantons; and as the plough and the picturesque are sworn enemies to each other, the scenery is consequently uninteresting, and the shores of the lake are generally flat, with vineyards, and pastures sloping gradually to the water's edge. The Baur, the principal hotel in the town, is an immense house, with a large establishment of servile waiters, who take every possible opportunity of making you a bow; for which condescending mark of respect we found an ample charge in our bill. Here we encountered an Italian family who had accompanied us in our Righi expedition. They had just arrived from a visit to London, the wealth and extravagance of which had made them open their eyes. They seemed to have omitted seeing nothing, from Punch to Epsom races, and must have possessed a well-lined purse to carry them through. They enumerated several of their expenditures, with

the view of ascertaining whether any imposition had been practised upon them; but the charge of £8 for a pair of posters and a carriage to Epsom seemed to give them most trouble to digest—"Otto lire sterline"!! and then followed a small pantomime expressive of the enormity of the demand. It requires a very good Italian to stand a visit of a month or six weeks in England; I have heard of one man landing at Dover, and never getting any farther, as the bill at the Ship put an effectual stop to his lionizing propensities.

The system of boudoir, or rather bed-room visiting among foreigners seemed rather peculiar to our weak minds. Previous to leaving Zurich, we called to take leave of this party; the lady was not visible to me, but A—— was admitted to her bed-room, where the Countess received her literally *en chemise*, while in an adjoining apartment with the door ajar, a friend was busily occupied in packing his dressing-case.

A revolution in our system of travelling took place when we arrived at Basle. Our vetturino took leave of us, with numerous wishes of welfare and *buoni viaggii*, though not without sundry inuendos of the superiority of his own method of conveyance to that of the "*strada di ferro*," both as to safety and convenience. The drift of one of his remarks I could never thoroughly comprehend; as he drew a mysterious distinction between pa-

rent and child, and appeared perfectly reconciled to our lives being risked had no children been of the party, but a child on the railroad seemed in his eyes the *ne plus ultra* of enormity.

The library at Basle contains some curious sketches by Holbein in crayons, and a very remarkable one in pen and ink by him of Sir John Moore and his family.

The river and the rail were now our *media* of conveyance. The road to Strasbourg, as far as speed is concerned, is well enough—they accomplish upwards of ninety miles in about five hours; but, either owing to unevenness of surface or bad driving, the jerks and jumbles were awful; occasionally so bad as to lead us to imagine we were quitting the rail altogether. The French Donaniers permit the baggage belonging to those passengers who proceed through Strasbourg direct to the Rhine to pass unexamined; it is separated from the rest, and sealed up in a covered truck, in which it is despatched to the steamer on the river.

Allowing the undeniable ascendency of vapour over horse flesh, there were, after all, some good qualities belonging to the old stage coach proceedings of which the railways are devoid. There you were—the fortunes of yourself and your carpet-bag embarked in the same vehicle. If you were an outside passenger, you had the op-

portunity of bestowing an occasional glance of satisfaction on your baggage on the roof. If you were in the inside, the frequent jolts and jumblings of the conveyance were responded to by the jumps and bumps of your boxes overhead, as much as to say, "Here we are all right." But how changed is all this at the station! There your property is either wafted through the ceiling of the apartment in which you pay your fare, recalling in its sudden disappearance the touching expression, "*Ah, nunquam reditura!*;" or else some policeman—the personification of civility in a hurry—snatches it from under your nose, and you are no more favoured with a sight of it till you arrive at your journey's end. Besides, the appearance of the trunk of a man of locomotive habits becomes, in a short time, scarcely decent; stuck over with tickets, resembling so many plasters, the poor thing gives you the idea of its being under medical treatment for some cutaneous disease.

Omnibusses were in waiting to convey us from the station at Strasbourg to the Rhine, and we caught a passing glimpse of the cathedral with its unique and lofty tower in our transit through the town. Our pace of travelling was now somewhat changed, as in reaching Manheim, in one day from Basle, we easily accomplished five hard days' work for a vetturino. The stream, in parts

of the Rhine, is so rapid that it is sometimes found necessary to stop the paddles; the river would otherwise run away with the boat, and the helm become entirely useless.

One of the striking features as you descend the Rhine are its floating bridges. Sweeping down the river with all the impetuosity of steam and current, you come suddenly upon a barrier extended across the stream, which, on your approach, appears to be rent asunder, and you glide uninterruptedly through the breach. I could not help fancying the catastrophe which would follow any disarrangement of tackle, or bungling on the part of the man who lets you through; or should he be drunk or asleep, or seized with a fit at the moment his services are required. Heavens! what a crash! but the bridge would have the best of it, so down inevitably must the steamer go.

Eating and drinking is an everlasting business on board these boats; and, with the exception of that part of the voyage between Mayence and Cologne, no bad way of spending the time. People are beginning to understand the real character of the Rhine; a great portion of which is no improvement upon the Thames at Putney. There is a change occasionally in the character of its banks, from a dull uninteresting flat to broken and abrupt declivities; but the good effect which nature seems inclined to exhibit, is often marred

by the vineyards with their formal plantations, which are cultivated in stripes as regular as those on a Zebra's back.

But, perhaps, I am going too far. There are parts of the Rhine which have their beauties and their interest. There is the Drachenfels, with its legend of Roland and his betrothed. There are the ruins of the Reinfels, vast and picturesque. Then there are its flourishing and ancient towns: Strasbourg, tracing back its origin to the days of Julius Cæsar; and Coblentz, claiming its existence antecedent to the birth of Christ. Legends there are innumerable connected with the Rhine; every feudal castle telling a tale of by-gone days; and it is to these associations, rather than the scenery, that the river owes its interest.

Sir Lytton Bulwer's "Pilgrims" have done ample justice to the natural attraction of the Rhine, and yet poor Gertrude and the fairies throw the river sadly into shade. Ehrenbreitstein has no chance with Pipalee, who drank a butter-cup too much of May-dew; and our thoughts wander from the ruins of Rolandseck to sympathize with poor Nip in his intense anxiety that the rose-leaves might not be over-boiled.

We took leave of the Rhine at Cologne. The neglected state of the Cathedral is most lamentable; and were Napoleon to rise from his ashes and occupy the country, his first order would be at Co-

logne what it was at Milan. " Let the cathedral be finished." I observed that the pillars in the aisle have gilt capitals; they are paltry, and offensive to look at, and I longed to scrape off the ill-placed metal.

In a country so flat as the Netherlands I should scarcely have imagined that a railroad would have required a tunnel. Between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle are two—one of which, judging from the time we were in utter darkness, is of considerable extent. On this line the passengers are all locked in the carriages, and each carriage contains its key safely lodged in a sealed pocket, to which a label is attached, entreating you, in various languages, on no account to extricate it (a matter at any time of no small difficulty), unless the danger appears imminent. What service this implement could afford under such restrictions does not seem over-clear, as a smash on a railroad leaves little time to determine the extent of approaching danger; the approach and the presence having much the same connection with each other as a copper cap with the charge in a gun barrel; but it " *looks*" like a precaution, and after all fancy goes a great way.

Of Aix-la-Chapelle we know nothing, save that the Grand Monarque is the most extravagant hotel out of England which we entered during our tour; but the landlord's harvest must ere this be

concluded, as the whole line of railroad is now uninterrupted between Cologne and Ostend. The interval between Cologne and Aix was unfinished when we crossed the Netherlands, so that we were doomed to a tiresome drag of twenty-five miles over a stupid country, and along a most tedious road—up and down the whole way; the "*ups*" equally uninteresting with the "*downs*."

The traffic of the towns between the termini will be considerably affected by the railroad. The innkeeper at Liege kept up his spirits with the Christian consolation that the road from thence to Aix-la-Chapelle would be so dangerous, from the frequent tunnels; and so many accidents would occur on the line, that people would, ere long, return to the wholesome and safe system of posting.

On arriving at Malines, passengers bound for Antwerp change their train, and are often detained a considerable time. The whole of this station is so scored and cut up by railways crossing and re-crossing in such a mysterious manner, that you are almost afraid to venture on the ground, from the apprehension of an engine suddenly fizzing, and steaming towards you, to the imminent danger of your life.

The appearance of Antwerp was not what I expected; the style of architecture has evidently undergone a considerable change; and the old

Flemish house is confined to certain streets. The principal part of the town looks new and fresh; and repairs appear to have been conducted quite in the modern style, in sad contrast with the antique. The damage caused by the siege must have been the immediate cause of the alteration in character. Had the French, when they were about it, cleared the way round the beautiful cathedral, their greatest enemies would have thanked them; it is jammed up disgracefully by some wretched hovels, which are built against it, and lean on it for support. A few barrels of gunpowder well placed, would, as the lawyers say, have abated the nuisance most effectually. Charles the Fifth thought the cathedral too beautiful to be always exposed to the vulgar gaze, and said that it ought to be covered with a case, and exhibited once a-year.

Rubens' works have been too often noticed to allow much to be said upon their merits. "The Descent from the Cross," his great *chef-d'œuvre*, hangs in a most doleful light, and I could not help lamenting that it had not a place in the gallery among his other works. Rubens has surpassed all other painters in showing the full extent to which the force of colouring may be carried. I will quote the "Visit of the Magi" as an example—a picture which, examined in detail, will present in parts such masses of pure colour,

as to make you doubt the possibility of the whole being reduced to good keeping. The Magi and their presents are worthy of what the most gorgeous imagination could desire.

Hoping to meet some friends at Bruges, we chose Ostend as our place of embarkation. Antwerp would otherwise have been our port; the steamers belonging to the latter place bearing a much higher name for safety and accommodation than those at Ostend. The passage is longer, but the positive sea distance is much the same from both places; several hours being spent in passing among the sand-banks of the Scheld.

Bruges has all the gable ends and the usual picturesque qualities of other Flemish towns. Its chief manufactures appear to be clocks and lace; and the artisans in the former business have racked their brains to discover curious designs for decorating their time-pieces. In one shop, you may see a row of cupids busily engaged in futile efforts to overtake perpetually revolving spheres, which ever maintain their distance from the urchin who pursues them, in seeming mockery of his vain attempts. In another, Ornithology is brought into play; and birds bounce out from the inmost recesses of the clock, and having announced the hour of the day, as suddenly retreat to their abode, closing the door after them with a most determined slam, as if disgusted with what

they had seen during their momentary experience of the world, and resolved never to venture out again.

But the most dreadful devices were the libellous imitations of the sun and moon. These ill-used luminaries were represented with eyes that leered and rolled after a most convulsive fashion; their balls following the motion of the pendulum. They were especial favourites with the children, whom I frequently detected in the act of straining every optic muscle, in their endeavours to imitate these mechanical contortions.

There are some very curious paintings in one of the churches at Bruges, executed in the early ages of the art, and forming a link between the stiff and wooden productions of Albert Durer and the graceful forms of Raphael and his school.

Symptoms of nostalgia, for some time apparent, gained ground rapidly as our rambles drew to a close, and at the first sight of the sea at Ostend, our thoughts became chiefly homeward bound. Early on the 3d of August the *Lord Melville* was quivering from stem to stern, with all the suppressed energy of vapour;—"*boiling*" with impatience for the captain's departing signal; and after a spirited fight of sixteen hours with a very respectable gale of wind, in which the steamer came off the winner, we were safely landed at London Bridge.

Nearly two years have been spent in wandering, gazing, and, I fear, occasionally idling, abroad. Cui bono? (it may be asked.) To what purpose? What have we gained?

Imprimis, Amended health; 2dly, A fair store of information (at least we hope so); and, though last not least, a good wholesome conviction that in all matters relating to liberty of the subject, security of property, and protection of poverty and old age, England, with all her faults (of which her sons are kind enough continually to remind her), still stands forth an example as yet unrivalled; and, notwithstanding her fogs and snows, and other hyperborean inclemencies, possesses qualities essential to the happiness of a people, unknown in other lands.

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